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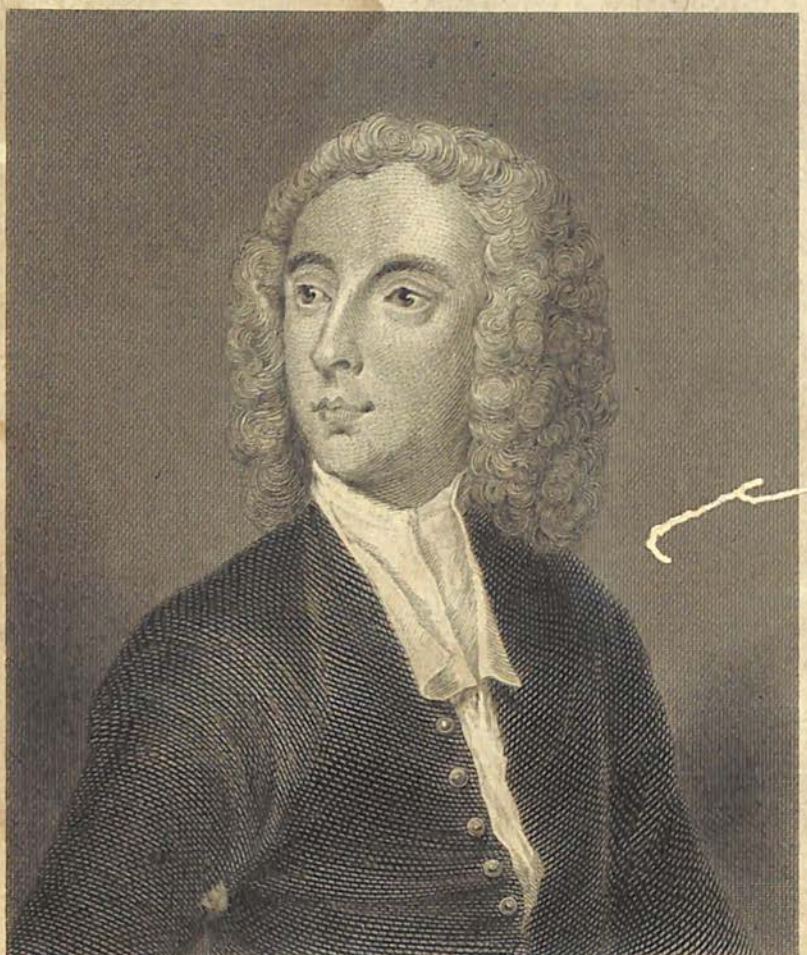
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SPENCE'S ANECDOTES,

ETC.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



Isaac Whood pinx.t *T. Bragg sculp.t*

JOSEPH SPENCE, A. M.

ANECDOTES,

OBSERVATIONS, AND CHARACTERS,

OF

Books and Men.

COLLECTED

FROM THE CONVERSATION OF MR. POPE,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS OF HIS TIME.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH SPENCE.

97864

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS,

WITH NOTES, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

SAMUEL WELLER SINGER.

——— Apis matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma.

LONDON:
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TO

GEORGE WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. M.P.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

I MAY venture to Inscribe these Anecdotes to you with peculiar propriety, as you have manifested your respect for the great poet to whom they chiefly relate, by placing Roubiliac's exquisite bust of him in your library; and by giving his picture a chief place in your collection of literary worthies of the last century.

In doing this I have, however, only followed the dictate of my feelings, which prompt me to seize this public opportunity of testifying my respectful and grateful esteem. That you may long enjoy and dispense the blessings of your station and fortune, is the most earnest wish of

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

S. W. SINGER.

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the title of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind, but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's Table Talk, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and the Walpoliana.

Mr. Spence seems to have been doubtful what title he should give to this collection; and those of Popiana, Spenceana, *Symposia*, and Table Talk, appear to have been successively adopted and rejected.

Whatever may have been the motive with which this compilation was begun, it was evidently continued, completed, and transcribed, with a view to the public; Mr. Spence had conditionally sold it to Dodsley, meditating its posthumous publication, but his executors were armed with a discretionary power, and prevailed upon the Bookseller to forego his claim,

probably deeming many of the Anecdotes of too recent date for publication, or possibly thinking them of too trifling a nature to add any thing to the reputation of their friend; or it may have been in compliance with the wish of Lord Lincoln, (afterwards Duke of Newcastle) who was averse to their being made public. One of the manuscript copies was, therefore, presented to his Lordship, and the other consigned to a chest with all Mr. Spence's manuscript remains. It is thus that these anecdotes have hitherto remained a Sealed Book, except to a privileged few. Some of them, indeed, found their way to the public through the medium of Warburton, Warton, Johnson, and Malone. To the two first of these writers they were communicated by Mr. Spence himself. Among his papers, I find this memorandum, dated April 7th, 1744.—"Mr. Warburton thinks of writing Mr. Pope's Life, whenever the world may have so great a loss, and I offered to give him any lights I could toward it."

He afterwards gave Dr. Warton the following more circumstantial account:

"As they returned in the same carriage together from Twickenham, soon after the death of Mr. Pope, and joined in lamenting his death, and celebrating his praises, Dr. Warburton said he intended to write his life; on

which Mr. Spence, with his usual modesty and condescension, said that he also had the same intention; and had from time to time collected from Mr. Pope's own mouth, various particulars of his life, pursuits, and studies; but would readily give up to Dr. Warburton all his collections on this subject, and accordingly communicated them to him immediately."

"Warburton (says Mr. Tyers) was entangled by late friendships *et recentibus odiis.* His prospects of elevation in the church, made him every day too great for his subject. He did nothing on this occasion; but thirty years afterwards he assisted Ruffhead, and revised the life, as written by his *locum tenens*, sheet by sheet." This is no doubt a true account of the transaction, for in 1761, Warburton says to his friend Hurd, "I have sometimes thought of collecting my scattered anecdotes, and critical observations together, for the foundation of a Life of Pope, which the booksellers teaze me for, *you could help me nobly to fill up the canvas.*" This hint does not appear to have been seized by Hurd with the avidity that was perhaps expected, and the Life of Pope did not make its appearance until the year 1769. Owen Ruffhead seems to have been a dull plodding lawyer, and all that is of value in this ponderous performance, must be attributed to

Warburton, whose hand may be traced upon every important topic in the book. Almost every anecdote of interest in that Life of Pope is derived from this collection, and always without acknowledgment. It is remarkable that it should not be published until the year after Spence's death, as if there was some consciousness of this appropriation.—Warburton affected to speak contemptuously of Spence; had he any intimation that Spence had ever spoken, as he has written, that "Warburton was, thirty years since, an attorney at Newark, and got into orders by spitting in a nobleman's face at an election!"

Dr. Warton lived in habits of friendship with Spence, and has enlivened his delightful Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, with many particulars derived from these anecdotes; and makes the following grateful acknowledgment, which is of the greater value, as it came too late to flatter the living ear of his friend. After mentioning Spence's Essay on the Odyssey as a work of the truest taste, he says: "I am indebted to this learned and amiable man, on whose friendship I set the greatest value, for most of the anecdotes relating to Pope, mentioned in this work, which he gave me, when I was making him a visit at Byfleet, in 1754."

When Dr. Johnson was engaged to write the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke of Newcastle, by Sir Lucas Pepys, for the loan of his manuscript, and it was conceded to his use in the most liberal manner. He acknowledges the "great assistance" he derived from it, and says: "I consider the communication as a favour worthy of public acknowledgment," but does not mention to whom he was obliged for it.

These anecdotes were indeed almost the sole documents he had for the life of Pope, and they will enable the admirers of that capital specimen of critical biography to appreciate his skill in forming so interesting and eloquent a narrative from such slight materials. In the lives of Addison, Tickell, and others, he has also made use of the information they contain.

At a subsequent period, the late Mr. Malone was favoured with the free use of the anecdotes, when engaged in writing the Life of Dryden, and he availed himself of the privilege of making a complete transcript for his own use; in doing this, he has not observed the chronological order of the original, but has classed the anecdotes, bringing all that related to Pope under one class, which he has called "Popiana;" disposing the others under their re-

spective heads. He has added to his transcript a few notes and corrections, and it was these which the late Mr. Beloe had intended to use, when he announced the work for publication some years since.

Having been favoured with a sight of this transcript, since the greater part of the present edition was printed, I am happy to observe that nothing of any material import has escaped me which had occurred to Mr. Malone; and I may add, that some obscurities have been removed, by the light which I have derived from the papers of Mr. Spence.

The manuscripts which have been used for this publication, consist of one bound volume, in octavo, in which the anecdotes had been copied fair from the first loose memorandum papers; this appears to have commenced in August, 1728, and finishes in 1737. The variations of this copy I have pointed out, and cited it as MS. B. Besides this; the anecdotes, digested and enlarged in five paper books in folio, each containing two centuries or sections, the first dated 1728, and the last terminating at Pope's death, in 1744. These have been carefully compared with the first MS. memoranda, and with the bound MS. B. above-mentioned, and the important variations noticed.

The additional anecdotes, which I have

thrown into a Supplement, were derived from some loose papers and memorandum books, and seem to evince an intention on the part of Mr. Spence of continuing the Anecdotes down to a later period. All the MSS. were in the hand-writing of Mr. Spence, and on the first leaf of the Paper Book containing the two first centuries, the following note was written by him in pencil: "All the people well acquainted with Mr. Pope, looked on him as a most friendly, open, charitable, and generous-hearted man;—all the world almost, that did not know him, were got into a mode of having very different ideas of him: how proper this makes it to publish these Anecdotes after my death."—Beneath this is written with a pen, "Left in this drawer because so many things in them that were not enter'd in the Vellum MS."

It is obvious that one of the principal objects of this collection, must have been to record those things worthy of remark which fell from Pope in the course of familiar conversation; but it was subsequently enriched with curious particulars, gathered from the same kind of intercourse with other persons of eminence. This gives it a more miscellaneous form, and that variety, which is the very spirit of such a work, and fits it for the intend-

ed purpose, a Lounging Book for an idle hour. A complete though brief Auto-Biography of Pope may be collected from it, and the most exact record of his opinions on important topics, probably the more genuine and undisguised, because not premeditated, but elicited by the impulse of the moment.

In regard to the account of the quarrel between Pope and Addison, contained in the following pages, the necessity must be apparent of examining with caution this *ex-parte* evidence: I the more anxiously urge this, because I have omitted to comment upon it in the notes. It is with great pleasure I refer the reader to a spirited vindication of Addison by Mr. Bowles, in a note to the fourth volume of his edition of Pope's Works, p. 41.

In the variety of such a miscellaneous farrago, it might be expected that some trifling and unimportant matter would be found, some things too may have lost their interest by the lapse of time; but I have thought that most readers would like to make their own selection; what may be deemed frivolous and useless by some, would be considered of importance by others, and the omissions I have ventured upon, are only of such articles as were already printed by Mr. Spence himself, or which were of a nature to be totally un-

worthy of a place, even in a collection of this kind. After all, perhaps I have sinned in giving too much instead of too little. The notes are merely such as occurred to me in transcribing the work for the press; more time, or a more convenient access to books, would have enabled me to enlarge them, but I know not how it would have been possible to make two large volumes, as was the intention of Mr. Beloe, whose materials were not near so copious as my own. The Supplemental Anecdotes, the various additions from Memorandum Papers, and the Letters, were not in his hands, nor could he have obtained them.

I have much pleasure in being the instrument of making this curious repertory accessible to the lover of literary anecdote. From a very early period of my life, I earnestly desired to see it, and should have been grateful to any one who had placed it in my power, in the same humble form that I have now the satisfaction of laying it before the public.

Bushey, Herts,
December 11, 1819.

THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

JOSEPH SPENCE was born at Kinsclere, Hants, on the 25th day of April, 1699. His father, whose name was also Joseph, was Rector of Winnal near Winchester, and afterwards of Ulverstoke in the same county. I believe he died in 1721. By the mother's side Spence was descended from the Neville family, she was a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lunsford, her maiden name was Mirabella Collier.

Young Spence, whose birth was premature, and who was but a sickly boy, was taken under the protection of Mrs. Fawkener, an opulent relation, and was educated under her eye, until he had reached his tenth year, when he was sent to a school at Mortimer in Berkshire, kept by Mr. Haycock; from thence he went to Eton College, which he left in a short time, for some unknown cause*;

* There is some reason to think that he may have been disgusted with the severity of the school discipline at that time, when Dr. George was master, and Dr. Cooke (afterwards provost,) propositor. Cole, in a letter to Horace Walpole, among his papers in the British Museum, adverts to a piece of waggery on the part of Spence, which, if true, gives some colour to the supposition. He says that the vignette at the end of the 17th dialogue in the *first* edition of Polymetis, contains a caricature of Dr. Cooke, under the character of a Pedagogue with an Ass's

and went to that of Winchester, where he continued until he became a member of New College, Oxford, in 1720. He had been previously entered at Magdalen Hall in the year 1717. His benefactress had fully intended that he should have been amply provided for by her will, but from the neglect or delay of the person employed to draw it up, she died in 1714, before it was executed, and Spence lost at once his friend and the prospect of succeeding to an estate of £600. a year. He was then too young to have felt his loss very poignantly, and it is said, that in his after life, he used rather to rejoice at it as an escape, saying, that it might have made him idle and vicious to have been rendered independent of exertion at that age.

In 1722 he became fellow of New College.

In 1724* he entered into Holy Orders, and took the degree of A. M. November 2, 1727. And in the succeeding year was chosen Professor of Poetry, the first day he became capable of it, by being made Regent Master.

His fellow collegian, Christopher Pitt, writing to a friend in 1728, says, "Mr. Spence is the completest scholar, either in solid or polite learning, for his years, that I ever knew. Besides, he is the sweetest tempered gentleman breathing." About the same time, he was presented to the small Rectory of Birchanger in Essex,

head. The resemblance of Provost Cooke's features to those of the Ass, are said to have been too striking not to be instantly perceived by those who knew him.—It is but justice to add, that though Cooke was a strict disciplinarian, he was nevertheless not deserving of the satire, if it is true that it was levelled at him, which, after all, when Spence's mild disposition is recollected, there may be reason to doubt. It was removed in the third edition of Polymetis, and another vignette of Hermes, the Egyptian Mercury, inserted in its stead.

* In this year he published a Defence of Mr. Woolaston's Notion of a Rule of our Actions.

where he used occasionally to reside with his mother, to whom he always showed extraordinary tenderness and attention. He had now, for the first time, an opportunity of indulging in some degree his natural inclination for gardening, though he could here try his hand only in miniature, and entertained himself with forming his little plot of ground into what he called a Lizard Garden.

Toward the close of the year 1730 he received an invitation to accompany Charles, Earl of Middlesex *, and made the tour of France and Italy with that amiable young nobleman in quality of a companion, and not as governor. Their route was by Lyons, Turin, Milan, and Venice to Rome, taking Florence in their way back, and from thence by way of Paris they returned to England. At Lyons he had the happiness of meeting Thomson, the poet, (who was travelling with Mr. Talbot) with whom he had previously contracted an intimacy in England. Spence had spoken very highly of the Poet's Winter on its first publication, in one of the editions of his Essay on the Odyssey, which being a popular book, contributed to make the poem more known. Thomson, who always acknowledged the use of this recommendation, became acquainted with him through the intervention of Dr. Young †, and an intimacy commenced between them, which only terminated with the lamented premature death of the poet, whose amiable temper and benevolent spirit found congenial qualities in Spence. Dr. Warton had seen a letter of Spence's to Mr. Christopher Pitt, earnestly soliciting him to subscribe to the quarto edition of the Seasons, and mentioning a design which Thomson had formed of writing a descriptive poem on Blenheim; a subject which would have shone in his hands.

At Verona he became intimate with the Marquis Maffei,

* Afterwards the second Duke of Dorset.

† V. Appendix of Letters, No. IV.

and he thus describes the gaiety and good humour of the then venerable author of Merope. "The Marquis Scipio Maffei, is one of the most eminent and learned men now in Italy. He is an old bachelor, and talks as if the ladies had played him some scurvy tricks in his youth.—He introduced us to a ball, where he presided, and you cannot conceive how busy the good old gentleman was among the ladies from the eldest to the youngest. He would whisper each as soon as ever she stood still, and was perpetually saying lively civil things to all. Every body is fond of him, he is a mighty good man, and has done much for the Veronese, among other things, he has just built a very pretty opera-house, with rooms for dancing, conversation, and concerts, all contrived and carried on by him, and at his expense"*.

At Venice they enjoyed the Carnival;—and he speaks with rapture of his first view of the Bay of Naples, where he visited, with enthusiastic reverence, the tomb of Virgil, and plucked a leaf of laurel for his friend Pitt. But Rome was the place he had most eagerly longed to visit, and he talks of it as exceeding the highly coloured picture in his imagination. It was probably here, that the thought was first elicited which gave rise to his *magnum opus*, the Polymetis; as Gibbon conceived the design of his History, amid the Ruins of the Capitol.—But he did not begin his collection for it until he came to Florence, his first intention was to have called it *Noctes Florentinæ*.

Spence had an eye for the beautiful in nature as well as in art, and describes, with becoming ardour, the lovely Vale of Arno, through which they passed during the Vintage. At Florence their stay was protracted through

* Mr. Spence gave to his mother a detail of his three tours, and the principal occurrences in them in frequent letters, which are still preserved.

the winter months, and the society and other enjoyments of the place were so delightful to them, that they again saw the carnival here, and were not unwillingly detained by an uncommonly inclement spring, until the month of June, when they repassed the Alps, stayed at Paris a few days, and returned to England at the commencement of July, 1733.

During his absence from England, and only a few days before his return, he was re-elected Poetry Professor for another five years. It is remarkable that Mr. Spence succeeded the Rev. Thomas Warton, father of the celebrated and worthy author of the History of English Poetry, who himself afterwards filled the chair; and that each of these three professors were twice elected to the office, and held it for ten years, the longest period the statute will allow.

Previous to going abroad he had published, in 1726, his Essay on Pope's Odyssey, which not only acquired him considerable reputation, but introduced him to the notice of Pope, who is said to have been so well pleased with his book, as to seek his acquaintance; this acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which was lasting and uninterrupted, they ever after, until Pope's death, lived in habits of the strictest intimacy. Dr. Warton had seen "a copy of the Essay on the Odyssey*, with marginal observations, written in Pope's own hand, and generally acknowledging the justness of Spence's observations, and in a few instances pleading, humorously enough, that some favourite lines might be spared." It is probable that the regard and esteem, in which he was held

* Among Mr. Spence's papers is a MS. copy of the two last dialogues of the Essay on the Odyssey, corrected throughout by Pope, and in which some few remarks appear on the blank pages. There is also a copy of the first edition, corrected throughout, but chiefly in what regards punctuation. It was probably these which Dr. Warton saw.

by Pope, may have been, as Dr. Johnson asserts, one of the causes of his introduction to the notice of the great and powerful, but I know not whether he owed his introduction to the Dorset family to him or no.

He describes a short visit he received from Pope, at Oxford. In a letter to his mother from that place, dated September 4, 1735, in which he says, "I have not seen honest Mr. Duck yet, but have had the pleasure of another visit that was wholly unexpected to me. Monday last, after dinner, according to the good sauntering custom that I use here every day, I was lolling at a coffee-house half asleep, and half reading something about Prince Eugene and the armies on the Rhine, when a ragged boy of an ostler came in to me with a little scrap of paper not half an inch broad, which contained the following words, 'Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now.'—You may imagine how pleased I was; and that I hobbled thither as fast as my spindle-shanks would carry me. There I found him, quite fatigued to death, with a thin face lengthened, at least, two inches beyond its usual appearance. He had been to take his last leave of Lord Peterborough; and came away in a chariot of his lordship's, that holds but one person, for quick travelling. When he was got within about three miles of Oxford, coming down a hill in Bagly wood, he saw two gentlemen and a lady sitting in distress by the way side. Near them lay a chaise overturned, and half broken to pieces; in the fall of which the poor lady had her arm broke. Mr. Pope had the goodness to stop and offer her his chariot to carry her to Oxford for help; and so walked the three miles in the very midst of a close sultry day, and came in dreadfully fatigued. An inn, though designed for a place of rest, is but ill suited to a man that's really tired; so I prevailed on him to go to my room, where I got him a little dinner, and where he enjoyed himself for two or three hours; and set out in the

evening, as he was obliged to do, for Colonel Dormer's, in his way to Lord Cobham's, which was to be the end of his journey."

In 1736 he republished, at Pope's desire, Gorboduc, the celebrated tragedy of Sackville, Earl of Dorset, with a prefatory account of the author. This may probably have been intended as a compliment to his noble pupil. To his habits of intimacy, and almost daily intercourse, with Pope, we owe the idea of the present collection of anecdotes, which was begun very soon after the commencement of their acquaintance, and terminated with Pope's death, its chief object was undoubtedly to record his conversation, and the principal incidents of his life.

Benevolence was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of Spence's mind, and it had found a deserving object in Stephen Duck, the thresher and poet, to serve whom he wrote a kind of memoir, which, when he went abroad, he left in the hands of his friend Mr. Lowth for publication, with a sort of Grub-street title as a *ruse de guerre;* calling himself Joseph Spence, *Esquire,* Poetry Professor; he afterwards procured for Duck, from the Duke of Dorset, the living of Byfleet, in Surry; introduced him to the notice of Pope, and continued his countenance and friendship to him through life. Early in the year 1737 he was offered the deanery of Clogher in Ireland, by the Duke of Dorset, who assured him, at the same time, that he might depend upon him for any future preferment which should offer, if he did not think it eligible to accept it; in consequence of this option he declined it. In May of the same year, he accompanied Mr. Trevor in a tour through Holland, Flanders, and France. It was their intention to have proceeded for Italy, but Mr. Trevor was called home to offer himself as a candidate for a borough; and after passing the autumn at Blois, and the winter at Tours, they returned to England in February, 1738. He

writes thus to his mother from Tours in the preceding December—"Tours is a very agreeable place. All the towns on the banks of the Loire are said to be so; but the country about Tours in particular, is called the garden of France. We came here with the design of staying only a month; but if we find it as agreeable as it promises to be, we may stay much longer. In the spring we are to pass through Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Montpellier, Marseilles, Avignon, and Lyons, to Geneva, where we shall probably pass the summer, and go, about the end of October, for Italy. Italy is my great favourite; and though I am pleased here, I shall not be perfectly happy till I get into that delightful country of the old Romans; or rather, I shall not be contented till I have finished all, and can come and see you and my sister at Winchester. I own we are delighted when we are abroad; but the greatest and truest satisfaction is when we come home again. I recollect what the Prince of Yallocomia said to me and my dear friend Bob Downes, several years ago at Oxford, where he was shown about as a sight. He said that he wanted for nothing; that he eat and drank well, that he was continually amused with seeing new places; still, said he, there is something wanting, "for de fader and de moder be alvais in de mind." He spoke it with much emotion, and put his finger up and patted his forehead all the while he was saying the last sentence, which is a very true one, and very worthy of his highness of Yallocomia." In another letter, he says: "Two or three days since, I had a letter from Mr. Holdsworth, the father of all us travellers; I mean for knowledge, more than for age; with your's I had a letter from good Mr. Duck, who has obliged me very much by the trouble he has taken to disperse my books about, and to pelt poor people, that were easy in their great chairs, with a thing that they would not give a farthing whether they ever read or not. By the time that I shall see you, my little garden

at Birchanger will begin to make some shew; and my thoughts now are to come and see you at Winchester every other summer, for three or four months; and the other alternate summers to invite you to Birchanger to eat some of my nonpareils; if you and my sister care to take such a journey for a pippin. Though the place is not very magnificent, I can promise you it has quite another air than it had; for, instead of walking into an orchard adorned with nothing but hog-styes, you will go into a garden that will be a little fop, strutting and pretending to be bigger than he is, where, at least, we shall be private and at our ease; unseen ourselves when we have a mind to it, though from the little green plat at one end of it, we may stand like three statues on one pedestal, and look out on a prospect that is no inconsiderable one for *Hertfordshire*. By that word you may see the pride of my heart, for to say the truth, I don't care to be thought in *Essex* there, and take all the advantage I can of my neighbourhood to a better county."

In the autumn of 1739 he set out on his last tour to the continent with Henry, Earl of Lincoln*. They went by way of Paris and Lyons to Turin, where they arrived the beginning of October; this city was then a place of great fashionable resort, and the court there accounted one of the politest in Europe. Here they remained a whole year, being detained a month or two longer than was intended, by an accidental sprain Lord Lincoln got in dancing. From hence Mr. Spence writes, to appease the anxiety of his mother, the following affectionate and consolatory letter, which, as it will make the reader better

* Afterwards Duke of Newcastle.—Mr. Nichols says: "The mortification which Dr. Goddard, afterwards master of Clare Hall, his Grace's Cambridge tutor, felt by this appointment, probably occasioned the extraordinary dedication to the duke, prefixed to his sermons published in 1781."

acquainted with this part of his character, I have the less scruple in transcribing.

"You may be wholly out of any concern about my ever coming abroad again. At least the scheme of life I have in my head is quite opposite to any such thought. The large work I have on my hands will take up near four years after I come home before it is all published; and after that I have some other little things which I think at present of publishing; and which, in the leisurely way I shall go about it, merely for my amusement, will take up six years more. I leave you to judge whether I, who was not at all eager to travel at forty, shall be much inclined to it after fifty; when I shall have been used too to a retired and settled life for ten years together; and shall have all my plantations growing up about me, which I have already laid out in idea. I mention this particular, because I have found, by the little experience I have had, that nothing is so apt to attract one and tie one down to a spot of ground, as a plantation. You may remember how Paul Penton used to go to his nursery every day near Kingsclere; and when I was abroad with Mr. Trevor, I believe there was scarce a day that I did not visit Birchanger in imagination. At present I am more busy and more diverted; and yet I often think of it. But I shall have, I hope, a much greater tie to England than any I have mentioned:—I mean your ladyship!—When we are once settled, and in a way of living together, I shall look upon it as my duty, as well as my inclination, to stay with you, and shall not think of stirring a step out of our island, unless you should turn traveller; and then perhaps I might take a little trip into Asia, or to the pyramids of Egypt, purely to attend you thither. The scheme I mentioned to you is the sincere design I have some time had; and, as it has long been growing gradually upon me, is of itself very likely to last;

but, with the other consideration joined to it, is, I think, as strong as any human resolution can be. And, indeed after forty, it is high time to think of a settlement, and of getting a steady settled income somewhere or other to prevent one's old age being rendered uneasy.—I guess you are already laughing to hear a son of your's talk of being an old man; but that will begin to be a very serious truth in a few years more. Whenever it happens, I don't expect it as a very disagreeable thing; a good easy chair, good company, and the being able to look back upon one's life without any thing to frighten one in it, may make that season, at least, not so terrible: and I don't see why one may not enter upon it as agreeably as one goes into a bed, after being tired with the labour of the day. But, lest I should fall into too deep a fit of morality, I will conclude." In another letter, reverting to the same subject, he says—"I want to be setting out; for that is doing something, and looks at least like being nearer coming home. Much as I long again to see Rome, I long more to be with you; and to be settling our little affairs, in order to live together in a comfortable manner the rest of our time; whether that is to be long or short does not signify a great deal; but one would make the time, whatever it may be, agreeable as one can. Thank heaven, we are likely, at present, to have enough to live comfortably, and to do some little good round about us; and that I always reckon among the highest pleasures both to you and me." In another place he says—"I don't at all desire wardenships, or indeed any high dignity in the world; and that not out of wisdom, but a love of ease. I am for happiness in my own way, and, according to my notions of it, I might as well, and better, have it in living with you, at our cottage at Birchanger, than in any palace. As my affairs stand at present, 'tis likely that we shall have enough to live quite

at our ease; when I desire more than that, may I lose what I have!"

He seems to have been very fortunate in the companions of his travels—Lord Middlesex was a young nobleman of most amiable manners and character; and he found Lord Lincoln so sensible, so agreeable, and obliging, that he says, he thought several times upon the road that he was beginning a second journey with his former friend.—From Turin they went to the baths of Aqui, near Milan, and after remaining there a month, on account of Lord Lincoln's health, they pursued their journey by Florence to Rome*. They staid at Rome from the beginning of December until the middle of May following, and he had there an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of that extraordinary woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He says—"I always desired to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were so often together in London; soon after we came to this place her ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world, 'all things by turns and nothing long.'—She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought, as the month before she was married: she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one

* Mr. Spence says, "I find myself at this great city, just as I did the first time I was here;—though it is now a fortnight since I came, I have not yet recovered myself; 'tis all astonishment at the greatness of the things about one; and they are so very great, and in such numbers, that one does not know where to fix one's attention, or what to look at first."

of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first, that is to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley." It was here that Mr. Spence learned those particulars from her which are recorded in the Anecdotes.

From Rome they went to Reggio 'opera hunting,' as Mr. Spence expresses it, and here they found Mr. Horace Walpole very ill with a quinsey.—"About three or four in the morning I was surprised with a message, saying, that Mr. Walpole was very much worse, and desired to see me; I went and found him scarce able to speak. I soon learned from his servants that he had been all the while without a physician, and had doctored himself; so I immediately sent for the best aid the place would afford, and dispatched a messenger to the minister at Florence, desiring him to send my friend Dr. Cocchi. In about twenty-four hours I had the satisfaction to find Mr. Walpole better; we left him in a fair way of recovery, and we hope to see him next week at Venice. I had obtained leave of Lord Lincoln to stay behind some days if he had been worse. You see what luck one has sometimes in going out of one's way. If Lord L. had not wandered to Reggio, Mr. Walpole (who is one of the best natured and most sensible young gentlemen England affords) would have, in all probability, fallen a sacrifice to his disorder."

From Reggio they went to Venice. After staying there about two months they passed by sea from Genoa to the south of France. They spent a month at Montpellier and Vigan, where Lord Lincoln's excellent mother had

lived two or three years with her children "in one of the finest airs in the world (says Mr. Spence); in spite of which she lost her eldest son there, but brought off my lord stronger and in better health, though I doubt not his friends will be surprised to see how much stronger and better he is grown now. 'Tis said that the name of Lady Lincoln is blest by all the good people in the Cevennes, among whom she did a world of good." From thence they went to Paris, and, after a few weeks stay there, returned to England in November, 1742.

In this year he was presented by his college to the rectory of Great Horwood, Bucks, and succeeded Dr. Holmes as Regius Professor of Modern History. From this time he resided chiefly in London for some few years; but his health, since his return from abroad, having been precarious, he was advised by his friends to abandon his studies; and, however disagreeable the remedy, he would, probably, have listened to their entreaties. The Polymetis which had now occupied his attention for several years, for which he had made very large collections, and had obtained very large and numerous subscriptions, was about to have been abandoned; had not Dr. Mead interposed and prescribed to him a middle course, advising him to apply moderately, and at short intervals, to his literary pursuits rather than entirely and at once to abandon them: he followed this friendly advice, and it had the desired effect*.

His tastes and inclinations led him very early to a love for the country and rural improvement. Ornamental gardening was then taking a direction quite opposite to the

* Soon after the rebellion in 1745 Mr. Spence wrote and published an occasional paper under the title of "Plain Matter of Fact, or a short Review of the Reigns of our Popish Princes since the Reformation; in order to show what we are to expect if another should happen to reign over us." I am not sure that more than one number was published.

old and formal methods of the French, Dutch, and Italians. Walpole, who had paid much attention to its progress, has proved that Kent was the first artist who diffused the prevailing taste of landscape gardening, and says, that Pope undoubtedly contributed to form Kent's taste*. It is most probable that Spence's enthusiam for this elegant art was strengthened, if not derived from his intimacy with the poet. After the publication of his Polymetis in 1747, by which he had realized upwards of fifteen hundred pounds, he entertained thoughts of indulging his propensity, by the purchase of a small house and a few acres of ground in the country. Having casually mentioned this intention to his friend Lord Lincoln, he very generously offered him, as a gift for his life, a house of this kind at Byfleet in Surry, in the immediate vicinity of his seat at Oatlands. Thither Spence removed in the year 1749, and immediately proceeded to turn his fields into pleasure grounds, and to plant and adorn the face of the country round his abode. From this time to the end of his life, rural improvement became his favourite amusement; he expended a great part of the profits arising from his Polymetis in embellishing his little seat, and acquired much reputation by the judgment he displayed. He was from time to time consulted by his friends and others when any thing of the kind was meditated; his suggestions were listened to with respect, and generally followed without deviation. Walpole, whose opinion will be allowed to have much weight on this subject, compliments him upon his taste and zeal for the reformed style of

* "Mr. Kent was the sole beginner of the present National Taste in Gardening. , Witness his works at Kensington Gardens below Bayswater.—And at Lord Burlington's at Chiswick; the latter, in October, 1733. Mr. Scot has a drawing of the first thing done that way *there*, of Kent's. He had shown his skill before at Lord Cobham's, and by a design for Mr. Pope's Mount."—*From Mr. Spence's Papers.*

picturesque gardening. It is most probable that his health was improved and his life prolonged by this happy alternation of activity in his favourite pursuit, and repose in his literary trifling. He seems to have intended the publication of an Essay on the subject of Gardening in all ages, to have been entitled "*Tempe:*" the collections he left in manuscript on the subject, evince that it was his darling, though not his exclusive pursuit to the day of his death.

Upon the translation of Dr. Trevor, Bishop of St. David's, to the See of Durham, he intimated to Mr. Spence that he should have the first prebend in that see which fell to his gift, and his promise was realized in 1754. From this period Mr. Spence divided his time chiefly between Durham and Byfleet, contenting himself with very moderate enjoyments and gratifications; and seems to have used his fortune, which was now ample compared with his desires, as if he stood possessed of it as steward only for the service of mankind, and constantly applied a considerable portion of it to purposes of charity. As he never resided upon his living of Great Horwood, he thought it part of his duty to make an annual visit to his parishioners, and gave away considerable sums of money to the distressed poor, placing out many of their children as apprentices, and doing other acts of beneficence. Finkalo, or West Finchale Priory near Durham, was part of Mr. Spence's prebendal estate; this spot, which had been the scene of the miracles of St. Godric, who from an itinerant merchant turned hermit, and wore out three suits of iron, was a favourite retreat with him; and he here again exercised his taste and skill in his much loved art.

In his selection of objects for the exercise of his benevolent propensities it was natural for him to place indigent men of letters in the first rank.

In the year 1754* he published "An Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock," and obtained a large subscription to an edition of the poems of that amiable and interesting character; which materially assisted the views of his friends in procuring him an education suitable to his genius and views in life. Blacklock testified his obligations to Mr. Spence to whom he was personally unknown, in a poetical epistle written from Dumfries, in 1759, concluding thus:

> "If to your very name, by bounteous Heav'n,
> Such blest, restoring influence has been giv'n,
> How must your sweet approach, your aspect kind,
> Your soul-reviving converse warm the mind!"

Spence's benevolence was most liberal and unconfined; distress of every sort, and in every rank of life, never preferred its claim to his attention in vain: and he is described by one who knew him well, to have had a heart and a hand ever open to the poor and the needy.

It was this feeling that urged him to befriend the worthy Stephen Duck, and at a subsequent period he found another meritorious object in Robert Hill, the learned tailor, to serve whom he drew up that ingenious memoir and parallel, which his friend Horace Walpole, to assist his generous purpose, caused to be printed at his private press at Strawberry Hill in 1757. It was afterwards reprinted with other pieces of Mr. Spence in Dodsley's collection of Fugitive Pieces.

* In the preceding year, he had caused to be printed for the diversion of a few friends and his own solace, 'Moralities,' under the feigned appellation of Sir Harry Beaumont, a name which he had likewise adopted in his "Crito, a Dialogue on Beauty," and his translation of the Jesuit Attiret's "Letter on the Royal Gardens at Pekin;" the two latter were re-published in Dodsley's Collection of Fugitive Pieces, in 1765.—Some Account of the Antiquities at Herculaneum were communicated by him to the Royal Society, in 1757, and published in their Transactions, Vol. 48.

Besides these, at an earlier period he had taken by the hand the ingenious Robert Dodsley, and was one of the earliest patrons of that deserving and worthy man. In one of Curll's scurrilous attacks upon Pope he is thus introduced:

'Tis kind indeed a livery muse to aid
Who scribbles Farces to augment his trade,
Where you and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
The Devil's in it if the plot should fail.'

Dodsley had been servant to Miss Lowther, and published his first poetical effusions under the title of "The Muse in Livery." He had the prudence to make a good use of the profits of his poems, and a successful farce, and in process of time became one of the most eminent booksellers of the Metropolis. His gratitude and affectionate friendship for his early patron continued through life. And Spence had the melancholy satisfaction of paying the last kind office to his humble friend, for he died on a visit to him at Durham, in the year 1764.

In the latter part of his life Mr. Spence made several excursions to the most romantic parts of our island. I find the journal of one to the Peak in Derbyshire, in 1752, in which he appears to have visited every thing remarkable in his route: his observations are chiefly confined to the picturesque appearance of the country, the antiquities, architecture, works of art, &c. And in 1758 he accompanied his friend Dodsley in a long tour to the north. On their road they visited the Leasowes and staid a week there;—Shenstone thus notices this visit in a letter to his friend Mr. Graves. "I have seen few whom I liked so much, upon so little acquaintance, as Mr. Spence; extremely polite, friendly, cheerful, and master of an infinite fund of subjects for agreeable conversation. Had my affairs permitted, they had certainly drawn me with them into Scotland; whither they are gone for about a month upon a journey of curiosity."—

In another letter, he says, "Mr. Spence is the very man you would like, and who would like *you* of all mankind. He took my Elegies with him into Scotland, and sent them back on his return, with a sheet or two of criticisms, and a handsome letter.—How much am I interested in the preservation of his friendship!—and yet such is my *destiny* (for I can give it no other name), I have never wrote to him *since*. This *impartiality* of my neglect, you must accept yourself as some apology:—but to proceed; Mr. Spence chose himself an oak here for a seat, which I have inscribed to him*:

EXIMIO. NOSTRO. CRITONI.
CVI. DICARI. VELLET.
MVSARVM. OMNIVM. ET. GRATIARVM. CHORVS.
DICAT AMICITIA.

This journey of Mr. Spence is agreeably described in a letter to Shenstone, printed in Hull's collection†.

In the year 1764, Mr. James Ridley, the son of his old friend Gloster Ridley, gave an accurate and interesting delineation of his character and retreat, in his Tales of the Genii; Spence is meant by Phesoi Ecneps, the Dervise of the Groves. A panegyrical letter to Mr. Ridley, on the occasion, by Mr. Spence, is printed in the collection of letters above cited.

The last of his literary labours was the agreeable task of preparing for the press "Remarks and Dissertations on Virgil, with some other classical observations," by his friend Holdsworth, to which were added, notes and addi-

* I find this inscription among Mr. Spence's Papers in rather a different form.

JOSEPHO. SPENCE.
CUI. SEDEM. HANC. DICARI. VELLET.
MUSARUM. OMNIUM. ET GRATIARUM. CHORUS.
DICAT. AMICITIA.

† Vol. i. p. 278.

tional remarks of his own. His health was now in a declining state, and though the greater part of this volume was printed in 1767, it was not published until the beginning of 1768, by the care of his friend Dr. Lowth, who had communicated a few remarks, and who made the table of Errata, which Mr. Spence was then not able to do.

He had executed his will while on a visit to his amiable friend at Sedgefield in the preceding autumn, and added a codicil, remembering a faithful servant, with his own hand, in the spring. He had appointed Dr. Ridley, Dr. Lowth, and his nephew the Rev. Edward Rolle, executors; leaving a few trifling legacies and benefactions, but it could hardly be expected that he should have much to leave. His sister and two brothers died some years before him.

Besides the literary productions already noticed, Mr. Spence published some occasional verses; particularly the concluding copy in the Oxford collection, on the Birth of the Prince of Wales; an Epistle from a Swiss Officer to his Friend in Rome, in Dodsley's Museum; and some few others, which are to be found in Mr. Nichols's collection. But verse was not Mr. Spence's talent, though he wrote much for his amusement; and Dr. Lowth acted with truly friendly regard to his reputation, when he decided that not a verse which he left behind him should be published.

Dr. Johnson has been thought to speak with prejudice of Spence when he says that he was "a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful;" but I must in candour acknowledge that there is no appealing from this judgment: and nothing can be more true than what follows. "His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly, and his remarks were recommended by coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a

critic without malevolence, who thought it was as much his duty to display beauties, as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity."—If we regard the state of criticism at the period the Essay on the Odyssey appeared, no small degree of credit will attach to its author. At that time we had few things which might compare with it; and it must be confessed that, the period of its publication considered, Dr. Warton has not over-rated its merits, in having pronounced it to be "a work of true taste." A later panegyrist has asserted, that it is, "for sound criticism, and candid disquisition, almost without a parallel?" It is hardly possible to conceive, as the same writer fondly conjectures, "that Dr. Johnson's frigid mention of Spence, might arise from a prejudice conceived against him on account of his preference of blank verse to rhyme, in that essay?"

Of the Polymetis, Gray has spoken very slightingly in his letters: one of his objections is, that the subject is illustrated from the Roman, and not from the Greek writers; which Dr. Lowth has ingeniously endeavoured to obviate, by observing, that Spence has not performed what he never undertook; nay, what he expressly did not undertake." But does this argue that the subject would not have been better illustrated from them, as in some degree the fountain head and source of the Roman mythology?—The work appears to have been highly acceptable to the public, and to have met with all possible success; a second edition was soon called for, and a third was printed in 1774. I believe it is not many years since, that it was thought a fourth edition might be acceptable to the public. An abridgment was also made of it, which was long a popular book in our schools, until the more copious and useful dictionary of Dr. Lempriere superseded it. Whatever may have been thought

of the Polymetis* at the time of its publication, it is certain that the graphic illustrations are but very mediocre, and it has been justly observed, that "it has sunk by its own weight, and will never rise again."—Upon this work, and the Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Spence's literary fame has hitherto rested; that he enjoyed a large share of it while living, there is ample testimony: but the style of dialogue in which he wrote has become deservedly unpopular, and it does not appear that he is likely to be so fortunate in his appeal to posterity.

Spence was in person below the middle size, his figure spare, his countenance benignant, and rather handsome, but bearing marks of a delicate constitution. As in his childhood he had been kept alive by constant care and the assistance of skilful medical aid, he did not expect that his life would have been protracted beyond fifty years. But he possessed those greatest of all blessings, a cheerful temperament, a constant flow of animal spirits, and a most placable disposition. These, with the happy circumstances in which he was placed, and the active nature of his gardening amusements, prolonged its date to his 70th year; when he was unfortunately drowned in a canal in his garden at Byfleet. Being, when the accident occurred, quite alone, it could only be conjectured in what manner it happened; but it was generally supposed to have been occasioned by a fit, while he was standing near the brink of the water. He was found flat upon his face at the edge, where the water was too shallow to

* I cannot resist this opportunity of mentioning with gratitude the pleasure I have derived from the very elegant little manual published a few years since in France, by Mons. Millin, under the title of "Galerie Mythologique," in which the subject is entirely illustrated by the remains of antient art. This work, alone, would serve to prove how much more completely the subject is now understood, and what a vast accumulation of materials have accrued in the lapse of the last half century.

cover his head, or any part of his body. Thus terminated the life of Spence, of whom it was soon after said with strict justice, as Charles the Second said of Cowley:— "That he left not a better man in England behind him;" and though he may not be placed in the first rank of eminence as a writer, yet will his name be venerated for qualities which are something more and better. It is surely enough to be remembered

"For every virtue under heaven."

He was buried in the parish church of Byfleet, and a neat mural tablet was inscribed to his memory by his executors, with the following tribute to his virtues, from the pen of his excellent friend Lowth --

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
PREBENDARY OF DURHAM,
AND RECTOR OF GREAT HORWOOD, BUCKS.
IN WHOM LEARNING, GENIUS, AND SHINING TALENTS
TEMPERED WITH JUDGMENT,
AND SOFTENED BY THE MOST EXQUISITE SWEETNESS OF MANNERS,
WERE GREATLY EXCELLED BY HIS HUMANITY;
EVER READY TO ASSIST THE DISTRESSED
BY CONSTANT AND EXTENSIVE CHARITY TO THE POOR,
AND BY UNBOUNDED BENEVOLENCE TO ALL:
HE DIED AUG. 20, 1768,
IN THE 70TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION I. 1728-30.

Most little poems should be written by a plan: this method is evident in Tibullus, and Ovid's Elegies, and almost all the pieces of the ancients.—Horace's Art of Poetry was probably only fragments of what he designed; it wants the regularity that flows from the following a plan; and there are several passages in it that are hints only of a larger design. This appears as early as at the twenty-third verse,

"Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum,"

which looks like the proposal of a subject, on which much more was necessary to be said; and yet he goes off to another in the very next line.—*Pope.*

A poem on a slight subject, requires the greater care to make it considerable enough to be read. [He had been just speaking of his Dunciad.]—*P.*

Garth talked in a less libertine manner, than he had been used to do, about the three last years of his life. He was rather doubtful, and fearful, than religious*. It was usual for him to say: "That if there was any such thing as religion 'twas among the Roman Catholics." Probably from the greater efficacy we give the Sacraments. He died a Papist; as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the Father to him in his last hours. He did not take any care of himself in his last illness; and had talked, for three or four years, as one tired of life: in short, I believe he was willing to let it go.—*P.*

Wycherley died a Romanist, and has owned that religion in my hearing.—It was generally thought by this gentleman's friends, that he lost his memory by old age; it was not by age, but by accident, as he himself told me often. He remembered as well at sixty years old, as he had done ever since forty, when a fever occasioned that loss to him.—*P.*

Prior was not a right good man. He used to bury himself, for whole days and nights

Note by Mr. Spence from MS. B.

* Garth sent to Addison, (of whom he had a very high opinion) on his death-bed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true.—Dr. Young *from Addison himself, or Tickell, which is much the same.*

together, with a poor mean creature, and often drank hard. He turned from a strong whig (which he had been when most with Lord Hallifax) to a violent tory; and did not care to converse with any whigs after, any more than Rowe did with tories.—*P.*

Sir John Suckling was an immoral man, as well as debauched. The story of the French cards* was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham; and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself.—*P.*

That lady took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the Mistress and Goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know how well they were acquainted.—*P.*

Sir John Suckling was a man of great vivacity, and spirit. He died about the beginning of the Civil War; and his death was occasioned by a very uncommon accident. He entered warmly into the King's interests; and was sent over to the continent by him, with some letters of great

* His getting certain marks, known only to himself, affixed to all the cards that came from the great makers in France.—*Spence.*

consequence, to the Queen *. He arrived late at Calais; and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which was his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken, ordered his horses to be got ready instantly, and in pulling on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him: but, as the horses were at the door, he leaped into his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau; and, soon after, complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems his servant, (who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered,) had driven a nail up into one of his boots, in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first; and his pursuit turned him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a

* Henrietta Maria went to Holland about the end of February, 1642; and returned in February, 1643.

very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.—*P.*

It was a general opinion, that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often, that there was nothing in it: and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually.—Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death, had something of satire at the bottom; for my part, I can't discover any thing like it in them *.—*P.*

Lord Rochester was of a very bad turn of mind as well as debauched. [From the Duke of Buckingham and others that knew him.]—*P.*

Mr. Pope's life, that was so valuable to the world, was in danger several times; and the first, so early as when he was a child in coats. A wild cow that was driven by the place where he was at play, struck at him with her horns; tore off his hat, wounded him in the throat; beat him down, and trampled over him.—*Mrs. Racket, his sister, who was older than him; and was by when it happened.*

* Ben Jonson was found reading Horace by the great Camden, and it was he who sent him to the University of Cambridge.—MR. POPE. *(Addition from MS. B.)*

His second escape was when he was about two-and-twenty. He was travelling in a coach by night; and with a coachman that did not know the road so well as he should have done. They were to cross the Thames; and the coachman drove into the water: but after they were a little way in, the horses stopped short; and all his swearing and whipping could not make them stir a foot on. Some passengers that happened to come by just in the height of his endeavouring to force them to go on, called to the man, and told him that his horses had more sense than himself; that the Thames was not fordable there, that they were just on the brink of a hole twice as deep as the coach; and that if they had proceeded a step farther, they must all have been lost. So he drew back, and got out of the river again, and they were very glad to lie at a little alehouse on the bank they had just quitted.—*P.*

His third danger was in a coach too; with six spirited horses. They took fright, run away; and overturned the coach, with him only in it, into a ditch full of water. He was almost suffocated there; and broke the glass with his hand to let in the air: but as the coach sunk deeper the water gained very fast upon him; and he was taken out but just time enough to save him from being drowned.—*P.*

Beside these, his perpetual application (after he set to study of himself) reduced him in four years time to so bad a state of health; that, after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper; and sat down calmly, in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends; and among the rest, one to the Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health, and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hopes; and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case; got full directions from him and carried them down to Mr. Pope in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the doctor ordered him, was to apply less; and to ride every day: the following his advice soon restored him to his health*.—*P.*

It was about twenty years after this, that Mr. Pope heard of an Abbey's being like to be vacant in the most delightful part of France, near Avignon: and what some common friend was saying would be the most desirable estab-

* This was when Mr. Pope was about seventeen, and consequently about the year 1705.

lishment in the world for Father Southcote. Mr. Pope took no farther notice of the matter on the spot; but sent a letter the next morning, to Sir Robert Walpole, (with whom he had then some degree of friendship) and begged him to write a letter to Cardinal Fleury to get the Abbey for Southcote. The affair met with some delay (on account of our court having just then settled a pension on Father Courayer) but succeeded at last, and Southcote was made Abbot.—*P.*

Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, were Mr. Pope's great favourites, in the order they are named, in his first reading till he was about twelve years old.—*P.*

Mr. Pope's father (who was an honest merchant, and dealt in Holland's wholesale) was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased; and used often to send him back to new turn them. "These are not good rhimes;" for that was my husband's word for verses.—*Mr. Pope's mother.*

Mr. Pope said that he was seven years unlearning what he had got (from about twenty to twenty-seven.)—He should have travelled had it not been for his ill-health (and on every occasion that offered, had a desire to travel, to the very end of his life.) His first education

was at the seminary at Twiford near Winchester.—*P.*

Mr. Addison wrote a letter to Mr. Pope, when young, in which he desired him not to list himself under either party: "You," says he, "who will deserve the praise of the whole nation, should never content yourself with the half of it."—*P.*

In speaking of comparisons upon an absurd and unnatural footing, he mentioned Virgil and Homer; Corneille and Racine; the little ivory statue of Polycletes and the Colossus.—Magis pares quam similes? "Ay, that's it in one word."—*P.*

There was such a real character as Morose in Ben Jonson's time. Dryden somewhere says so*; and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton, and he from Sir William Davenant, who lived in Jonson's time and knew the man.—What trash are *his*† works taken all together.—*P.*

One might discover schools of the poets, as distinctly as the schools of the painters; by much converse in them, and a thorough taste of their manner of writing. (He had been just speaking of Voiture and Sarazin.)—*P.*

* In his Essay on Dramatic Poetry.—*Spence.*

† *i. e.* Ben Jonson's, as I collect from a note in MS. B.—*Editor.*

Boileau, the first poet of the French, in the same manner as Virgil of the Latin: Malherbe, *longo intervallo*, the second. Racine's character is justness and correctness; Corneille's, passion and life: Corneille stumbles oftener and has greater excellencies.—*P.*

The design of the Memoirs of Scriblerus was to have ridiculed all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough; that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. It was begun by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age. Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift, and others. Gay often held the pen; and Addison liked it very well, and was not disinclined to come in to it. The Deipnosophy consisted of disputes on ridiculous tenets of all sorts: and the adventure of the Shield was designed against Dr. Woodward and the Antiquaries. It was Anthony Henley who wrote "the life of his music master Tom Durfey;" a chapter by way of episode. —It was from a part of these memoirs that Dr. Swift took his first hints for Gulliver. There were pigmies in Schreibler's travels; and the projects of Laputa.—The design was carried on much farther than has appeared in print; and was stopped by some of the gentlemen being dispersed or otherwise engaged (about

the year 1715.) See the memoirs themselves. —*P.*

A study should be built, looking east; as Sir Henry Wotton says in his little piece on Architecture; which is good enough, at least the best of his works.—*P.*

The method of learning a number of incoherent words, backward or forward, by fixing them one by one to a range of pictures, very easy; but even according to G. Markham, scarce of any manner of use.—*P.*

That Idea of the Picturesque, from the swan just gilded with the sun amidst the shade of a tree over the water.—*P.* [*on the Thames.*]

A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes.—Education leads us from the admiration of beauty in natural objects, to the admiration of artificial (or customary) excellence.—I don't doubt but that a thorough-bred lady might admire the stars, *because* they twinkle like so many candles at a birth-night.—*P.*

As L'Esprit, La Rouchefoucault, and that sort of people, prove that all virtues are disguised vices; I would engage to prove all vices to be disguised virtues. Neither, indeed, is true: but this would be a more agreeable subject; and would overturn their whole scheme.—*P.*

Arts are taken from nature; and after a thou-

sand vain efforts for improvements, are best when they return to their first simplicity.—*P.*

A sketch or analysis of the first principle of each art, with their first consequences, might be a thing of most excellent service.—Thus, for instance, all the rules of architecture would be reducible to three or four heads. The justness of the openings, bearings upon bearings, and the regularity of the pillars.—*P.*

That which is not just in buildings, is disagreeable to the eye; (as a greater upon a slighter, &c.) This he called "the reasoning of the eye."—*P.*

In laying out a garden, the first thing to be considered is the genius of the place: thus at Riskins, for example, Lord Bathurst should have raised two or three mounts; because his situation is all a plain, and nothing can please without variety.—*P.*

I have sometimes had an idea of planting an old gothic cathedral in trees. Good large poplars with their white stems (cleared of boughs to a proper height) would serve very well for the columns; and might form the different aisles or peristiliums, by their different distances and heights. These would look very well near; and the dome rising all in a proper tuft in the middle, would look as well at a distance.—*P.*

Cowley's allowance was, at last, not above three hundred a year. He died at Chertsey; and his death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend, Dean Sprat, was with him on a visit there. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's; who (according to the fashion of those times) made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late; and had drank so deep, that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken Dean.—*P.*

The Virtuoso of Shadwell does not maintain his character with equal strength to the end: and this was that writer's general fault. Wycherley used to say of him: "That he knew how to start a fool very well; but that he was never able to run him down."—*P.*

Gay was a great eater. "As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is *edi ergo est.*" [Congreve in a letter to Pope.]—*MS. B.*

It is a very easy thing to devise good laws: the difficulty is to make them effective.—The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws: and consequently the greatest art of

a politician, is to render vices serviceable to the cause of virtue.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

As to our senses, we are made in the best manner that we possibly could.—If we were so formed as to see into the most minute configuration of a post, we should break our shins against it.—We see for use, and not for curiosity.—Was our sight so fine, as to pierce into the internal make of things, we should distinguish all the fine ducts and the contrivances of each canal, for the conveyance of the juices in every one of those leaves: but then we should lose this beautiful prospect: it would be only a heap and confusion to the eye.—*B.*

Cudworth in Theological Metaphysics, Locke in proper Metaphysics, and Newton in Physics, are read as the first books of their kind in several foreign universities. The character of our best English writers gets ground abroad very much of late.—*B.*

Lord Bacon in his *Novum Organum* has laid down the whole method that Descartes afterwards followed.—*B.*

Dryden has assured me that he got more from the Spanish critics alone, than from the Italian and French, and all other critics put together.—Just before I went to Utrecht I learnt the Spanish language in three weeks time; so as to be able to read and answer letters.—*B.*

The editorial criticism was very useful and necessary in Erasmus and the earlier revivers of learning; but the carrying it on without mercy by the later critics, has only served to puzzle the text.—*B.*

After all, it is Nicholas the Fifth to whom Europe is obliged for its present state of learning.—*B.*

At Paris they have a stated set of paradoxical orations. The business of one of these was to show, that the history of Rome, for the four first centuries, was all a mere fiction. The person engaged in it proved that point so strongly and so well, that several of the audience as they were coming out, said those who had proposed that question played booty; and that it was so far from a paradox, that it was a plain and evident truth*.—*B.*

As to the general design of Providence, the two extremes of vice may serve (like two opposite biases) to keep up the balance of things. —*Pope.*

* This article may have reference to M. de Pouilly's "Dissertation sur l'incertitude de l'Histoire des quatres premiers siecles de Rome," which was read at the Academy of Belles Lettres, at Paris, Dec. 15, 1722; it is published in the sixth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy, and answered by Sallier in several memoirs published in the same work in the course of the years 1723, 1724, and 1725.—*Editor.*

When we speak against one capital vice, we ought to speak against its opposite: the middle betwixt both is the point for virtue.—*P*.

The first epistle is to be to the whole work, what a scale is to a book of maps; and in this, I reckon, lies my greatest difficulty: not only in settling and ranging the parts of it aright, but in making them agreeable enough to be read with pleasure. [This was said in May, 1730, of what he then used to call his Moral Epistles, and what he afterwards called his Essay on Man. He at that time intended to have included in one epistle what he afterwards addressed to Lord Bolingbroke in four.]—*P*.

Perhaps we flatter ourselves when we think we can do much good: it is mighty well, if we can just amuse and keep out of harms way. [This was after he had been speaking coldly of his moral work; and had been pressed to go on with it, on account of the good it might do to mankind.]—*P*.

Wycherley was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day, as he passed that duchess's coach in the ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out loud enough to be heard distinctly by him; "Sir, you're a rascal: you're a villain!" Wycherley from that instant entertained hopes. He

did not fail waiting on her the next morning: and with a very melancholy tone begged to know, how it was possible for him to have so much disobliged her Grace? They were very good friends from that time; yet, after all, what did he get by her? He was to have travelled with the young Duke of Richmond; King Charles gave him, now and then, a hundred pounds, not often.—*P.*

Wycherley was fifteen or sixteen when he went into France; and was acquainted there with Madame de Rambouillet, a little after Balzac's death.—He was not unvain of his face. That is a fine portrait which was engraved by Smith for him in 1703. He was then about his grand climacteric; but sat for the picture from which it was taken when he was about twenty-eight. The motto to it "*Quantum mutatus ab illo*" was ordered by himself; and he used to repeat it sometimes with a melancholy emphasis.—*P.*

We were pretty well together to the last: only his memory was so totally bad, that he did not remember a kindness done to him, even from minute to minute. He was peevish too latterly; so that sometimes we were out a little, and sometimes in. He never did any unjust thing to me in his whole life; and I went to see him on his death-bed.—*P.*

Wycherley's nephew, on whom his estate was entailed (but with power to settle a widow's jointure) would not consent to his selling any part of it; which he wanted much to do, to pay his debts, about a thousand pounds. He had therefore long resolved to marry; in order to make a settlement from the estate, to pay off his debts with his wife's fortune: and "to plague his damned nephew," as he used to express it. This was just about the time he had intended for it: as he only wanted to answer those ends, by marrying; and dreaded the ridicule of the world for marrying when he was so old. After all the woman he did marry, proved a cheat; was a cast mistress of the person who recommended her to him; and was supplied by him with money for her wedding clothes. After Wycherley's death, there were law-quarrels about the settlement. Theobald was the attorney employed by her old friend; and it was by this means that Theobald came to have Wycherley's papers in his hands.—*P.*

Wycherley had this odd particularity in him, from the loss of his memory; that the same chain of thought would return into his mind, at the distance of two or three years, without his remembering that it had been there before. Thus perhaps he would write one year, an Encomium on Avarice; (for he loved para-

doxes) and a year or two after, in Dispraise of Liberality: and in both, the words only would differ; and the thoughts be as much alike as two medals of different metals out of the same mould.—*P.*

Oldham is a very indelicate writer: he has strong rage, but it is too much like Billingsgate. —Lord Rochester had much more delicacy, and more knowledge of mankind.—*P.*

I read Chaucer still with as much pleasure as almost any of our poets. He is a master of manners, of description, and the first tale-teller in the true enlivened natural way.—*P.*

Fenton is a right honest man. He is fat and indolent, a very good scholar: sits within and does nothing but read or compose.—*P.*

Dr. Swift has an odd blunt way, that is mistaken, by strangers, for ill-nature.—'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts.— I'll tell you one that just comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in; "Hey-day, gentlemen," says the Doctor, "what's the meaning of this visit? How come you to leave all the great lords, that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?"—Because we would rather see you than any of them.—"Ay, any

one that did not know you so well as I do, might believe you. But, since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?"—No, Doctor, we have supped already.—"Supped already! that's impossible: why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet."—Indeed we have.—"That's very strange: but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? a couple of lobsters? ay, that would have done very well;—two shillings: tarts; a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time, only to spare my pocket?"—No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.—"But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drank with me.—A bottle of wine; two shillings.—Two and two, is four; and one is five: just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, sir: for I won't save any thing by you I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money.—*P.*

There is but little that is worth reading in Gower: he wants the spirit of poetry, and the descriptiveness, that are in Chaucer.—*P.*

Mr. Sackville (afterwards the first Earl of Dorset of that name) was the best English poet, between Chaucer's and Spenser's time. His tragedy of Gorboduc is written in a much purer stile than Shakspeare's was in several of his first plays. Sackville imitates the manner of Seneca's tragedies very closely, and writes without affectation or bombast; the two great sins of our oldest tragic writers. The Induction in the Mirrour for Magistrates was written by him too, and is very good and very poetical. —*P.*

Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, is a good one considering the time when it was written*. It is in Alexandrine verse, as well as Phaer's Virgil.—*P.*

Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spenser; and Fairfax another. Milton, in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spenser too; in his famous Allegro and Penseroso, and a few other pieces.—*P.*

Webster, Marston, Goff, Kyd, and Massinger, were the persons he instanced as tolerable writers of tragedy in Ben Jonson's time. —*P.*

Carew (a bad Waller), Waller himself, and Lord Lansdown, are all of one school; as Sir

* It was first published in 1567.—*Spence.*

John Suckling, Sir John Mennis, and Pryor, are of another.—*P.*

Crashaw is a worse sort of Cowley; he was a follower too of Petrarch and Marino, but most of Marino. He and Cowley were good friends; and the latter has a good copy of verses on his death.—*P.*

About this pitch, were Stanley, the author of the Lives of the Philosophers; Randolph, though rather superior; and Sylvester, though rather of a lower form.—*P.*

Cartwright and Bishop Corbet are of this mediocre class of poets; and Bagnel, the author of the Counter Scuffle, might be admitted among them.—*P.*

Samuel Daniel the historian, is unpoetical; but has good sense often.—*P.*

Herbert is lower than Crashaw, Sir John Beaumont higher, and Donne, a good deal so. —*P.*

Politian is one of the first rate modern Latin poets. Molza, very good.—Bembo, and Sadoleto, write pure Latin; but are stiff and unpoetical.—*P.*

Voiture, in his letters, wants sentiment: he wrote only to divert parties over their tea.—*P.*

Marot D'Aceilly, Habert, De Cerisis, and La Fontaine, are all of a school.—*P.*

Chapelain is about the rate of our Sir W.

Davenant; he has strong thoughts and no versification.—*P.*

Mr. Pope learned to draw of Jervas for a year and a half. (With what pleasure he stole some strokes, in Tilleman's absence, in the landscape he was drawing at Lord Radnor's.) "Which gives you the most pleasure, sir, poetry or painting?"—"I really can't well say; both of them are extremely pleasing."—*P.*

Among the imitations in Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, that of the City Shower was designed by Swift to imitate Virgil's Georgic style. The Alley, in imitation of Spenser, was written by Mr. Pope, with a line or two of Mr. Gay's in it: and the imitation of Chaucer was wholly by Mr. Pope.—*P.*

That notion of Sir William Davenant being more than a poetical child only of Shakspeare, was common in town; and Sir William himself seemed fond of having it taken for truth.—*P.*

There are three distinct *tours* in poetry; the design, the language, and the versification. (To which he afterwards seemed to add, a fourth, the expression; or manner of painting the humours, characters, and things that fall within your design.)—*P.*

After writing a poem, one should correct it all over, with one single view at a time. Thus for language; if an elegy; "these lines are

very good, but are not they of too heroical a strain?" and so *vice versa*. It appears very plainly, from comparing parallel passages touched both in the Iliad and Odyssey, that Homer did this; and it is yet plainer that Virgil did so, from the distinct styles he uses in his three sorts of poems. It always answers in him; and so constant an effect could not be the effect of chance.—*P.*

In versification there is a sensible difference between softness and sweetness* that I could distinguish from a boy. Thus on the same points, Dryden will be found to be softer, and Waller sweeter. It is the same with Ovid and Virgil; and Virgil's Eclogues, in particular, are the sweetest poems in the world.—*P.*

What the Roman's called *rotunditas versuum*, (for I know no English word for it) is to be met with remarkably in Waller too; and particularly in his naval copy of verses.—*P.*

I wrote things—I'm ashamed to say how soon.—Part of an Epic Poem† when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem

* To Mr. Blacklock, the *sweetness* of verses seemed to depend upon a proper management of the pauses; *softness* on a proper intermixture of the vowels and consonants.—*Note by Mr. Spence.*

† Deucalion was the hero of it.—*MS. B.*

opened under water with a description of the Court of Neptune. That couplet, on the circulation of the blood, in the Dunciad, was originally in this poem, word for word, as it is now*.—*P.*

I was acquainted with Betterton from a boy. —*P.*

Wycherley was Mr. Pope's first poet-friend, and Walsh his next.—*Mannick.*

Mr. Pope was but a little while under his master at Twiford. He wrote extremely young; and among other things a satire on that gentleman for some faults he had discovered in him.—*M.*

He set to learning Latin and Greek by himself, about twelve; and when he was about fifteen he resolved that he would go up to London and learn French and Italian. We in the family looked upon it as a wildish sort of resolution†; for as his health would not let him

* As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring.
Dunciad, b. iii. v. 56.

Note by Mr. Spence from first MS. copy.

† What his sister, Mrs. Racket, said—"For you know, to speak plain with you, my brother has a maddish way with him." Little people mistook the excess of his genius for madness. "Igad that young fellow will either be a madman or make a very great poet."—*Ray Smith after being in Mr. Pope's company when about fourteen.*

travel, we could not see any reason for it. He stuck to it: went thither; and mastered both those languages with a surprising dispatch. Almost every thing of this kind was of his own acquiring. He had had masters indeed, but they were very indifferent ones; and what he got was almost wholly owing to his own unassisted industry.—*M.*

He was a child of a particularly sweet temper, and had a great deal of sweetness in his look, when he was a boy.—*M.*

This is very evident in the picture drawn for him when about ten years old: in which his face is round, plump, pretty, and of a fresh complexion.—I have often heard Mrs. Pope say, that he was then exactly like that picture. —I have often been told that it was the perpetual application he fell into, about two years afterwards, that changed his form and ruined his constitution.—The laurel branch in that picture was not inserted originally; but was added, long after, by Jervas.—*M.*

Monsieur Fenelon (the author of Telemachus, and Archbishop of Cambray) used to entertain Protestants as readily as Papists. He was above the little distinctions of country or religion, and used to say, "that he loved his family better than himself; his country better than his family; and mankind better than his

country; for I am more a Frenchman, (added he) than a Fenelon; and more a man than a Frenchman."—*The Chevalier Ramsay* *, *author of the Travels of Cyrus.*

The true reason of the archbishop's being banished from the court, was the honesty he showed in not advising Louis the Fourteenth to own his marriage with Madame de Maintenon.—"It is certain then that they were married?"—"Oh, unquestionably, sir.—The king had asked Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, his opinion in that affair; who spoke much in praise of the lady, and advised what he saw would best please the king: but added, that if his majesty had the opinion of the Archbishop of Cambray on his side, it would be of much more weight and use than any one's else. On this the king consulted the archbishop; who (as his enemy had foreseen) was not courtier enough to say any thing to encourage such a declaration; and on the contrary gave some hints of the prejudice it might be of to his majesty's affairs, in their then situation. This soured the king so much against him, as he expected it would: and after Madame de Maintenon and her creatures, insinuated it into the king, that Monsieur Fenelon had had the in-

* Ramsay was several years secretary to Fenelon.

solence of designing to represent his majesty under the character of Idomeneus in his Telemachus; and both him and the lady (in part) under those of Pigmalion and Astarbé: and this finished his disgrace."—*R.*

The Duke of Burgundy continued still fond of him; and mindful of the precepts he had given him. "They have taken away my Telemachus from me," said the prince, "but 'tis no matter, here I have it, and it shall ever remain in my heart."—*R.*

The archbishop asked Mr. Ramsay once, "What the English said of Locke." Ramsay told him that his acquaintance from England commended Locke extremely for a clear head and a fine way of reasoning; they said he saw the surfaces of a vast number of things very plainly; but that he did not pierce deep into any of them: "In short, my lord," says Ramsay, "I take him, by their account, to be pretty much like the Bishop of Meaux." The archbishop stopped him short; told him that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the talents of the Bishop of Meaux; and then run out into a panegyric of that prelate, in all the particulars where his character would bear it. It was thus that he revenged himself on his enemies.—*R.*

There was a spy sent into the Archbishop of

Cambray's family, by the contrivance of his most capital enemies. The man lived there as a domestic, for three years; and though so great a villain, was at length so far moved and converted by that great man's behaviour, that he one day begged to be admitted into his apartment; fell down on his knees, and confessed the whole affair. The archbishop forgave him; thanked him for the discovery, and only bid him take care of those that sent him; for they might do him some mischief, for being honest at last.—*R.*

When Louis the Fourteenth found that all his persecutions of the Protestants were ineffectual, as to the recovering any number of them to the church, he sent for the archbishop (who had always thought persecution for religion impolitic, as well as unchristian), complained to him of the obstinacy of those heretics; and said he would have him go down and try whether he could convert them with his preaching. "That I will with all my heart, sire," replied the archbishop, "if you will be so good as to call off your dragoons; for 'tis they that drive them so much farther from us." —*R.*

The archbishop, when most in favour, used to say; "I would rather see the king lose half his dominions, than occasion one unnecessary

battle, in which the lives of so many citizens were to be thrown away."

[The archbishop's diocese lay part in the German, part in the French dominions. At the same time that he was entirely ravaged by the French soldiers, the Duke of Marlborough and the confederate army spared every thing that belonged to him on their side of the country. The Duke of Marlborough had a vast esteem for his character: he wrote several letters to him: and in one of them in particular he tells him that "if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was not for the honour of such a conquest, so much as to have had the pleasure of having seen so great a man."—*R.**]

The archbishop used to rise by four in the morning; think for about two hours; and then write. His time was chiefly spent in study, performing the duties of his function, and amusements of charity. As for the latter, it was very usual with him whenever he went into the country to take the air, to call at the houses of poor people, where he would eat and drink, and enter into familiar conversation with them. He would inquire how they lived, and what family they had; advised with them what they should do with such and such a child:

* *Addition from MS. B.*

and often would apprentice out their sons, or give portions with their daughters. It is inconceivable with what pleasure the people expected him where he used to pay these little visits; or how much they regarded him wherever he passed. They all loved him, and looked upon him as their common father.—*R.*

"He had all that was good in his heart, and all that was fine in his head; and never made use of the latter but to advance the former*." This character was given of the archbishop by a very sensible Swiss; and no one ever deserved so high a character better.—*R.*

Lord Peterborough, after a visit to the archbishop, said, "He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for any body else: he is a delicious creature! but I was forced to get away from him as soon as I possibly could; for else he would have made me pious."—*R.*

* I find this character given to Fenelon by the Abbé de Monville in his preface to the Life of Mignard, printed at Paris in 1730. "M. de Fenelon étoit un beau genie, les sentimens de son ame et les graces de son imagination lui ont donné un stile unique, qui charme, qui enchante; *il avoit le beau dans l'esprit, le bon dans le cœur; et ne montroit jamais l'un, que pour faire aimer l'autre.*"—At the end of this book are two dialogues on painting by Fenelon, well worthy the attention of the reader of taste; they were printed in a separate form by the present writer a few years since for the gratification of a few friends.—*Editor.*

Cardinal Alberoni used to say of Telemachus, "that it was a well written book; but a very dangerous one for princes to read."—*R.*

The archbishop was void of all formality, and full of the truest politeness; that of making every body easy about him.—One day there were two German noblemen at his table, who, when they were to drink to the archbishop, to show their respect to him, rose out of their seats; and stood all the while they were drinking to him, according to the custom of their own country. Some young French officers, who were at the table at the same time, could scarcely contain themselves from bursting out into a laugh at such a novelty. The archbishop gave them a gentle reprimand by his look; called for wine; and stood up and drank to the Germans in the same manner that they had done to him. The officers afterwards owned, how much they were ashamed of themselves; and that they immediately felt, how greatly the archbishop's humanity was preferable to that customary sort of politeness, of which alone they had had any idea until that time.—*R.*

In one of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders, when the French forces were a good deal distressed, the archbishop opened his granaries at Cambray for their use. This was in the height of his disgrace, and ill

usage from the court. When the king heard of it, he sighed and said: "he could expect no less from his generous soul." The king ordered him to be reimbursed, but he never was.—*R.*

[Ramsay has a noble collection of M. Fenelon's from the antients on the το καλον.—"The archbishop does not teach that the love of God ought to be the sole motive?"—"No, sir; only the principal."—*Ramsay.*—The use of the other motives and sanctions may be to bring us to this.—*Hooke. (His distinction between gingerbread love, and mathematic love.).*—"But after all there is not one in a thousand can act by this motive?"—*R.*—"True, sir; but those that can will act best: you can't reach the moon if you aim at her; but yet will shoot higher than if you aimed at a bush."—*H.*—The great point is to get rid of self; and to look upon ourselves as *chiefly* concerned in the interest of the whole.—*R.*—They were mighty angry with Fenelon because he was of opinion that we should not love God as we love our horses and our w—s*.—*R.*]

Doctor Clarke has but one error in relation to the Trinity; his maintaining the free-production of the Son. I am very well acquainted with him; and think him the finest reasoner I

* *Addition from MS. B.*

ever met with. He has a transparency of mind peculiar to himself. I don't know whether I make myself understood: but what I mean is, that he does not only see things clearly himself, but makes you see clearly whatever he is speaking of.—*R.*

Ramsay had then gone a good way in an Answer to Spinosa; a Treatise on the Progress of Human Understanding: and another high philosophical work; in which there were several notions, that would have made him be looked upon as an Heretic in our church, as well as his own.—His favourite point seemed to be that, of all things being good at first; that there has been a great degeneracy and disorder in the world; and that there will be a general restoration. "The whole," says he, "depends on these two principles; that God would not create any thing bad; and if it became bad would not suffer it to continue so for ever*."—*R.*—[What one of his friends (Mr. H.) said of his most elevated notions, seemed to be very well grounded: "that they were like stars when of too great a height, that neither give us warmth nor light."—*Spence.*]

* Ramsay says there are three distinct Divine Agents mentioned in Scripture: he does not stick at calling them three beings, but says they are ομοιοι, not ομοουσιοι.—*Note by Mr. Spence from MS. B.*

I should have been very glad to have seen the proofs of what (he said) he had fully made out, in his Progress of the Understanding: "that all theological knowledge was nobler and better preserved among the Chaldeans than among the Egyptians; that the latter clouded it much by their hieroglyphics; that it grew still more clouded and depraved among the Greeks; and received its last and worst corruption among the Romans." If this was well made out, it might be of good service to show the necessity and propriety of the time in which our Saviour came into the world to instruct mankind*.—*Spence.*

There is the same difference between Corneille and Racine, as there is between *un homme de génie* and *un homme d'esprit.* Corneille has more fire than Racine, bolder strokes, and in some things is not unlike our Shakspeare. Racine's tragedies are all good; and as to Corneille's, even his greatest enemies would allow six of his to be so.—*Ramsay.*

The Archbishop of Cambray used to say,

* All the deities of the Greeks are to be reduced to three; and those three signify the power, wisdom, and goodness of the one great Being.—Venus was heavenly love, she was called Urania: the Greeks made a terrestrial Venus of the froth of the sea: and the same happened in many other cases.—*Note by Mr. Spence from MS. B.*

that Racine's *Athalie* was the most complete piece he ever read; and that in his opinion there was nothing among the antients, not even in Sophocles, equal to it.—*R.*

Since the translation of Paradise Lost into French, Milton begins to be greatly admired at Paris, even the Cardinal Polignac used to think, that most of the high things we said of him were overstrained and out of partiality. The cardinal was convinced at once, on an English gentleman's sending him only the contents of each book translated into French. "The man," said he, "who could contrive such a plan, must be one of the greatest poets that ever was born."—*R.*

Ramsay's Cyrus was translated by Mr. Hooke in twenty days. Mr. Hooke was then at Bath for his health; and Dr. Cheyne's brother was so good as to write for him. Hooke walked about the chamber and dictated to him; so that it was a sort of exercise as well as study. He always took the first expressions; and if a passage did not fall readily into English to his mind, he marked the place; and went on to the next passage, to keep up his warmth and freedom. Might not this be one reason of its being so generally mistaken for an original for a good while after it was published? Almost every body then, and many

still imagine, that Ramsay himself had written it in English, as well as in French*.—*R.*

Bianchini had made several steps toward discovering the parallax of the stars, many years before Cassini began upon it. He was making those observations no less than twelve years from modern buildings, before he found that they were not fit for points of such nicety and exactness. He then followed them for fifteen years more, from the top of one of the old Roman buildings; and had carried them on with as much accuracy as possible, when Cassini offered his discoveries to the public. What hindred Bianchini from publishing was (as he said), the restraint of the country: and indeed nobody, yet in Rome, dares assert roundly that the earth moves and not the sun. —*R.*

The French philosophers at present chiefly follow Malebranche. They admire Sir Isaac Newton very much, but don't yet allow of his great principle: it is his particular reasonings, experiments, and penetration, for which they so much admire him.—*R.*

Lesley, after all the pains he had taken to convert the Chevalier de St. George, thought

* Hooke corrected and altered many things in translating by Ramsay's allowance. It was translated from the MS. copy.—*Note by Mr. Spence from his papers.*

latterly that he might very well have spared himself so much trouble.—He said, a little before he died, that it was scarce worth while to make a convert from either of the religions to the other.—*R.*

They are strangely distracted (in France) between the Jansenists and Molinists. Soon after I came into the Archbishop of Cambray's family, I asserted, at his table, that Homer was a Molinist; every body stared at the assertion: but after, when I referred them to the remarkable speech of Jupiter in the beginning of the Odyssey, they allowed I had reason for what I said.—*R.* [*Addition from MS. B.*]

Cardinal Fleury says of the young king, (Louis XV.) that, "he has nothing shining; but that he has mighty good solid sense, and judges very well of things." In short, he can make the child do any thing he has a mind to.—*R.*

The king ordered one of his attendants to give the black boy (who brought up the noblemen's hats) a livre: the gentleman said so as to be heard by the king; "this Louis d'or the king gives you, and I this livre."—*R.* [*Addition from MS. B.*]

The queen is an extreme good woman. She very little regards pomp; and gives away most of her moderate allowance (about five hundred pounds a month, for what we call pin money,)

in charities. The king does not much care for her, but the cardinal often makes him say kind things to her.—*R.*

When the king was a child, he showed a good deal of cruelty in his disposition; he delighted chiefly in tormenting the animals he had to play with; he would cripple one, and put out the eyes of another. This much alarmed some people; at first, they were very apprehensive that he might be as barbarous to men, as he was to his birds, when he should come to have them as much in his power as his play things. However it seems pretty well off at present; and it may perhaps have been a very prudent thing that they gave him such a turn to hunting: for that may possibly have diverted those passions to that fashionable persecution of animals, which might else have fallen upon his subjects.—*R.*

What sort of man is the present pope? (Benedict XIII.)—He is a good weak man, who delights in the trifles of religion; and has no notion at all of the true spirit of it.—*R.*

Not one of the Jesuits who have been turned out of their schools or houses, was ever known to write or speak any thing which might disgrace their order.—*R.*

Why was the French church so very angry with Father Courayer, for so charitable a work

as writing on the validity of our Ordinations?—Because they re-ordain any English ecclesiastic that comes over to them; and consequently, to allow his doctrine, would be to give up the greatest point of all, the infallibility of the church.—*R.*

When the celebrated Father Bourdelot (who has sometimes been called the French Tillotson) was to preach once on a Good-Friday, and the proper officer came to attend him to church; his servants said that he was in his study, and that if he pleased he might go up to him. In going up stairs he heard the sound of a violin; and as the door stood a little a-jar, he saw Bourdelot stripped into his cassock, playing a good brisk tune, and dancing to it about his study. He was extremely concerned, for he esteemed that great man highly, and thought he must be run distracted. However at last he ventured to rap gently at the door. The father immediately laid down his violin, hurried on his gown, came to him (and with his usual composed and pleasing look), said; "Oh, sir, is it you? I hope I have not made you stay; I am quite ready to attend you." The poor man, as they were going down, could not help mentioning his surprise at what he had heard and seen. Bourdelot smiled, and said: "Indeed you might well be

a little surprised, if you don't know any thing of my way on these occasions; but the whole of the matter was this: in thinking over the subject of the day, I found my spirits too much depressed to speak as I ought to do; so had recourse to my usual method of music and a little motion. It has had its effect, I am quite in a proper temper; and go now with pleasure, to what I should else have gone to in pain." —*R.*

Each of the four columns that support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent*, in which one of the architects employed in that work lived; and yet they do not appear big to the eye, because every thing is great about them.—They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these columns; just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them †, the whole building gave a crash; (and

* St. Silvester's by the *Quatre Fontane.*

† There was originally a well for a staircase, and Bernini only put up the stairs in it.—*Mr. L. from one of the workmen at St. Peter's in* 1751.

the Italian tradition says it was as loud as thunder.) They put up the stairs in that, but would not attempt any more of them.—*R.*

Mareschal Turenne was not only one of the greatest generals, but one of the best-natured men too, that ever was in the world.—Among several other little domestic examples he gave the following. The general used to have a new pair of stockings every week; his gentleman, whose fee the old ones were, had taken them away in the evening, and had forgot to put any new ones in their place. The next morning the Marshal was to ride out to reconnoitre the enemy, and rose earlier than usual. The servant whose business it was to dress him, was in a great deal of confusion at not finding any stockings. "It's very odd," says the Marshal, "that I should be allowed no stockings; but 'tis very lucky that I am obliged to *ride* out! Here, give me my boots, they'll do as well, nobody will see whether I have any on or not."—*R.*

[There is scarce a genteel family at Avignon but has the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in their houses. A lady of that country, who piques herself much on being descended from Laura, took it very ill of Mr. R. that he should say, "Petrarch's love for Laura was only Pla-

tonic." Ramsay was obliged to recant the heresy; and write a fable against Platonic Love.—*R.*

The (outward) Rabbi Mr. R. met with in Italy.—What do you think of Moses?—He was a great juggler.—What of Mahomet? *Un scelerato.*—What of Spinosa? *Un sceleratissimo.*—What of Jesus? *Un grande philosopho.*—(Jews in Italy not punished for speaking against Jesus, but punishable for speaking against Moses.)—*R.*

Father Kircher's dissertation on one of the Egyptian obelisks, though there is scarce any thing certain in it, one of the greatest efforts of human imagination*.—*R.*]

" Sacrez-vous vos Rois?"—" Si nous les sacrons, Monsieur! parbleu, nous les massacrons"—was the answer of Lord Peterborough to the Prince of Celamar.—*R.*

Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia took exceedingly at first, as an occasional play: it discovered the cant terms that were before not generally known, except to the cheats themselves; and was a good deal instrumental in causing that nest of villains to be regulated by public authority. The story it was built on was a true fact.—*Mr. Dennis the Critic.*

* *The three preceding articles are from MS. B.*

Otway had an intimate friend (one Blackstone), who was shot; the murderer fled toward Dover; and Otway pursued him. In his return, he drank water when violently heated, and so got a fever, which was the death of him.—*Dennis.*

Wycherley was in a bookseller's shop at Bath, or Tunbridge, when Lady Drogheda came in and happened to inquire for the Plain Dealer. A friend of Wycherley's, who stood by him, pushed him toward her, and said, "There's the Plain Dealer, Madam, if you want him?" Wycherley made his excuses; and Lady Drogheda said, "that she loved plain-dealing best." He afterwards visited that lady, and in some time after married her. This proved a great blow to his fortunes; just before the time of his courtship, he was designed for governor to the late Duke of Richmond; and was to have been allowed fifteen hundred pounds a year from the government. His absence from court in the progress of this amour, and his being yet more absent after his marriage, (for Lady Drogheda was very jealous of him) disgusted his friends there so much, that he lost all his interest with them. His lady died; he got but little by her: and his misfortunes were such, that he was thrown into the Fleet, and lay there seven years. It was then that Co-

lonel Brett got his Plain Dealer to be acted; and contrived to get the king (James the Second) to be there. The colonel attended him thither. The king was mightily pleased with the play, asked who was the author of it; and upon hearing it was one of Wycherley's, complained that he had not seen him for so many years; and inquired what was become of him. The colonel improved this opportunity so well, that the king gave orders his debts should be discharged out of the privy purse. Wycherley was so weak as to give an account only of five hundred pounds: and so was confined almost half a year; till his father was at last prevailed on to pay the rest, between two and three hundred pounds more.—*D.*

[Dryden was generally an extreme sober man. For the last ten years of his life he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than he ever used to do; probably so far as to hasten his end.—*D.**]

Even Dryden was very suspicious of Rivals. He would compliment Crown, when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success.—He used sometimes to own that Crown had some genius; but then added, "that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted."—*Old Jacob Tonson.*

* *Addition from MS. B.*

None of our writers have a freer easier way for comedy than Etherege and Vanbrugh.—"Now we have named all the best of them," (after mentioning those two, Wycherley, Congreve, Fletcher, Jonson, and Shakspeare.)—*Mr. Pope.*

"Ay, Mr. Tonson, he was *ultimus Romanorum.*" (with a sigh) Speaking of poor Mr. Congreve, who died a year or two before.—*P.*

Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, were the three most honest hearted, real good men, of the poetical members of the kit-cat club.—*Pope and Tonson.*

Addison wrote the four first acts of his Cato abroad*; at least, they were written, when I met him, accidentally on his return, at Rotterdam.—*Tonson.*

The love-part (in Cato) was flung in after, to comply with the popular taste; and the last act was not written till six or seven years after, when he came home.—*Pope.*

An audience was laid for the Distressed Mother; and when they found it would do, it was practised again, yet more successfully for Cato.—Lord Bolingbroke's carrying his friends to the house, and presenting Booth with a

Note by Mr. Spence.

* He wrote them all five at Oxford, and sent them from thence to Dryden: to my knowledge.—*Dr. Young.*

purse of guineas, for so well representing the character of a person "who rather chose to die than see a general for life;" was an accidental piece of good luck, and what carried the success of the play much beyond what they ever expected.—*P.*

Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards.—*P.* [*Addition from MS. B.*]

He translated the first book of the Iliad that appeared as Tickel's; and Steele has blurted it out in his angry preface against Tickel*. —*P.*

Addison was so eager to be the *first* name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it.—*Tonson.*

The worst step Addison ever took, was his accepting the secretary's place. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be owned for her husband.—*P.*

He had thoughts of getting that lady from

* It was in a dedication to Congreve, prefixed to an edition of "The Drummer, or Haunted House;" but I have been unable to procure it.—Mr. Nichols, in a note to his Collection of Poems, vol. iv. says, that Mr. Watts, the printer, told a friend of his, "that the Translation of the First Book of the Iliad was in Tickel's hand writing, but much corrected and interlined by Addison."—*Editor.*

his first being recommended into the family.—*Tonson.*

Mr. Pope's poem grows on his hands. The first four or five epistles will be on the general principles, or of "The Nature of Man;" and the rest will be on moderation, or "The Use of Things." In the latter part each class may take up three epistles: one, for instance, against Avarice; another against Prodigality; and the third, on the moderate use of Riches; and so of the rest.—These two lines contain the main design that runs through the whole:

> "Laugh where we must; be candid where we can;
> But vindicate the ways of God to man."
>
> POPE.

Pryor kept every thing by him, even to all his school exercises. There is a manuscript collection of this kind in his servant Drift's hands, which contains at least half as much as all his published works. And there are nine or ten copies of verses among them, which I thought much better than several things he himself published. In particular, I remember there was a dialogue, of about two hundred verses, between Apollo and Daphne, which pleased me as much as any thing of his I ever read.—*P.*

There are, also, four dialogues in prose, between persons of characters very strongly

opposed to one another, which I thought very good. One of them was between Charles the Fifth and his tutor, Adrian the Sixth; to show the different turns of a person who had studied human nature only in his closet, and of one who had rambled all over Europe. Another between Montaigne and Locke, on a most regular and a very loose way of thinking. A third, between Oliver Cromwell and his mad Porter: and the fourth, between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray.—*P.*

Prior left most of his effects to the poor woman he kept company with, his Chloé; every body knows what a wretch she was. I think she had been a little alehouse-keeper's wife*.—*P.*

Mr. Addison wrote very fluently: but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost every thing that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself; and too much concerned about his character as a poet: or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all!—"I wonder then why his letter to Sacheverel was published?"—

* This celebrated lady is now married to a cobler at ****. —*Note by Mr. Spence.*

That was not published till after his death, and I dare say he would not have suffered it to have been printed had he been living; for he himself used to speak of it as a poor thing. He wrote it when he was very young; and as such, gave the characters of some of our best poets in it, only by hearsay. Thus his character of Chaucer is diametrically opposite to the truth; he blames him for want of humour. The character he gives of Spenser is false too; and I have heard him say, that he never read Spenser till fifteen years after he wrote it.—*P.*

Many of his Spectators he wrote very fast; and sent them to the press as soon as they were written. It seems to have been best for him not to have had too much time to correct. —*P.*

Addison was perfect good company with intimates; and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man: but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much; with a stiff sort of silence.—*P.*

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, "'Tis a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured! that one might kick him out of company."—*P.*

When Clement the Eleventh had declared

in one of his decrees, "that any one who held that grace might not be had out of the pale of the church, should be accursed;" one of the cardinals who was complimenting his holiness on that head, said, he could have wished it had run thus; "whoever holds that persons out of the church cannot be saved, let him be accursed." The pope answered, "that would have been better, had it been time for it yet; and that it might be hoped to come to that, about a hundred years hence."—*Ramsay.*

It was a common saying with the Archbishop of Cambray, "We Catholics go too slow, and our brothers the Protestants go too fast."—*R.*

Ramsay was but a little above twenty, when he first went to the Archbishop of Cambray's. That good prelate gave him the liberty of his library; and favoured him with instructions in his studies. He had, in particular, the use of all the fathers, in which the most material passages were marked out by the archbishop in his own hand; and found those particular directions of very great use to him.—*R.*

The archbishop gave him this for his great rule, in studying their religion; "ever to distinguish what doctrines and conclusions are bottomed on councils, and what on the school-

men only, or their interpreters. The latter, said he, we have nothing to do with."—*R.*

The Abbé des Fontaines endeavoured as much as he could to irritate the Princess de Conti against Ramsay. "I had a little before been obliged to decline the offer of being governor to one of her sons: that had given some disgust; and the abbé heightened it, by insinuating, that a known amour between that princess and the Count of Genoa, was disguised under the story of Striangeus and Zarina." That Count proposed their joining to write a criticism of Cyrus; the princess, half in jest and half in earnest, complied with the proposal. It was she who formed the plan, and wrote the dedication; and the count and the abbé wrote the rest. The countess is one of the most polite and learned ladies in Europe, she reads Horace and Homer in a masterly manner, and has a hundred other excellencies. After all, the character of Zarina does not agree with that of the princess, in the main article; for Zarina refuses the last favour to her gallant: and indeed the whole story was so far from being invented to represent that princess, or any other lady living; that 'tis an old one, and borrowed from one of the later Roman historians.—*R.*

[" Archbishop Tillotson's Sermon against Transubstantiation, would convince me of the truth of transubstantiation."—*Hooke.*—How differently do we judge of things when we come to them strongly prepossessed by party! I thought it was one of the finest things that could be written against it: and perhaps both of us are in the wrong.—*R.*

Lord Bolingbroke is one of the politest as well as greatest men in the world.—He appeared careless in his talk of religion.—In this he differed from Fenelon: Lord Bolingbroke outshines you, but then holds himself in, and reflects some of his own light, so as to make you appear the less inferior to him.—The archbishop never outshone; but would lead you into truths in such a manner, that you thought you discovered them yourself*.—*R.*]

Sir Isaac Newton does not look on attraction as a cause, but as an effect; and probably as an effect of the ethereal fluid. The antients had a notion much of the same kind, which I have some thoughts of proving in a memorial to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in order to incline those gentlemen to come into that truth of Sir Isaac's; and not only to allow him (which they already do) to be the greatest geometrician that ever was.—*R.*

* *Additions from MS. B.*

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said: "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me *."—*R.*

* This interesting anecdote of our great philosopher's modest opinion of himself and his discoveries, is only another proof of his consummate wisdom. It will recall to the memory of the poetical reader the following beautiful passage from the Paradise Regained of our great poet.

——————————— Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

EDITOR.

END OF SECTION I.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION II. 1730-32.

BIANCHINI endeavoured to find out the parallax of the fixed stars from the place of the earth in its annual orbit, at each solstice. Dr. Halley's medium for discovering the same, is the moon. He has been making his observations from that planet thirteen years already, and says it will require seven more. He is fully persuaded that it may be discovered that way.—*Ramsay.*

Cavalier was the first who stirred up the Cevennois. His own imagination was inflamed; and he took advantage of the constitution of his countrymen, who are very subject to epileptic disorders. The agitations, which their fits gave them, were looked on as the effects of inspiration; and so were made of great service toward carrying on a religious war. They defended themselves long, and in a surprising

manner, against the king's armies. On their dispersion, at last, many of them got over into England. Their fits continued when they were here; and on the return of them would give involuntary motions to their bodies and shakings to their limbs. These were what were then called the French prophets. The great aim of their doctrines was the near approach of the millenary state. Every thing was to be altered, the hierarchy destroyed, and an universal theocracy to obtain on earth. I was then at London, learning the mathematics, under Fatio; and, by his desire, went two or three times with him to hear them. He thought all their agitations the effect of a heavenly inspiration; and actually caught them of them himself.—When that gentleman was speaking, one day, of the cause of attraction, he said, (with a confidence unusual to him) that he had absolutely discovered it; that it was the ethereal fluid: "and where," added he very gravely, "do you think I discovered it? I was yesterday at a meeting of the prophets, and whilst I was lost in thought, it struck into my mind, like a sudden gleam of light, all at once."—However this happened, it is the very thing which Sir Isaac Newton has since shown. Sir Isaac himself had a strong inclination to go and hear these prophets, and was restrained

from it, with difficulty, by some of his friends, who feared he might be infected by them as Fatio had been.—*R.*

The Abbé Fleury's Ecclesiastical History is allowed, on all sides, to be the best that ever was written, though it is put into the *Index Expurgatorius.*—*R.*

Cardinal Alberoni has the greatest art imaginable of seeing into the hearts and designs of men; but when he is a little heated, he lays himself too open to others: was he as impenetrable, as he is penetrating, he would be one of the completest politicians that ever was. —*R.*

The Archbishop of Cambray often said, that "of all the Protestant Churches, the Church of England alone could do any thing in disputing with the Catholics: the Calvinists," says he, "have made themselves harmless enemies, by holding their fatality; and the Lutherans have disarmed themselves of one of their chief weapons, by their doctrine of consubstantiation."—*R.*

Pope's character of Addison is one of the truest, as well as one of the best things he ever wrote: Addison deserved that character the most of any man.—Yet how charming are his prose writings! He was as much a master of

humour, as he was an indifferent poet.—*Dr. Lockier*, Dean of Peterborough.*

* The Dean is about sixty-four years old. He travelled with Sir Paul Rycaut, and was chaplain and secretary to Lord Molesworth, whilst that lord was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough.—*Note by Mr. Spence from papers.*

" Dr. Lockier in the former part of his life was chaplain to the factory at Hamburgh, from whence he went every year to visit the court of Hanover; whereby he became well known to the king, George the First, who knew how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life; and commonly invited six or eight of his friends to pass the evening with him. His majesty seeing Dr. Lockier one day at court, spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, that she should ask Dr. Lockier to come that evening.—When the company met in the evening, Dr. Lockier was not there; and the king asked the duchess if she had spoken to him, as he desired.—' Yes,' she said, ' but the doctor presents his humble duty to your majesty, and hopes your majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present: he is soliciting some preferment from your majesty's ministers; and fears it might be some obstacle to him, if it should be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company.' The king laughed very heartily, and said, he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks afterwards, Dr. Lockier kissed the king's hand for the Deanery of Peterborough; and as he was raising himself from kneeling, the king inclined forwards, and with great good humour whispered in his ear, ' Well, now, doctor, you will not be afraid to come in an evening; I would have you come this evening.'

" Lockier was a man of ingenuity and learning, had seen a great deal of the world, and was a most pleasant and agreeable companion; was one of Dr. Pearce's (Bishop of Rochester) most intimate friends, and at his death bequeathed

I was about seventeen, when I first came up to town, an odd looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one

to him his library, which was a good one. As Dr. Lockier was himself an excellent story-teller, so had he written in a large quarto book every good story that ever he had heard in company; and this book used to lie in his parlour, for his visitors to turn over and amuse themselves, till he should come to them. It contained a fund of entertainment; and it is a sign that it was conceived so, because some one or other thought it worth while to steal it: it never came to Dr. Pearce's hands, and he often regretted the loss of it."—*Bishop Newton's Memoirs of his own Life*, p. 48.

Mr. Malone observes that this can hardly be correct, for had the MS. come into Dr. Pearce's hands he must have immediately consigned it to the flames, in conformity to the solemn injunction of Dr. Lockier's will, which adjures his executors to burn all his papers or manuscripts whatsoever as soon as possible after his burial. And therefore Dr. Pearce could not have *often regretted the loss of it.*

From Mr. Malone's very accurate researches, it appears, that Francis Lockier, son of William Lockier of Norwich, was born 1668; and in 1683 became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge; he was entered as a sub-sizer, (*i. e.* a candidate for the first sizership, but the term is not now in use.)—His first conversation with Dryden therefore took place in 1685. In January, 1686-7, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and that of A. M. in 1690. In 1717, when George the First visited Cambridge, he was created Doctor in Divinity; and on the 19th March, 1724-5, was made Dean of Peterborough. He was also rector of Hanworth and Aston.—He probably died in 1740, for in August in that year he was succeeded in the Deanery of Peterborough by Dr. John Thomas. The only known printed work of Lockier's is a sermon preached before the House of Commons on the 30th January, 1725-6.—*Editor.*

always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used, now and then, to thrust myself into Wills's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. "If any thing of mine is good," says he, "'tis Mac-Flecno; and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in Heroics." On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, that "Mac-Flecno was a very fine poem; but that I had not imagined it to be the first that ever was writ that way."—On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile, "Pray, sir, what is it that you *did* imagine to have been writ so before?"—I named Boileau's Lutrin, and Tassoni's Secchia Rapita; which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each.—"'Tis true," said Dryden, "I had forgot them."—A little after Dryden went out; and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next

day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly: and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived.—*L.*

Dryden allowed the Rehearsal to have a great many good strokes in it; "though so severe," added he, "upon myself; but I can't help saying that Smith and Johnson are two of the coolest, most insignificant fellows, I ever met with on the stage." This, if it was not spoke out of resentment, betrayed great want of judgment; for Smith and Johnson are men of sense, and should certainly say but little to such stuff; only enough to make Bays show on.—*L.*

Dryden was most touched with "The Hind and the Panther Transversed." I have heard him say; "for two young fellows, that I have always been very civil to; to use an old man in misfortunes, in so cruel a manner!"—And he wept as he said it.—*L.*

Three of the characters in Tate's second part of Absalom and Achitophel, are of Dryden's writing; and are excellently well writ. That of Julian Johnson, under the name of Ben-Jochanan; Shadwell, with the name of Og; and Settle, with that of Doeg.—*L.*

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line,

which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could:

"My wound is great, because it is so small!"

and then she paused, and looked very much distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose from his seat, and added, in a loud ridiculing voice:

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!"

which had so strong an effect on the audience (who before were not very well pleased with the play) that they hissed the poor woman off the stage; would never bear her appearance in the rest of her part: and (as this was the second time only of the play's appearance) made Dryden lose his benefit night.—*L.*

Sir George Etherege was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter. And yet he designed Dorimant, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture.—*L.*

Nathaniel Lee was fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge. The Duke of Buckingham (Villiers) brought him up to town; where he never did any thing for him: and that, I verily believe, was one occasion of his running mad. He was rather before my time; but I saw him

in Bedlam. I think he died about the time of the Revolution.—*L.*

That Duke of Buckingham was reckoned the most accomplished man of the age, in riding, dancing, and fencing. When he came into the presence chamber, it was impossible for you not to follow him with your eye as he went along, he moved so gracefully.—He got the better of his vast estate; and died between two common girls, at a little alehouse in Yorkshire.—It is incredible what pains he took with one of the actors, to teach him to speak some passages in Bays's part, in the Rehearsal, right.—The vulgar notion of that play's being hissed off the stage the first night is a mistake. —*L.*

The Rehearsal (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was), and Butler's inimitable poem of Hudibras, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commented. Tonson has a good key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.—*L.*

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's famous essay, has certainly been cried up much more than it deserves, though corrected a good deal by Dryden. It was this which set him up for a poet; and he was resolved to keep up that character, if he could, by any means fair or

foul. Could any thing be more impudent, than his publishing that satire, for writing which Dryden was beat in Rose Alley, (and which was so remarkably known by the name of the Rose Alley Satire) as his own! he made, indeed, a few alterations in it first; but these were only verbal; and generally for the worse, —*L.*

Lazarillo de Tormes was writ by some Spanish bishops, on their journey to the council of Trent. It is in the best of language. When I was saying once to a Spaniard, that I wondered how those prelates could be so perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances of begging, and such low life; he said that was not at all strange, for they had most of them been mendicant friars*.—*L.*

For my part, I prefer Corneille to Racine; he has more of our Shakspeare in him. Indeed Racine's are the best crying plays.—Molière is the only good large writer of comedies among the French.—*L.*

I am surprised that they pretend to set up Ariosto against Tasso still in Italy. A party may go a great way at first; but sure they

* This remark would tell better, if the circumstance was true. But it is now well known that Lazarillo de Tormes was the youthfull production of the Historian, Poet, and Soldier, Hurtado de Mendoza.—EDITOR.

have had time enough to recover their senses.—Tasso was excellent too in his Torrismondo; which is allowed to be one of their best tragedies. And the famous Pastor Fido of Guarini is only an affected imitation of Tasso's Aminta.—*L.*

Sannazaro's Arcadia is written in prose interspersed with verses; and might probably have given the hint to our Sir Philip Sidney. —*L.*

There are no good large * dramatic writers among the Italians. What comedies Machiavelli did write are very good.—*L.*

Many of the best Italian poets, in their Latin works, write mere centos. [He mentioned Vida, Fracastorius, and Sannazaro, as their three first; and Pontanus, Bembo, Sadoletus, and the Amalthei, among their secondaries.] —*L.*

Lope de Vega's plays are very good; and many of our first plots are borrowed from him. [He confirmed what Lord Bolingbroke said of the Spanish Critics †; and mentioned Mariana as one of the best of them.—*L.*]

[Regnier is a very good poet. The French tongue does very well for satire; at least for the *sermoni propiora* style, that all satire ought

* *Sic.* † See Sect. I. p. 14.

to be written in. Horace's supper, Boileau's Festin, and Lord Rochester's Feast, all very good.—Rochester in his Satire on Man, very much improves on his pattern in Boileau.

Boileau, evidently the best of the French poets. His notes very useful, but show that he was an ill-natured man. So did his crying down Huet as undermining religion because he denied the sublimity of that passage in Moses*.—The Dean quite of opinion that it is not otherwise sublime, than from the greatness of the thing spoken of,—creation. He fancies too that the quotation is not just, because of the τι in it; and added, as from Pearce's observations, that Longinus, in almost all his quotations, differs from his authors: and therefore may be well supposed to have quoted them *memoriter*.—This may help to show the vanity of Whiston's designing an edition of the New Testament from the quotations of it in the Fathers †.]

[Dr. Swift lies a-bed till eleven o'clock, and thinks of wit for the Day.—*L.*

In the coffee-house yesterday I received a letter, in which there was one word which

* Ειπεν ὁ Θεος φησι τι γενεθω φως, και εγενετο: γενεθω γη, και εγενετο.

† Additions from papers.

consisted of but one syllable, and that syllable of but one letter, and yet the fellow had contrived to have three false spellings in it*.]

If Buchanan's History had been written on a subject far enough back, all the world might have mistaken it for a piece writ in the Augustan age. It is not only his words that are so pure, but his entire manner of writing is as of that age.—*L.*

Settle, in his Anti-Achitophel, was assisted by Matthew Clifford, Sprat, and several of the best hands of those times.—*L.*

Considering the manner of writing then in fashion, the purity of Sir John Suckling's style is quite surprising.—*L.* [He spoke of Farquhar, at the same time, as a mean poet, and as placed by some in a higher rank than he deserved.—Mr. Pope always used to call Farquhar a farce writer.]

Old Salvini of Florence has translated all the Greek poets throughout. His translations are very close, and would serve as excellent comments on several parts of their works. They are written by the side of the originals, on a large margin, and in a very small bad hand, scarce legible to any body but himself.

* *Additions from MS. B.—Eye* instead of *I.*—It is not clear whether Swift or Lockier said this.—*Editor.*

Had they been fairer, I would have begged leave to have transcribed some of them; and had them printed in Holland.—*L.* [The Dean was with Salvini for some time in Lord Molesworth's house in Italy; and explained some of Addison to him occasionally.]—*MS. B.*

Surely the Chinese are not the wise people they have been cried up for.—It is true they have had astronomy, gunpowder, and printing, for perhaps these two thousand years: but how little have they improved on each of those articles in all that time! When the European missionaries first came among them, all the astronomy they had could not rise to the making of an almanack. Then their printing, to this day, is not by detached letters, but by whole blocks of wood for each page, so that the pieces for a moderate sized book, must be laid by for a future edition, and would almost lumber up a whole room. Their engineers are sad fellows: indeed they were always for encouraging a spirit of peace; and are some of the worst soldiers in the world. Though they had two hundred and fifty thousand men to defend their famous wall, the Tartars forced their way in through them with blood, and conquered their whole country; and their kings have ever since been of the Tartar race. —*L.*

The great men and celebrated philosophers among the Chinese, are all Atheists; a sort of Spinosists. At least, they believe the world was always as it is now.—*L.*

The Chinese classics, are their antient writers of two thousand years standing and upwards, that have given some account of their history; and settled the first principles of their religion. Some people talked of them as if they would make five large volumes in folio, but they who are better acquainted with them say that the copy of them all together is not bigger than the Pentateuch.—*L.*

Most of the missionaries deserve but little credit; they have falsified often, and have been discovered in some of their cheats. I think it was in the calculation of a comet or eclipse, however, in some very nice calculation, sent from China to Rome, the learned there were strangely surprised to find it agree exactly with one by Tycho Brahe: whereas the best of our European astronomers generally differ as to a few minutes at least. This was much talked of there at first, till it was discovered some time after, that the missionaries at Pekin had corrected and set this calculation by Tycho's.—*L.*

Moses did not write with a view to all the world, but for one people; to establish their

religion and polity: and this is the best key to let us into the meaning of his writings. Thus, for instance, in the history of the fall: I don't question but that Adam had a larger law given him than we hear of, but Moses may have particularized in the breach of a positive order, because the religion he was to establish was all ritual.—*L.*

Where we translate it, "the Lord set a mark upon Cain," the original signifies a token; and in the Hebrew, to set a token upon any thing, and to preserve it, are equivalent expressions. —*L.*

The same word in Hebrew signifies blessing and cursing, as they say in Italian: "tu è benedetto;" you are a cursed rascal.—Where we make Job's wife advise him to curse God and die; it should be, Bless God and die, bless him for the good you have hitherto received; and die, to avoid the evils that are now come upon you*.—*L.*

To call by their names, was an expression among the Hebrews, equivalent to the being master or having dominion over any thing. Thus God is said to call the stars by their

* She, as every body then did, looked on this life as the *ultimatum* to man. This sense of the passage is plain from the context.—*Addition from MS. B.*

names; and Adam to have given names to all animals.—*L.*

The one book necessary to be understood by a divine, is the Bible; any others are to be read, chiefly, in order to understand that.—One must not read it through a system, as a perspective, but bring our systems to our Bible; and not our Bible to our systems, as most divines (in every church) are too apt to do.—Try to see its first natural sense, and consult comments afterwards; and that only where the nature of the thing makes them necessary. —*L.*

The most general, and the greatest difficulty, in understanding the true sense of the Scriptures, arises from our not knowing the proportion between the ways of speaking used in the east, and those in such a northernly country as our own. An Italian would not stick at calling that little parterre, with two rows of trees about it, a Paradise; and my villa in the country, a magnificent palace. As we are acquainted with their way of speaking, we know very well that they mean nothing by this, but a pretty little garden, and a tolerable house; but if any one less acquainted with their way should take it literally, and assert, in plain honest English, that I was master of a mag-

nificent palace, and that my garden was equal to the garden of Eden; nothing could well be more ridiculous. Now the disproportion between our ways of speaking and those of the orientalists, is much wider at present (and was still more so formerly), than between our plainness and the Italian hyperbole.—*L.*

It is not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hankering after the French prophets*. There was a time when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology; and another when he was so far gone in those of chemistry, as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher's stone.—*L.*

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense: I believe every body of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can.—*L.*

[Ireland a noble country if it were cultivated, and would, perhaps, be the best in the world for trade, if made the great mart of it. —*L. Addition from MS. B.*]

The English abroad can never get to look as if they were at home. The Irish and Scotch, after being some time in a place, get the air of

* See p. 56, *ante.*

the natives; but an Englishman, in any foreign court, looks about him as if he was going to steal a tankard.—*L.*

Upon the death of the queen (Anne), Ormond, Atterbury, and Lord Marshal, held a private consultation together, in which Atterbury desired the latter to go out immediately, and proclaim the Pretender in form. Ormond, who was more afraid of consequences, desired to communicate it first to the council.—"Damn it, sir," said Atterbury in a great heat, (for he did not value swearing), "you very well know that things have not been concerted enough for that yet, and that we have not a moment to lose."—Indeed it was the only thing they could have done: such a bold step would have made people believe, that they were stronger than they really were; and might have taken strangely.—The late king, I am fully persuaded, would not have stirred a foot, if there had been a strong opposition: indeed the family did not expect this crown; at least nobody in it, but the old Princess Sophia.—*L.*

The Princess Sophia was a woman of very good sense, and excellent conversation. I was very well acquainted with her. She sat very loose in her religious principles; and used to take a particular pleasure in setting a Freethinker (whenever she could meet with such)

and one of her chaplains a disputing together. [As somebody does now*.]—*L.*

No one will ever shine in conversation, who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.—*L.*

Large common-placing teaches one to forget, and spoils one for conversation, and even for writing.—*L.*

When we write in a foreign language, we should not think in English; if we do, our writings will be but translations at best. If one is to write in French, one must use oneself to think in French; and even then, for a great while, our Anglicisms will get uppermost, and betray us in writing, as our native accent does in speaking when we are among them.—*L.*

Though the Dean is the best of company, and one of the liveliest men in England of his age, he said (when in no ill-humour), "The best of life is but just tolerable: 'tis the most we can make of it."—*L.* [He observed that it was very apt to be a misfortune to be used to the best company: and gave as a reason for his not marrying, that he had always been

* Plain from what was afterwards said to be the queen. (i.e. Caroline wife of George the Second.)—*Addition from MS. B.*

used to converse with women of the higher class, and that he might as well think of marrying a princess as one of them.—"A competence enables me, single as I am, to keep as good company as I have been used to, but with a wife of this kind and a family what should I have done?"]—*Addition from papers.*

Let your great endeavour be, to get an independency.—*L.*

If a person would travel for three months (to get the French language and qualify himself for a larger tour), the whole expense need not be above fifty pounds. Orleans would be the best place, or Caen. If you take a friend with you, 'twill make you miss a thousand opportunities of following your end. You go to get French; and it would be best, if you could avoid making an acquaintance with any one Englishman there. To converse with their learned men, will be beside your purpose too, if you go only for so short a time; they talk the worst for conversation, and you should rather be with the ladies.—*L.*

Holland settled itself, in a little time, in opposition to one of the most powerful monarchs then in the world: and Rome was a long time in forming its state to any size in opposition to only petty neighbours.—*L.*

It is strange that Harrington (so short a

time ago), should be the first man to find out so evident and demonstrable a truth, as that of property being the true basis and measure of power. His Oceana, allowing for the different situation of things (as the less number of lords then, those lords having no share in the parliament and the like), is certainly one of the best founded political pieces that ever was writ.—*L.*

Our Gothic ancestors were very great men, and of great capacities. They were the first that established in fact, what Aristotle had only touched in theory: I mean their excellent institution of limited monarchies. The Asiatic monarchies were absolute, and the greatest republics of antiquity were very defective.—Greece was split into too many little distinct powers, as Holland is at present, which were always jarring with one another, unless when held together by the pressure of some powerful common enemy.—Rome, whilst a republic, was scarce ever free from distractions between the patricians and plebeians for ten years together.—Whatever is good, either in monarchies or republics, may be enjoyed in a limited monarchy. The whole force of the nation is as ready to be turned one way, as in monarchies; and the liberties of the people may be as well secured as in republics.—*L.* Spen.

The Jews offered my Lord Godolphin, to pay five hundred thousand pounds (and they would have made it a million), if the government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agent from the Jews said, that the affair was already concerted with the chiefs of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin, when this proposal was made, and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close in with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw, that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it, and in fine it was dropped.—*L.*

The Jews had better success with Oliver Cromwell, when they desired leave to have a synagogue in London. They offered him, when Protector, sixty thousand pounds for that privilege. Cromwell appointed them a day, for his giving them an answer. He then sent to some of the most powerful among the clergy, and some of the chief merchants in the city, to be present at their meeting. It was in the

long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Rycaut, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd, and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life, as Cromwell did on this occasion. When they were all met, he ordered the Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews, as a cruel and cursed people. Cromwell in his answer to the clergy called them "Men of God;" and desired to be informed by them whether it was not their opinion, that the Jews were one day to be called into the church? He then desired to know, whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could? Then he flourished a good deal on the religion prevailing in this nation, the only place in the world where religion was taught in its full purity: was it not then our duty, in particular, to encourage them to settle here, where alone they could be taught the truth; and not to exclude them from the sight, and leave them among idolaters? This silenced the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who spoke much of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. "'Tis true," says Cromwell; "they are the meanest and most despised of all people."—He then fell into abusing the

Jews most heartily, and after he had said every thing that was contemptible and low of them: "Can you really be afraid," said he, "that this mean despised people, should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world!"—Thus he went on, till he had silenced them too; and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.—*L. (Who had this from Sir P. Ricaut himself; as he had the former from Lord Molesworth.)*

The King of Sardinia made an absolute act of Mortmain, some years ago, and was much for humbling the clergy. He took the education of children too out of the hands of the Jesuits, and none but secular priests can teach them in his dominions. Had our late Regent lived a few years longer, I dare say we should have seen at least as bold steps taken among us.—*Mons. Legris, at Lyons.*

One of the greatest liberties of the Gallican church, is, that no bull, or order whatever, sent by the Pope, is looked upon as any way valid among us, till it has first passed the king, and then the parliament. By this means (for instance), the King of France can never be excommunicated, as to his own subjects; and the parliament can stop any thing they

dislike.—The present Pope (Clement XII.), sent his bull for a jubilee, on his promotion to the see; with pardon to all, except the Jansenists. The parliament did not like this exception, and sent the bull back for amendment; that was refused, and so they had no jubilee at all.—*Mons. L.*

Our *Religieux*, are such ecclesiastics as live in their regular houses, according to their several orders; *Chanoins*, such as serve in particular churches: *Curés*, are those who have parishes under their care; and *Vicaires*, their assistants. Our *Abbés* are of two sorts, *grands et petits:* the former, are governors of houses; and the latter, ecclesiastics in the world, and without cure.—*Mons. L.*

'Tis the general maxim of all our colleges, to choose a man of management for their head, rather than a man of letters.

In speaking of Benedict XIII. he said, that "he was a good man, a mediocre bishop, and a bad pope.—*Père de Colonia, of the Coll. of Jesuits, Lyons.*

The government of Geneva is partly aristocratic and partly democratic. The liberty of the people is, really, very considerable: it consists in our having no magistrate over us, whom we do not choose ourselves, and no law to which we do not give our consent.—The

Assembly of Citizens (about fifteen or sixteen hundred in number), nominate persons out of their own body to supply the vacancies in the council of two-hundred. The two-hundred nominate twenty-five of their members for the Syndicship or chief of office; out of which twenty-five, the Assembly of Citizens again elect the four Syndics.—We have but one book of laws, so small, that you may hide it in your hand, and we have not had any new law made these hundred years.—Law-suits are not common amongst us, and the trade of quarreling meets with small encouragement.—Our advocates (or pleaders), are tied down to a certain and very low pay; yet we have about fourscore of them; because it is necessary for any one to have been an advocate, in order to qualify him for the holding any of the chief posts in the republic.—*Mons. Cramer, one of the Professors at Geneva.*

Our ecclesiastical polity in Holland, is, in my opinion, preferable to yours in England on several accounts.—First, in the people's having a share in choosing their own teachers for themselves.—Secondly, in the clergy's not being so subject to intrigue, rivalship, and fawning for preferments as they are with you.—Thirdly, in the greater equality of their incomes, which renders them less subject either

to pride or contempt. No clergyman, in the Province of Holland, has less than forty pounds a year; and no one more than two hundred and forty pounds.—Fourthly, in the manner of receiving their income, in settled sums quarterly, from the magistrates; which lessens their concern about temporal matters, and prevents all law-suits, and disputes with their parishioners.—Fifthly, in their being wholly unconcerned with the civil government, which keeps them out of party quarrels, and gives them more time to attend to their proper employment.—*M. Soyer.*

When there was that great fire in the seraglio at Constantinople, about fifty years ago, a great portion of the furniture, and, among the rest, several books were flung into the street. The secretary of the French embassy, then at the Porte, happened to be walking that way, and as he was getting as well as he could through the crowd, he saw a man with a large folio volume, which he had opened, but could not tell what to make of it. The secretary saw it was a manuscript of Livy, and on turning over the leaves a little further, found that it had the second decade, as well as the first, and probably might have all that is lost to us. He offered the man a handsome reward if he would keep the book under his

long robe, and follow him with it to his lodgings. The man agreed to it, and followed him; but, the crowd and confusion increasing, they were separated, and so the secretary lost the recovery of so great a treasure as this would have been to the learned world.—*S.*

At a convent (I think it was of Benedictines), at Caen in Normandy, they keep an exact terrier of all the lands, which formerly belonged to the monks of that order, in England; in hopes it may be one day of use to them.—*Mr. Clark.* [*Who saw the writings in their possession.*]

The grandees in Spain are extremely ignorant. There is scarce any thing like taste among them. Even in the king's palaces, they have cut some of the finest pictures, that they formerly brought out of Italy, only to fit them to the places where they are hung; so that you shall see the upper part of a capital piece, perhaps, over one door, and the remainder of it, over another. [*The French General we met upon the Alps, returning from Madrid to Rome.*]

Pray observe with what ease the passions are expressed in that face!—Our statuaries now are forced to distort the features, to show a passion; their strokes are all violent and forced.—This will help you, as much as any

thing, to see the superiority of the best antient sculptors over the moderns. We have no one, except Michael Angelo, that comes near them. —*The Marquis Maffei, at Verona.*

The French pretend to rival our music, and seem to forget that they were obliged to us for their own. Some of our musicians, who resided in their country, helped them to the sort of music they have; and formed it, not on the true principles of harmony, but so as to hit their particular taste. What music they have, such as it is, is a scion from our tree *. —*The same.*

When I was young, I published a piece called *Ninfa Fidele;* was I to write any thing of that nature now, it should be *Ninfa Infida:* that title would have been more just; at least, I am sure I have found them so.—*The same.*

Most of the statues in the great Farnese Palace, were found in Caracalla's Baths, and all the marble of which it is built, was brought from the Colosseum, in Paul the Third's time, a pope of that family.—*Sign. Ficoroni, at Rome.*

The Ichnography of Rome, in the same palace †, was found in the temple of Romulus

* *Une fueille de notre arbre,* were his words.

† It is now removed to the noble collection in the capitol.

and Remus, that which is now dedicated to St. Cosmo and Damiano, two brothers too.—Though incomplete, it is one of the most useful remains of antiquity. The names of the particular buildings and places are marked upon it, as well as the outlines of the buildings themselves; and it is so large, that the *Horrea Lolliana* (for instance), are a foot and a half long; which may serve you as a scale, to measure any other of the buildings or places in it. 'Tis published in Graevius's Thesaurus.—*F.*

The two best Egyptian statues in Rome, are the Hercules with a lion's skin over his head, in the capitol; and the richer Zingara, at the Villa Borghese. You may know them to be Egyptian by that fulness about their mouths *.—*F.*

This large statue of Pompey, was probably the very same, at the feet of which Cæsar fell; for it was found on the very spot where the senate was held, on the fatal Ides of March. They discovered it in clearing away the ground to make some cellars, for a house that now stands there. The greatest part of the statue lay under that house, but the head of it reached under the ground belonging to their

* *Per oris luxuriem*, was his expression.

next neighbour. This occasioned a dispute between the two proprietors, which was at last decided by Cardinal Spada. He ordered the head to be broken off, and given to the latter; and the body to the former: you may now see the mark where they were joined again. This decision was not made out of a whim, but very prudentially. From the first, that cardinal had a great desire to get the statue into his own possession, and by this means, he got it much cheaper than he could otherwise have done: for after this division of it, the whole cost him but five hundred crowns. —*F. at the Palazzo Spada in Rome.*

That arm, behind the Laocoon, was begun by Michael Angelo, and he left it unfinished, "because, (as he said), he found he could do nothing worthy of being joined to so admirable a piece." It lies there as a testimony of the superiority of the best antient artists over the modern; for, of all the modern sculptors, Michael Angelo is universally allowed to be the best.—*F. at the Belvedere in the Vatican.*

When they first discovered the Verospi statue of Hercules killing the hydra, some parts of it (and particularly that monster itself), were wanting, and were supplied by Bernini. Some years after, in further digging the same piece of ground, they found the hydra that

originally belonged to it, and which differs very much from Bernini's supplemental one; though that is given in Maffei's book of statues, and other books of prints, as antique. It is now removed from the Verospi palace to the capitol; and the original hydra, with a horned sort of human face, snakes for hair, and a serpentine body, is there too, in the same little court where Marforio lies.—*F.*

The arts are greatly fallen among us of late, and there is nothing we excel in so much, at present, as the works in Mosaic. They are in greater perfection than they ever were, even among the antients. In their works of this kind (as to what have been hitherto discovered), the design is often good, but the colouring indifferent, or rather bad. They used nothing but stones with their natural colours, and we use a paste or composition which does not only represent all the principal colours in a strong and lively manner, but all the different shades and degrees of each, as far as they are wanted.—The composition for Mosaic work, consists of glass, stannum, and lead; it is formed into little oblong squares, and ranged according to their different colours and shades, not unlike our manner of disposing types for printing. These Mosaic types are coloured throughout, and are stuck

in their proper places, in a sort of soft stucco, spread over a stone (which is cut rough on that side), of the size of the picture. When the types are all set, they can smoothen it to the thinness of a shilling, and this smoothing makes it look all of one piece in a proper light and distance, as much as a picture. They don't want for encouragement in this art, for the price bears proportion to the excellence of the work. They ask a thousand crowns for that little oval piece of Fame, and are to have fifteen thousand crowns for the copy of Dominichino's St. Jerome when finished. Indeed the work takes up a vast deal of time, for they have been four years about that piece already.—*F. (and Christoferi, the principal Mosaic artist at that time.)*

The diameter of that part of Augustus's mausoleum, which is still entire, (and which was the largest round of all), is fifty paces. In it were deposited the ashes of Julius Cæsar, Augustus himself, Marcellus, and Germanicus. The tomb of Adrian (now the castle of St. Angelo), was built on the opposite side of the Tiber, to rival this, and is the largest of our antient mausoleums. It was richly adorned too with fine statues, all round each particular rising; which in the Gothic times were thrown down by the Romans, that

had fortified it, to defend themselves and crush their enemies.—*F.*

The Roman matrons of old used to carry their children when ill to the temple of Romulus, which was said to be built on the very spot where he was supposed to be found in his infancy. That temple is now Christianized; and the women of Rome still carry their children thither on the same occasions: but the priests now, are perhaps more cunning than they were of old; for whenever they offer a child thus to the now saint of the place, they pray "that he would be so good as either to cure him, or to take him to himself," so that the parents must always be obliged to them; and their prayer can never be unsuccessful. —*F.*

When Henry the Fourth of France was reconciled to the Church of Rome, it was expected that he should give some remarkable testimonial of his sincerity in returning to the true faith. He accordingly ordered a cross to be erected at Rome, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore; with this inscription: *In hoc signo vinces,* on the principal part of it. This passed at first for very Catholic, until it was observed that the part on which the inscription was placed, is shaped in the form of a cannon; and that he had really attributed to

his artillery, what they had taken to be addressed to heaven.—*F.*

The floor of the Rotunda is so much raised, as to hide all the pedestals of the columns in the inside. There was formerly a round of the imaginary figures of the provinces conquered by the Romans, in relievo, one against each pedestal; which were taken away, when the floor was raised, and are now dispersed about in the capitol, and other collections at Rome.—*F.*

There are three sorts of Egyptian statues. First, Those that are good without any mixture of their bad taste; and this manner is very antient, before they were conquered by the Greeks. Secondly, After they were conquered, and their spirits debased, they made the figures of their deities frightful, on purpose to keep the people in awe; and this was the cause of their bad taste, some parts out of nature and some in. Thirdly, As every thing is apt to degenerate and grow worse and worse, when once fallen; they at last, in many of their figures, deserted nature entirely; and made every part monstrous and out of all proportion.—*F.*

Dominico Guido was the last of our very good statuaries; he died about fifteen years ago. [We were looking at the Dead Saviour

and Virgin by him, at the Monte di Pietà at Rome.]—*F.*

The Monte di Pietà is a bank for charity, established by Gregory the Thirteenth, and improved by his successors. They lend money out of it to the indigent, on pawns of all sorts, without interest, if the sum be under thirty crowns; and but two *per cent.* if it exceed it. Two years are allowed for payment; if the debtor then fails, this pawn is sold, and the overplus is given to the proprietors.—*F.*

You may know that Hercules to be Roman, by its being so much overwrought: the muscles look like lumps of flesh upon it. The Greek artists were more expressive, without taking so much pains to express.—*F.* (At the Palazzo Lancilotti.)

This groupe of Arria and Pætus, is evidently by a Greek artist. Though the place he has chosen to stab himself in* be very uncommon, it was not ill chosen; for the blow could not but be mortal, most of the blood running down among his vitals.—*F.*

The most promising of Carlo Maratti's scholars was one Berettoni. He died when he was but two-and-thirty, and not without suspicion

* It is a very bold stroke, and takes away the false idea one might have got of him, from the well known epigram in Martial.—*Spence.*

of foul play from his master, who could not bear to have one of his scholars excel himself. That he evidently did so may be seen by comparing both their works in the Palazzo Altieri*. —*F.*

Dominichino is in as high esteem now as almost any of the modern painters, at Rome. When you see any works of his and Guido's together, how much superior does he appear! Guido is often more showy; but Dominichino has more spirit, as well as more correctness. (*Più spiritoso* was his word.)—*F.*

This Leda (at the Palazzo Colonna) is said to be by Correggio; but there is not one undoubted picture of that great master in all Rome.—*F. or Mr. Knapton.*

When M. Aurelius's triumphal arch was taken down, to give more space to the Corso, the relievos on it were carried to the capitol. These are the six compartments of M. Aurelius pardoning the vanquished in his triumphal car;—sacrificing;—receiving the globe from the genius of Rome;—Lucius Verus haranguing;—and Faustina ascending to heaven. —*F.*

* There are two altar-pieces in one of the churches called the *Gemelli* (just as you enter Rome), one by Carlo Maratti, and the other by this Berettoni; the latter of which is of a darker, graver, and better manner, than that of his master.—*Spence.*

The brass wolf suckling Romulus and Remus (now in the capitol), was found in the temple of Romulus; and the marks are visible upon it where it has been struck with lightning. Cicero speaks of the same accident happening to such a figure in his time (in his third Oration against Cataline); and this must have been made before his time by the badness of the workmanship.—*F.*

I measured the Tarpeian Rock, when the Duke of Beaufort was here, and found it to be eighty palms high, which just answers to sixty feet English. It goes down perpendicular as you see; and so was easily measured. I took only the height of the rock itself, exclusive of the building that has been added upon it.—*F.*

Mr. Addison did not go any depth in the study of medals: all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he had from me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons upon that subject.—*F.*

The fine statue of Jonas, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, was made by Lorenzetto, after a design of Raphael's: and it is remarkable that Jonas, who seems to have been by much the most hot-headed of all the prophets, is represented as much the youngest of them too. His likeness to Antinous, both

in his make and youth, is visible to every body.—*F.*

Caracalla's baths are the most perfect remains of the kind at Rome, and the most capable of giving us an idea of the antient *Thermæ*. The roofs, where left, consist half of pumice-stone, for the sake of lightness, in such large arches. The niches are very perfect in some squares of it; but in the most perfect parts, there is nothing to be seen of windows. The Jesuits begged it for their boys to play in; and have since sold a good deal of the stone; and often dig for statues in it.—*F.* [They had been digging the very week before we saw it, and had brought up several broken pieces of statues, &c.]

The front pillars of the Temple of Concord, those of Antonine and Faustina, and those of the Rotonda, are the most perfect of any in Rome; and in each of them, the opening between the two middle pillars is larger than the openings between the side ones. The difference is not enough to be observed by a common eye; and in some of them not to be sure of it till you measure them. By this means the entrance had a freer and nobler air, without breaking the regularity and harmony of the building.—*Mr. Philips.*

It was Sixtus the Fifth that began the palace

on Monte Cavallo, and placed the two large equestrian statues there, from whence it has its name. They were found in Constantine's baths, and were brought originally to Rome from Alexandria. The names of Phidias and Praxiteles on the bases are certainly fictitious, and some of the antiquarians say, that they were put there by the people of Alexandria. —*Ficoroni.*

The chief ornaments of Constantine's triumphal arch, are spoils from one of Trajan; as it was despoiled itself afterwards, (of the heads of the statues), by Lorenzo de' Medici. There is at least seven feet of it hid, by the rising of the ground.—*F.* [They began refitting it afterwards, while we were there, and the relievos on the lowest part were very mean: bad victories, &c.]

Trajan's column is composed of twenty-four stones only; cut within, for the staircase. It is one hundred and twenty-eight Roman feet high, just the height of what was taken from the hill, to make room for Trajan's forum; which was one of the most magnificent things in Rome. This column stood in the midst of it, and on that was his statue, and, they say, his ashes in an urn.—*F.*

The four most celebrated works of the modern sculptors in Rome, are, Michael Angelo's

Moses; Algardi's Story of Attila; Fiamingo's Susanna; and Bernini's Bibbiana.—*F.*

What they point out as the four most celebrated pictures, are, Raphael's Transfiguration; Volterra's Descent from the Cross; Dominichino's Saint Jerome; and Andrea Sacchi's Romualdo.—*F.*

There are ten thousand six hundred pieces of antient sculpture of one sort or other now in Rome; (relievos, statues, and busts.) And six thousand three hundred antient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter sort have been sawed up for tables, or wainscoating chapels, or mixed up with walls, and otherwise destroyed! And what multitudes may there yet lie undiscovered under ground! When we think of this altogether, it may give us some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its glory.—*F.*

END OF SECTION II.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION III. 1732-33.

I INTEND to publish all the most select and sacred books of the Chinese, in one volume, which will not be so much as the Pentateuch.—A Latin translation of their family ritual, with a dissertation of their funerals prefixed to it.—A treatise to prove that the character *Tao* signifies the great God: in this I shall show; First, That their *Tao* is one and three. Secondly, That he created the material world. Thirdly, That he created all intelligent beings. Fourthly, That he was incarnated. Fifthly, That though he has the attributes of whatever is excellent, yet he is but one. They call him *Ching Gin*, or the Holy One. Besides these I shall publish "The Temple of the most Ancient Wisdom," in which I shall show that Adam was informed of the doctrines of the Trinity and Future Redemption: that this knowledge was delivered down to Moses and

revived by him; that it was preserved in other mystic books, and that several of these books are still preserved in China. I also intend to republish my Chronological Table, with an account how to manage it*.—*M. Fauquet, Bishop of Eleutheropolis; then resident in the College of the Propaganda at Rome.*

There are about thirty-five thousand houses in Rome; twenty-three thousand of which belong to the religious orders. The Pope can suppress any religious society if he pleases, so that all their property is in his power.—His usual way of rewarding those whom he is under obligations to, is by assigning them a pension on one of these religious societies; and as he can thus tyrannize over them, he allows them to tyrannize over their dependents in their turn.—*Ficoroni.*

Dante wrote before we began to be at all refined; and of course, his celebrated poem is a sort of gothic work. He is very singular,

* A long article of M. Fauquet's upon Chinese learning is omitted here, because better printed accounts are before the public.—*Editor.*

I got this list of his intended publications at the desire of M. Ramsay; and observed at the time that he was working on so many designs together, that I feared he would never finish one of them; which proved to be the case. The bishop brought out of China near four hundred of their books, but lost almost half of them before he reached Europe.—*Spence.*

and very beautiful in his similies; and more like Homer than any of our poets since. He was prodigiously learned for the times he lived in; and knew all that a man could then know. Homer, in his time, was unknown in Italy; and Petrarca boasts of being the first poet that had heard him explained. Indeed in Dante's time there was not above three or four people in all Italy that could read Greek: (one in particular at Viterbo, and two or three elsewhere.) But though he had never seen Homer, he had conversed much with the works of Virgil.—His poem got the name of *Comedia* after his death. He somewhere calls Virgil's works *Tragedie* (or sublime poetry); and in deference to him, called his own *Comedia* (or low): and hence was that word used afterwards, by mistake, for the title of his poem.—*Dr. Cocchi, at Florence.*

Dante Galileo, and Machiavelli, are the three greatest geniuses that Florence has ever produced.—*Dr. C.*

Petrarca is the best of all our lyric poets; though there are several now who are very strenuous in preferring Chiabrera to him. It has divided the wits into two parties, they are called Petrarchists, or Chiabrerists, according to the side they take. The dispute turns wholly on their lyric pieces.—Chiabrera is not

so equal a writer as Petrarch: some of his odes are extremely good; and others full of false thoughts. Those which are his best are lofty, and full of fire, after the manner of the Greeks.—Petrarca's language is excellent; and reads extremely well, even though you should fling it into prose. His poetry is often fine, soft, and moving; but he is not without his false thoughts *(concetti)* too sometimes.—*Dr. C.*

Tasso followed Ariosto too much in his particular faults; so that they are a good deal alike so far: but he was more classically read, and especially in the old critics. He endeavoured also to write on a more correct plan. Sperone brags of finding out and disposing the subjects for him.—Ariosto loved the classics too; and, in particular, understood Horace better than any man in his time. When he first came to Rome, Bembo, and several of the greatest wits there, were endeavouring to get to understand Horace. Ariosto joined them; and they all allowed him to have a greater insight into that author than any of them.—"I believe he did not understand Greek."—"No, sir;" and he owns it in a letter to Bembo.—Ariosto was a vast master of poetical language; his imagination is strong, and his descriptions often extremely lively and natural. He wrote

his Orlando to divert himself: and did not care whether he was correct or no*.—The great Galileo used to compare that poem to a mélon field: "You may meet with a very good thing here and there in it, (says he) but the whole is of very little value."—*Dr. C.*

Ariosto, Boiardo, and Berni, have written all on the same subject, the siege of Paris; and took it from an old prose romance called *I Reali di Francia:* as the antients used to write in droves, on the siege of Thebes, or the siege of Troy.—*Dr. C.*

[In speaking of their Latin poets, he mentioned Vida, Sannazaro, and Fracastorio; but went no farther.—*Spence.*]

Folengo's Poem is written in mixed language: Latin, with several of the words Italianized; as the Fidenzian† is Italian Latinized.

* This is at variance with the accounts given by the biographers of Ariosto, who represent him as very solicitous about the correctness of his poem; indeed the alterations and corrections which he made in each subsequent impression during his life afford sufficient proof of it. He was engaged in revising it for a new edition at the time of his death.—It is in one of his *Satires*, addressed to Bembo, that he laments having lost the opportunity of learning Greek from Gregoris of Spoleto, his preceptor.—*Editor.*

† The Italians sometimes call this *lingua pedantesca.* I believe the name above mentioned, is taken from that of *Fidenzio Glottochrysio;* the *sobriquet* of the first inventor of it.—*Editor.*

Macaronic Poetry is the general name for both of them; or any other such confused ridiculous stuff.—*Dr. C.*

Berni's way of writing is genteel*; and the introductions to each canto in particular are very beautiful. *(I preamboli sono superbi)* were his words.—*Dr. C.*

Lippi's Malmantile Racquistato is very good. Though it is a mock-epic, his style is that of Tasso, Petrarca, and the best Tuscan writers: for the common people in Florence talk the language of the nobility and gentry †; it is not there as it is in the other cities of Italy.—*Dr. C.*

Mauro has written on low subjects, in the common genteel style; but Crudeli is the first among us that has ever attempted to treat of low things in the high epic manner. I gave him the hint from Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock; and what is handed about of his, in that style, has pleased extremely.—*Dr. C.*

Why are the Italians, who are a grave solid people, the most fond of drolleries on their stage; and greater dealers in burlesque than

* Probably Mr. Spence thinks this a correct translation of the Italian *gentile.—Editor.*

† But see what a late intelligent and amusing traveller (Mr. Stewart Rose) says on this subject, it is quite at issue with this piece of information, and probably much nearer the truth.—*Editor.*

any other nation?—Salvini used to say it was, because when people have a mind to divert themselves, they generally choose what is most different from their ordinary temper and practice, as most likely to divert them. That may be the reason, but I should not be apt to acquiesce in it.—*Dr. C.* [Perhaps he thought their gravity was a cheat; and ridicule their natural bent.—On the other side, it is evident that most of their drolleries are very low, and violent. There is the same difference between fine drollery and theirs, as there is between true and false wit. This would rather incline one to think that they are really grave, and only affect gaiety; because they pursue it so boisterously and so injudiciously.—*Spence.*]

Perfetti was crowned about four years ago, for his talent at *improvising*, or making extempore verses; but Manfredi is the best poet we have now in Italy.—"I thought the impromptu-way had prevailed all over Italy, and was regarded as the highest excellence of poetry at present?"—No; it is only admired so much by the little and great Vulgar.—*Dr. C.*

Our not having any settled stage for tragedies in Italy, is a great blow to our dramatic poetry. The actors indeed that stroll about from city to city, do now and then act a tragedy: but even when that happens, and the

king of the play is seated on his throne, it is ten to one but you see a harlequin come upon the stage, and place himself just by him.—*Dr. C.*

By a calculation made from the best dictionary for each of the following languages; there are about twenty thousand words in the Spanish, twenty-two thousand in the English, twenty-five thousand in the Latin, thirty thousand in the French, forty-five thousand in the Italian, fifty thousand in the Greek, and eighty thousand in the German*. Of the twenty-two thousand words in the English language, there are about fifteen thousand that a man understands who is before master of Latin, French, and Italian; and three thousand more, if he be master of German. The other four thousand are probably the old British.—*Dr. C.*

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner: *au bon père;* whence your *bumper.—Dr. C.*

As cunning as old Nic, and as wicked as old Nic, were originally meant of our (Nicolas)

Note by Mr. Spence from papers.

* One thousand seven hundred radical words in the Hebrew, according to Buxtorf, three hundred and sixty Chaldaic words in the Bible, according to Bythner, and two thousand and sixty in all.—*Mr. Hill.*

Machiavelli; and came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.—*Dr. C.*

Machiavelli has been generally called so wicked, from people's mistaking the design of his writings.—In his Prince, his design, at bottom, was to make a despotic government odious. "A despotic prince, (says he) to secure himself, must kill such and such people:" —he must so; and therefore no wise people would suffer such a prince. This is the natural consequence; and not that Machiavelli seriously advises princes to be wicked.—*Dr. C.*

The best traditions concerning Machiavelli are, that he was a good honest man himself in his way of living; rather weak and ignorant in his private affairs than otherwise. His familiar letters are now in the hands of the Abate del Riccio, at Florence; and there are several things in them that show him to have been a good sort of man. He kept the best company; and consorted with good men. We have several societies of men in Florence, who (though they are of no religious order) profess a greater strictness, and a higher love of religion than ordinary; they are a sort of voluntary religious societies: Machiavelli belonged to one of these confraternities. They used to meet once a week, for devotion, in a church of theirs; and (among other good things) one of the so-

ciety made a moral discourse, or sermon to the rest. There are several of these discourses, of Machiavelli's composing, in the same Abbé's hands, and one in the great Duke's, on Repentance *(in lode della penitenza)*, which were spoken by him in the confraternity he belonged to.—*Dr. C.*

[Signor Sbarra, at Lucca, did not carry this point so far, he only said, "that Machiavelli advised politicians to be good, that was their best and easiest way; but if they must be bad, he laid down rules how they should be so most wisely and politically.—*Spence.*]

Lord Burlington was so much for Palladio, that he used to run down Michael Angelo. 'Tis true the latter did not follow the rules so much as the former, but then he had a more correct eye, and is universally reckoned the best architect of the moderns, by the best judges, at Rome, as well as at Florence.—*Dr. C.*

It was objected to Copernicus, in his own days, that if his scheme was true, Venus must appear to us with different phases, just as the moon does. "So she would, I believe," replied he, "if we could see her aright." This was a noble guess for the time, and what has proved to be actually the case, since Galileo has found out new eyes for us.—*Dr. C.*

Kepler (a German), carried things rather further than Galileo. It was he that found out the gravitation of the planets, but not the proportions of them.—*Dr. C.*

Cardinal Barberini had made some of the objections to Galileo's scheme, that are put into the mouth of Simplicius, (the foolish character that personates the Aristotelians), in Galileo's Dialogues. This was one of the chief motives which led to the persecution of so great a man, under this same cardinal, when promoted to the papacy.—*Dr. C.*

The pursuit of the greatest trifles may sometimes have a very good effect: the search after the philosopher's stone has preserved chemistry; and the following astrology so much in former ages, has been the cause of astronomy's being so much advanced in ours.—Sir Isaac Newton himself has owned that he began with studying judicial astrology, and that it was his pursuit of that idle and vain study, which led him into the beauties of, and love for, astronomy.—*Dr. C.*

When I asked Sir Isaac Newton, how the study of the mathematics flourished in England? he said, "not so much as it has done here, but more than it does in any other country."—*Dr. C.*

Mr. Locke spent a good part of his first

years at the university in reading romances, from his aversion to the disputative way then in fashion there. He told Coste so, and gave that reason for it to him.—*Dr. C.*

[Coste gave Cocchi Mr. Locke's physical common-place book; which seemed (by what I could see of it), more valuable for being in Mr. Locke's hand, than for the matter contained in it.—*Spence.*]

I must own, that to my taste, Corregio is the best of all our painters. His pieces are less pictures, than those of Raphael himself. —*Dr. C.*

Tasso's madness, some think, was only a pretended madness. He was caught making too free with a Princess of the Duke of Ferrara's family, in which he lived. To save her honour and himself, he from that time (say they), began to play his melancholy tricks.—There is a passage in his Aminta which may allude to this; it is in the end of the first act, and is spoken by *Tirsi*, under which character Tasso meant himself.—*Dr. C.*

In all the disputes between the Tuscan literati, whether Tasso or Ariosto be the better poet, the debate always runs on the outside. Those numerous pieces are entirely taken up in speaking of the style and colour of the poetry, and the writers of them seem

never to have thought any thing of the plan or composition.—Ariosto's poem is like the *richer* kind of Harlequin's habit, made up of pieces of the very best silks, and of the liveliest colours. The parts of it are many of them more beautiful than those in Tasso's poem, but the whole in Tasso is, without comparison, more of a piece and better made.—*Dr. C.* [The word *richer* was added on Dr. C's. saying the simile was too low for Ariosto. He added, your Spenser has taken much from him.—*Spence.*]

The first four hundred years of the Roman History are supposed to have been fabulous by Senator Buonarotti, and he gives several good reasons for his opinion. He suspects that Rome, in particular, was built by the Greeks; as Tarentum, Naples, and several other cities in Italy were.—*Dr. C.*

Among all our poets we have not any good love-poet. They all follow Petrarca, and his is not a good love for poetry. Some of Ariosto's rhymes are the best this way, he having formed himself on the antients, and on Tibullus in particular.—*Dr. C.*

Menzini is generally considered as our best satirist, and Ariosto as the next.—I don't speak of my own taste, for I like Ariosto better than

the other. Menzini is more like Juvenal, and Ariosto more like Horace.—*Dr. C.*

The Spaniards were at the top of their poetry, under the reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second. They imitated the Italian poets, and would fain set up Garcilasso della Vega for their Petrarch.—Their poetry is generally bad, and even Lope de Vega's is wretched stuff*.—Gonzalo Perez's translation of the Odyssey is very good.—*Dr. C.*

* This sweeping censure of Spanish poetry is too flippant to pass entirely unnoticed.—Though Spain may not boast of any poet like Dante, Ariosto, or Tasso; yet is she not deficient in such as may rank with any of the minor *Rimatori* of Italy.—Neither is there much arrogance in comparing Garcilasso della Vega to Petrarca: I know not, indeed, whether it is not doing the Tuscan "Imp of Fame" much honour. The Spaniards can boast of lyric and pastoral poets, though not in number equal, yet in sterling merit superior, to those of Italy. It may be sufficient to mention Manrique, Boscan, Mendoza, Luis de Leon, Francisco de la Torre, Villegas, Gongora, (though spoiled by *Italian concetti*), Quevedo, the two Argensolas, Castillejo, and Francisco de Rioja.—The climax of this foolish censure of what he probably did not understand, is Cocchi's praise of that insipid and tasteless paraphrase of the Odyssey, the *Ulyssea* of Gonzalo Perez.—But hear what the judicious Schlegel says of the language of this contemned poetry. "The Spanish language is less soft than the Italian, on account of the guttural sounds, and the frequent termination with consonants; but its tones are, if possible, more full, proceed still more from the breast, and fill the ear with

If you look for a *right good* poet amongst us, 'tis what you must look for in vain.—*Dr. C.*

If a lady applies to learning among us, and arrives to any eminence in it, she is admitted to her degrees as well as the men. Antonia Maria Bassi was lately made a doctoress at Bologna: and a famous Venetian lady was some time since admitted to the doctorate at Padua.—*Dr. C.*

Galen's Book, *de Consuetudine*, has never been published, except in a barbarous Latin translation, drawn off from an old Arabic one: and that so bad, that it was suspected of never having come from any piece that really was Galen's. The Greek original, or at least a great part of it, is in the Laurentian library, where there are also five or six other Greek physicians which I have transcribed *. —*Dr. C.*

There are three thousand manuscript books

a pure metallic resonance. It had not yet altogether lost the rough strength and cordiality of the Goths, when oriental intermixtures gave it a wonderful degree of sublimity, and *elevated a poetry, intoxicated as it were with aromatic vapours, far above all the scruples of the sober west.*"—EDITOR.

* Some of these were subsequently published by Cocchi. —EDITOR.

in the Laurentian library (including a few printed books equivalent to manuscripts), and in many of them, the works of several authors are bound up together; which they call *Catena's*.—If you take them singly, there are about ten thousand.—There is no other library so well stocked in three of the best sorts; physical, mathematical, and poetical, manuscripts.—*Dr. C.*

The paraphrases written in the margin of Theodore Gaza's Homer, in the Laurentian library, have been often of particular service to me, when I have been at a loss to fix the meaning of any passage in that poet.—*Dr. C.*

Operas were at first set on foot by a set of gentlemen, who acted, not for money, but for their own diversion. There was about thirty of them.—When they first came to be acted for money, there was one of the actresses who had one hundred and twenty crowns for acting one season. This was then looked upon as such a vast reward for a singer, that she got the name of *La Cento-vinti* by it.—*Signor Crudeli, of Florence.*

The good taste for medals continued from the time of Augustus to Adrian's; that for building to Septimius Severus.—*Baron Stosch, at Florence.*

The figure of the famous Pasquin, when

entire, was the same with that by the Ponte Vecchio at Florence.—Maffei, in his collection of statues, No. 42, gives that figure, and calls it Ajax supported by his brother. Poor Pasquin was like to have been confined in the capitol, by the same Pope who sent Marforio thither: but the marquis, to whom he belonged, prevented it. His descendant is still obliged to pay a certain fine, if any scandal be found affixed to him.—*Ficoroni and Cocchi.*

Marchetti's translation of Lucretius, in blank verse, is the best translation in our language.—*Le Sette Giornate,* or Creation, of Tasso, is in blank verse too, and is much esteemed by the best judges; but not generally read, because without rhyme.—*Crudeli.*

What the monk said of Virgil's Æneid, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted!"—*C.*

Camillo Querno was sometimes a dealer in monkish verses.—When he was at the table of Leo the Tenth, one day, some time after dinner, the pontiff said to him, "how comes it about, Querno, that Bacchus, who was the old inspirer of poets, cannot inspire you?"—

Querno immediately answered him in the following couplet:

"In cratere meo, Thetis est conjuncta Lyæo:
Est Dea juncta Deo; Sed Dea major eo."—*C.*

When Doctor Garth had been for a good while in a bad state of health, he sent one day for a physician with whom he was particularly intimate, and conjured him by their friendship, and by every thing that was most sacred (if there was any thing more sacred), to tell him sincerely, whether he thought he should be ever able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend, thus conjured, told him; "that he thought he might struggle on with it, perhaps for some years; but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely." Dr. Garth thanked him for dealing so fairly with him, turned the discourse to other things, and talked very cheerfully all the rest of the time he staid with them.—As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, said he was a good deal out of order, and would go to bed: he then sent him for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon after, he sent for a second surgeon, by a different servant, and was bled in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest, and when every body had quitted the

room he took off the bandages, and lay down with the design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and that stopped the bleeding: he afterwards sunk into a sound sleep, slept all the night, waked in the morning without his usual pains, and said, "if it would continue so, he could be content to live on."—In his last illness, he did not use any remedies, but let his distemper take its course.—He was the most agreeable companion I ever knew *.—*Mr. Townley, of Townley in Lancashire, (who had this account from Garth himself.)*

Gravina, for an *Abaté*, was a great free-thinker.—When he died, all his papers were secured by the emperor's ambassador at Rome. Among other things, there were notes of his upon the Bible, which, considering his character, one would be curious enough to see.—He was no poet, and his five tragedies are very indifferent things.—The criticisms in his

* Garth has been censured for voluptuousness, and accused of infidelity. Being one day questioned by Addison upon his religious creed, he is said to have replied, "that he was of the religion of wise men," and being urged to explain himself further, he added, "that wise men kept their own secrets."—Pope says of him, in his farewell to London, 1715:

"——Garth the best good Christian he
Although he knows it not."—*Editor.*

Ragione Poetica, are many of them false.—*Crudeli.*

The Octave Stanza was first well used by Politian. All the eight verses are equal, of eleven syllables each: the same alternate rhyme in the six first verses, and an immediate rhyme in the two last. Tasso's verses are sung much all over Lombardy, and particularly at Venice.—The common tune, to which they sing them, is called, *il passa gallo*, and sounds something like church music.—*C.*

[When we were at Venice, there was a common Gondoleer, that could repeat all Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* in this manner. Dip where you pleased, show him the top of the page, and he would sing three or four verses on immediately.—*Spence.*]

The last syllable but one in the Octave verses is always long, except in the verses which are called *sdruccioli* (or sliding). These end with a *dactyl*, instead of a *spondee*; and are of twelve syllables, as the others are of eleven. This affects the whole stanza; for if there is one verse of this kind in it, they must be all so. They were used by Politian sometimes, but are now quite out of fashion.—*C.*

The improvviso (or extempore), poets in Italy, are actually what they are called. They do it with great emulation and warmth; gene-

rally in octaves: in which the answerer is obliged to form his octave to the concluding rhyme of the challenger, so that all the octaves after the first, must be extempore; unless they act in concert together.—Our method is, to create our thought at the adversary's seventh verse. Then we have the idea, the rhymes, the words, and the verse to think of, only whilst our opponent is repeating his last line; which we take no manner of notice of at all. We almost always do better the second half hour than the first, because we grow warmer and warmer: to such a degree at last, that when I have improvviso'd a whole evening, I can never get a wink of sleep all the night after.—*Signor Vanneschi of Florence, (a celebrated Improvvisatore.)*

[The first time I heard these *Improvvisatori*, I thought it quite impossible for them to go on so readily as they did, without having agreed things together before hand. It was at Florence, at our Resident's, (Mr. Coleman's,) and when that gentleman asked me what I thought of it? I told him that I could not conceive how they could go on so promptly and so evenly without some collusion between them. He said that it amazed every body at first; but that he had no doubt of its being all fair: and desired me to be satisfied of it, to

give them some subject myself, as much out of the way as I could think of.—As he insisted upon my doing so, I offered a subject which must have been new to them, and on which they could not be well prepared. It was but a day or two before, that a band of musicians and actors set out from Florence, to introduce operas for the first time at the Empress of Russia's court. This advance of music and that sort of dramatic poetry, (which the Italians esteem the most capital parts of virtù), so much farther north, than ever they had been, under the auspices of the then great duke, was the subject I proposed to them.—They shook their heads a little, and said it was a very difficult one: however in two or three minutes time, one of them began with his octave upon it, another answered him immediately; and they went on for five or six stanzas alternately, without any pause; except that very short one, which is allowed them by the going off of the tune on the guitar, at the end of each stanza. They always improvviso to music, (at least all that I ever heard), and the time is somewhat slow: but when they are thoroughly warmed, they will sometimes call out for quicker time.—If two of these *(Suonatori)* guitarrers meet in the summer nights, in the very streets of Florence, they

will challenge one another, and improvviso sometimes as rapidly as those in set companies. Their most common subjects are the commendation of their several mistresses; the dispute of two shepherds; or a debate which is the best poet. They often remind one of Virgil's third, fifth, or seventh eclogues; or, what he calls, the contentions of his shepherds, in alternate verse: and, by the way, Virgil's shepherds seem sometimes to be tied down by the *thought*, in the preceding stanza; as these extempore poets are, by the preceding *rhyme*. —*Spence*.]

The first time I met the famous Scarpellino (Stonecutter) of Settimiano, he got the better of me in *improvvisoing*. He has no learning, but is a great reader; and remembers a vast deal of Petrarca, and some other of our best poets. When we are hard put to it, we sometimes fling in some of the most difficult rhymes we can think of, at the close of the stanza, to get the better of our rival: and the Scarpellino is very notable at that in particular.—*Vanneschi*.

Tuscany is the principal place for extempore poetry; particularly Florence, Sienna, and the country for five or six miles round them. There are a few indeed at Rome; but even those are chiefly Tuscans.—*V*.

The Cavalier Perfetti of Sienna, is the best *improvvisatore* at present in Italy. He was crowned in the capitol about five years ago*, by order of the Pope; at the desire of the Princess Violante, widow to Ferdinand Prince of Tuscany. He has laid in a heap of different sorts of learning *(una grande infarinatura di tutte le scienze)*, and has an extraordinary fluency of language: but is rather a versifier than a poet. He is so impetuous in *improvvisoing*, that sometimes he will not give way for the guitar.—*V.*

There are two tunes chiefly used in *improvvisoing*; the *Passo gallo*, and the *Folia di Sienna*; the latter is so called because it is generally used in that city, as the other is at Florence. The *Passo gallo* is more like recitative than the *Folia.*—*V.*

The Count Torquato Montaiuti, of Arezzo, has translated upwards of forty of Ariosto's cantos, and has but two or three more to finish the whole. It is an excellent translation; but doubtful whether he will ever publish it. He is one of the most modest men in the world.—*Crudeli.*

Ariosto's poem is a continuation of Boiardo's *Orlando Inamorato.* He takes up the story just where Boiardo leaves off.—*C.*

* This was said in 1733.—*Spence.*

" Ed il guerrier, qui non s'en era accorto,
Anduva combattendo, ed era morto."

This is a couplet of Berni's, in his burlesque of Boiardo's poem. He laid that poem before him, generally used the very lines, and only changed some of them, to make the ridicule appear the stronger*.—*C.*

La Fontaine's *Joconde* is all taken from Ariosto; the part it is taken from is particularly well translated in the Latin version of Count Montaiuti.—*C.*

Menzini in his *Poetica* gives the truest idea of Ariosto, and Tasso, of any of our writers. "The poem of the former, (says he) is like a vast palace, very richly furnished, but built in defiance of the rules of architecture; whereas that of Tasso is like a neat palace, very regular and beautiful†."—Menzini's *Poetica* is very good, and so are his sonnets. In the latter, he

* Vedesti mai di due Palazzi, l'uno
Vasto, ed immenso e con gran sale ed archi,
Ed abbia più di quel, che in carte aduno?
* * * * * *
Pur il tuo sguardo resteranne offeso
Per qualche imperfezione; e tal vedrai
O non finito, o non ben' anche inteso.

† Dove nell' altro in minor mole avrai
Ordin più giusto, e rispondente al segno
De' Latini Architetti, o pur del Graj.

Menzini, Arte Poetica. Lib. ii.

is a consistent imitator of Chiabrera, with more grace, but less of spirit and majesty.—*C.*

Muratori, an ecclesiastic of Modena, is one of the most learned men at present in Italy.—Manfredi of Bologna is a great mathematician; and the very best of all our [living] poets.—Metastasio, though much the best for operas, blames that way of writing, but shrugs up his shoulders, and says, "One must get money, you know."—*C.*

Redi's Dithyrambic of *Bacco in Toscana,* is as lively and excellent, as his sonnets are low and tasteless.—*C.*

Let a man excel as much as he please in any thing else, he is not esteemed in Tuscany unless he can write verses. This is the reason of Redi, and several others, being poets as well as philosophers.—*C.*

Filicaja, in his Sonnets, makes use of many expressions borrowed from the Psalms; and consequently not generally understood among us.—A gentleman of Florence on reading some of the passages in him (which were taken literally from David), cried out, "Oh, are you there again with your Lombardisms!" and flung away the book as not worth the reading. —*C.*

Salvini was an odd sort of man; subject to gross absences: and a very great sloven. His

behaviour in his last hours was as odd as any of his actions in all his lifetime before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion, "I will not die! I will not die, that's flat."—*C.*

The author of the *Circulus Pisanus* is very strenuous for the modern system of the earth's moving round the sun; and says in that work: "that the world would certainly come into it hereafter; and all unanimously cry out, V. G." By which he meant, *Vicisti Galilæe!*—The inquisitors did not understand the passage; took it for *Verbi gratia*, and so let it pass.—*C.*

The Greek statues are nine faces in height, and the Roman only eight.—*Stosch.*

Crescimbeni was continually inquiring, for twenty-eight years together, into the subject he has written upon; (the History of Italian Poetry) and was much the chief man in Italy for that sort of knowledge. His being a member of the *Arcadi*, and acquainted with all the poets in Italy of his time, must have given him great lights for all the latter parts of it. He had at first a very huddled method, but that is in a great measure remedied by the edition printed at Venice in 1730.—*S.*

There is a book of immense erudition, which is almost unknown; it is called *La Crusca Provenzale e Catalana:* in two volumes, in

folio. It was written by a Spanish Abbé at Rome; and he proves in it, that the Tuscan is absolutely derived from the old Catalan language. He left Rome soon after publishing it; and carried almost all the copies with him into Catalonia.—*S.*

I wonder how they came not to find out printing sooner? (We had been just speaking of the manner in which the emperors of Rome impressed their names with seals or stamps on their grants and letters.) This method was so common that the very shepherds impressed theirs* on their sheep and cattle. It was in fact a sort of printing, and it would have been as easy to impress a whole line as two words, and a page as a whole line. Had they gone but these two easy steps farther, it would have

* Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis.

Virg. Georg. i. 263.

—— Vivi quoque pondera melle?
Argenti coquito, lentumque bitumen aheno,
Impressurus ovi tua nomina; nam tibi lites
Auferet ingentes lectus possessor in arvo.

Calphurnius, Eclog. v. 85.

The reader may see specimens of these Roman *Sigillæ*, and some curious matter on the subject of antient printing, in a work published a few years since, entitled, "Researches into the History of Playing Cards, Printing, and Engraving on Wood:" by the Editor of these Anecdotes.

been just what the Chinese printing is now. —*S.*

The antient poets seem to use *Laurus* indifferently for the larger and the lesser laurels or bays. Strictly speaking, *Lauro*, or *Lauro Regio*, signifies the former in Italian; and *Alloro*, the latter; but our poets too, use *Lauro* indifferently for both.—*Crudeli.*

We have garlands intermixed with fruits as well as flowers; like that described by Virgil in his Eclogues*.—*C.* [I afterwards saw some of these carried about the streets of Florence; the Sunday before Christmas Day.—They were built up in a pyramid of evergreens, chiefly of bays; and faced with apples, grapes, and other fruits.—*Spence.*]

This old olive tree, that seems so totally dead in its trunk, and yet has such a flourishing young head, may serve to justify what Vir-

* ——————— Tibi candida Naïs
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum, et florem jungit bene olentis anethi:
Tum casia atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.
Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat;
Addam cerea pruna; honos erit huic quoque pomo:
Et vos, o Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima myrte;
Sic positæ, quoniam suavis miscetis odores.

Virg. Eclog. ii. 56.

gil has said* in general of this sort of tree.—*Crudeli.*

[I believe they do this without the aid of art of themselves. The same is observable in our old willows, of which I have seen several (particularly in the garden island in St. James's Park), which send down a tap-root from their heads through the trunk, which often seems entirely decayed; and so form a young tree on an old stock, which looks as flourishing as the other does rotten.—*Spence.*]

There is a place in the kingdom of Tunis, under the promontory of Mercury (now called Cape Bon), a few miles east of Carthage, that exactly answers Virgil's description of the Grotto†, where Æneas anchored on his first coming to Africa. This hollow goes in twenty

* Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu,
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.
Georg. ii. 31.

† Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Effecit objectu laterum; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli; quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
Fronte sub adversa, scopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus, aquæ dulces; vivoque sedilia saxo.
Æn. i. 163.

or thirty fathoms, under the rock; and those who took out the stone from it, (for it seems to have been a quarry), left pillars, at proper distances, to support the weight at top from falling in. The arches, which these pillars help to form, lie open to the sea; there are little streams perpetually draining from the rocks, and seats of stone formed within, probably for the use of those who worked in the quarry. There is a cliff on each side; and the brow of the mountain is overshadowed with trees.—*Dr. Shaw, then at Florence, on his return from his Travels.*

Etruria antiently had two kings: the seat of one of them was at *Cæris*, or Cervetere; and of the other, at *Coitum*, or Cortona. There were twelve chief cities in Etruria: the deputies from each of which met to elect these kings. Their establishment had an air of freedom.—*Cav. Venuti, a nobleman of Cortona.*

In Æneas's time, Mezentius was the king at *Cæris;* and Tarchon, at Cortona. Hence Silius Italicus seems to comprehend all Etruria under the names of these two cities:

> Lectos Cære viros; lecto Cortona superbi
> Tarchontis domus* ———.

* Lib. viii. 474.

Where, by the way, *superbus* seems to be used in a good sense, (as it often is in the Latin *, and several languages derived from it,) because Tarchon assisted in helping Æneas to the throne; and consequently toward the establishment of the Cæsars. This alliance of Æneas and Tarchon is pointed out by Virgil, so early as in the third book of the Æneid: where his *great Gods* tell him "that Crete is not the place he is to fix at: no; he is to go on for Italy† and Cortona."

The *Ilex* is what the Italians now call *Ilce*; that evergreen sort of oak, which has so dark a leaf; and which the old poets so often mention together with the *quercus* or common oak‡.—*Crudeli.*

They found a vast piece of marble last summer at Rome, near the *Forum Antoninii*; which had been part of the architrave of that

* Populum late regem, belloque *superbum*.
Æn. i. 21. *of the Trojans.*

——————— Superbæ
Virtute et factis animæ.
Sil. Ital. x. 573.

† Corythum, terrasque require
——————— Ausonias.
Æn. iii. 170.

‡ See Horace, Lib. iv. Od. iv. 58.—Epist. Lib. i. xvi. 10.—*Virgil's Georg.* iii. 334.

building. It was the only piece of antiquity I ever met with, that might serve to illustrate a passage in Vitruvius; where he is speaking of a particular manner of disposing the roses on architraves.—Going to see it, I found the workmen very busy sawing it out, like common marble, to repair the arch of Constantine: and after all the remonstrance I could make to Galileo the architect, and others, there was only a rose or two saved at last, and sent into the capitol.—*Mr. Holdsworth (author of the Muscipula, then at Rome).*

The arch of the bridge, built by Augustus at Narni, is a semicircle; (as all the old Roman arches are) it measures one hundred and ten feet on the surface of the water.—*H.*

The Italian noblemen have been so fond of getting the old Roman milestones to set before the entrance of their houses, and the collectors of antiquities are so wrong-headed, that between them, they have not left any two standing together, in their old places, all over Italy; to determine exactly how much the Roman mile was. The taking the first milestone from its proper spot to place it in the capitol, has something of the same Gothicism or ignorance in it too.—*H.*

The three most celebrated triumphal arches in Italy, are all either Trajan's, or ornamented

from Trajan's.—*H.* [He had been speaking of those at Ancona and Benevento, and that of Constantine at Rome.—*Spence.*]

The amphitheatre of Vespasian is raised four stories high; and is adorned all round on the outside with four different degrees of pillars; Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. It is an oblong of eight hundred and twenty Roman palms, by seven hundred; and the height of it is two hundred and twenty-two. There were places in it for eighty-seven thousand persons. They formerly ascended by three steps to it; but they are now hid by the raising of the ground. There was no cement used in the whole building, but the stones are cramped together with lead and pieces of iron. —*H.*

They still use the method, so much recommended by Virgil, of burning the stubble, especially in the more barren fields, in most parts of Italy; and about Rome in particular, where there is so much bad ground. The smoke is very troublesome when they do it, and there had been so many complaints made of it, that Clement the Eleventh resolved to forbid the practice. When the order was laid before that pope to be signed by him, a cardinal (who happened to be with his holiness) spoke much of the use of it; showed him the

passage in Virgil *: and the pope on reading it changed his mind, and rejected the order. —*H.*

"Our religion is not founded upon reason †," said the Bishop of Arles, speaking of the religion of the church of Rome. That great prelate had the goodness to attempt (in a quarter of an hour's visit) to bring us over to the love of popery, and of a popish prince. When he found that we held steady to our principles all that time, he pitied us very much, and was extremely sorry that such fine and such promising young gentlemen would shut their eyes thus against the light, when it was offered to them: he lamented pathetically over us, and begged us again to consider all that he had offered to us. If we did not, he said, it shocked him to think of the sad consequence that could not but follow from our continuing in the way we were in: "for you Protestants, (added he) when you die, all fall down into hell, as the flakes of snow fall upon the earth in the winter season ‡."—*Spence.*

* Virg. Georg. i. 84—93.

† "Notre religion n'est pas fondée sur les raisonnements," were his words.—Mr. Spence has evidently mistaken the import of the word *raisonnements.—Editor.*

‡ "Quand vous venez à mourir, vous tomberez en enfer; comme les flocs de neige tombent sur la terre dans le tems de l'hyver."

Malherbe was the first good poet among the French; and Rousseau is allowed by every body to be their best now.—Fontenelle has been the great corrupter of the French language; and the more from his writing with so much wit. Numbers endeavour to imitate him, take the same liberties with the language, and aim at nothing but to shine.—*Ramsay.*

While Marshal Turenne was saying some very fine and very humane things, just after the battle of Retel; the Prince de Conde said: "what signifies moralizing so much about the matter, since one night at Paris will make it all up again?"—*R.*

Pope and Boileau are certainly the two best poets of all the moderns. They both write extremely well; but I should prefer Pope to Boileau, because he excels in what is most material in the character of a poet. Boileau writes more correctly, and better than Pope; but Pope thinks more nobly, and has much more of the true spirit of poetry than Boileau. —*R.* [This had the more weight with me, because Dr. Cocchi, and other good judges I met with on the continent, agreed in this sentiment throughout, though they might express it in other words.]—*Spence.*

The Pretender's eldest son had been taught, by his nurses, to be extremely terrified when-

ever it lightened. They had used to shut up all the windows, and run into corners with him to avoid the sight of it. When Ramsay was made his tutor, he resolved to take off so bad an impression. Whenever there was a storm, he would fling up the sashes, and hold him there, forcing him to face the lightning. By this means, he in some time conquered his prejudices so far, that at last the boy came even to delight in looking at the lightning. He would run to the window, fling it up himself, and seemed to be diverted with the flashes instead of afraid of them. Somebody had told Cardinal Alberoni of this; and the next time he saw Ramsay, he complimented him upon it before a good deal of company. "You do well, M. Ramsay, (said he) you must teach him to fear nothing; neither man, nor the devil, nor God himself—for, (added he, in a lower voice and graver air, on observing the company seemed shocked at what he had said) as to the good God, we ought to *love* him, not to *fear* him*.—*From a friend of Ramsay's.*

* Vous faites très bien, Monsieur Ramsay. Il faut l'apprendre à ne rien craindre; ni les hommes, ni le Diable, ni Dieu même.——car—pour le bon Dieu—il faut *l'aimer*, et non pas *le craindre*.

END OF SECTION III.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION IV. 1734...36.

THE famous Lord Hallifax (though so much talked of) was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that lord, "desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house."—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading.—In four or five places, Lord Hallifax stopped me very civilly; and with a speech, each time much of the same kind: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me.—Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little more at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a better turn."—I returned from Lord Hallifax's with Dr. Garth*, in his

* This is lengthened from the short hints in the first memorandum paper. Such fillings up, and this in particular,

chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the doctor, that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty, by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them.—Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Hallifax, to know his way yet: that I need not puzzle myself in looking those places over and over when I got home. "All you need do, (said he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Hallifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages; and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event." —I followed his advice; waited on Lord Hallifax some time after: said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed, read them to him exactly as they were at first;

should be flung into notes; for one can't answer for the particular circumstances at such a distance of time.—For instance, according to my memory, it was Garth he returned home with; but in my paper, Congreve's name has a particular mark under it; and so it might be he, and not Garth, that let Mr. Pope into this part of Lord Hallifax's character. This must be hinted at above, and enlarged upon in the notes.—*Note in pencil on the margin by Spence.*

his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "Ay now, Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right! nothing can be better."—*P.*

"Did not he write the Country Mouse with Mr. Pryor?"—"Yes, just as if I was in a chaise with Mr. Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say,—Lord, how finely we draw this chaise!"—*Lord Peterborough.*

Donne had no imagination, but as much wit, I think, as any writer can possibly have*.—Oldham is too rough and coarse.—Rochester is the medium between him and the Earl of Dorset.—Lord Dorset is the best of all those writers.—"What! better than Lord Rochester?"—Yes, Rochester has neither so much delicacy or exactness as Lord Dorset†.—*P.*

Sedley is a very insipid writer; except in some few of his little love-verses.—*P.*

"I have drawn in the plan for my Ethic Epistles, much narrower than it was at first."—He mentioned several of the particulars, in which he had lessened it; but as this was in the year 1734, the most exact account of his plan, (as it stood then) will best appear from

* It is remarkable that Dryden also says of Donne; "he was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of this nation."—*Jos. Warton.*

† He instanced from Lord Rochester's Satire on Man.—*Spence.*

a leaf which he annexed to about a dozen copies of the poem, printed in that year, and sent as presents to some of his most particular friends. Most of these were afterwards called in again; but that which was sent to Mr. Bethel was not*.—

You know there is nothing certain about him; (we had been speaking of Homer's blindness) that life, attributed to Herodotus, was hardly written by that historian, and all the

* It run as follows.

INDEX TO THE ETHIC EPISTLES.

BOOK I. OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN.

Epistle 1.—With respect to the Universe.
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BOOK II. OF THE USE OF THINGS.

Of the Limits of Human Reason.
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Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.
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rest have guessed out circumstances for a life of him from his own writings. I collected every thing that was worth notice, and classed it; and then Archdeacon Parnell wrote the Essay on his Life, which is prefixed to the Iliad.—It is still stiff; and was written much stiffer. As it is, I think verily it cost me more pains in the correcting, than the writing of it would have done*.—*P.*

What Paterculus says of Homer's not being blind, might be said by him, only for the turn of it. His book is a flimsy thing; and yet nine in ten that read it will be pleased with it.—*P.*

* Pope has been blamed for his inconsistency in praising Parnell in one place and censuring him in another, but it should be remembered that Pope was no party to the publication of this censure, which was spoken in the confidence of conversation with a friend. The only charges that can be made against him, are, his want of sincerity, and his propensity to feed the vanity of his correspondents by gross flattery. In a letter to Parnell, with whom he lived in habits of the strictest friendship, he says: "If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see your treatise of *Zoilus*, with the Batrachomuomachia and the Pervigilum Veneris, both which poems are master-pieces in their several kinds, and I question not *the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer*."—Dr. Anderson very justly observes, that "what he says in both places may be easily reconciled to truth; for every thing of Parnell's that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward inelegant manner; but who can defend Pope's candour, and his sincerity?"—*Editor.*

Parnell's * Pilgrim is very good.—The story was written originally in Spanish.—*P.* [Whence, probably, Howel translated it, in prose, and inserted it in one of his letters.]—*Spence.*

It is a great fault, in descriptive poetry, to describe every thing†. The good antients,

* In the first MS. memoranda of this conversation, Pope is made to say, that Parnell is "a great follower of drams; and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries."—As this was omitted in the transcript, Spence probably thought it not quite correct.—Poor Parnell did indeed give into excesses after the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, and had the misfortune to lose in 1712; this event made such an impression on his spirits, that he could hardly bear to be alone, he sought therefore to obliterate his grief by company and conviviality; "those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died in his thirty-eighth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity." Pope can hardly be suspected of having any motive to calumniate the man whom he had described in his Epistle to Lord Oxford, as

—— "Just beheld and lost, admir'd and mourn'd!
With sweetest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!"

Whose company he seems to have been extremely fond of, and whose posthumous fame he had been particularly solicitous to increase! It is somewhat singular that this same charge of dram drinking has been brought against the poet himself by Dr. King, in the late publication of "Anecdotes of his own time, p. 12." After relating an anecdote, which seems to give some colour to the charge, he says, in direct terms, that "Pope hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and *drinking spirits.*"—*Editor.*

† That is the fault in Tomson's Seasons.—*Addition from MS.*

(but when I named them, I meant Virgil) have no long descriptions: commonly not above ten lines, and scarce ever thirty. One of the longest in Virgil is when Æneas is with Evander; and that is frequently broke by what Evander says.—*P.*

After reading the Persian Tales, (and I had been reading Dryden's Fables just before them) I had some thought of writing a Persian fable; in which I should have given a full loose to description and imagination. It would have been a very wild thing, if I had executed it; but might not have been unentertaining*.—*P.*

It might be a very pretty subject for any good genius that way, to write American pastorals; or rather pastorals adapted to the manners of several of the ruder nations, as well as the Americans. I once had a thought of writ-

* In Pope's Letters to a Lady, published by Dodsley, in 1769, this thought is thus amplified: "I have long had an inclination to tell a fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention: and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste, (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed) it would add great beauty to the whole."—*Editor.*

ing such; and talked it over with Gay: but other things came in my way and took me off from it.—*P.*

If I am a good poet? (for in truth I do not know whether I am or not.) But if I should be a good poet, there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce be said of any of our good poets: and that is, "that I have never flattered any man, nor ever received any thing of any man for my verses."—*P.*

Dr. Swift was a great reader and admirer of Rabelais; and used sometimes to scold me for not liking him enough. Indeed there were so many things in his works, in which I could not see any manner of meaning driven at, that I could never read him over with any patience. —*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke and the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury) did not quite approve of Telemachus; and Lord Bolingbroke in particular used to say, that "he could never bear the Saffron Morning with her rosy fingers, in prose."—For my own part, though I don't like that poetic kind of prose writing, yet I always read Telemachus with pleasure.—"That must be, then, from the good sense and spirit of humanity that runs through the whole work?"—Yes, it must be that; for nothing else could make me forget my prejudices

against the style it is written in so much as I do.—*P.*

The things that I have written fastest, have always pleased the most.—I wrote the Essay on Criticism fast; for I had digested all the matter, in prose, before I began upon it in verse. The Rape of the Lock was written fast: all the machinery was added afterwards; and the making that, and what was published before, hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of any thing I ever did. I wrote most of the Iliad fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed.—The Dunciad cost me as much pains as any thing I ever wrote.—*P.*

In the Moral Poem, I had written an address to our Saviour; imitated from Lucretius's compliment to Epicurus: but omitted it, by the advice of Dean Berkley.—One of our priests, who are more narrow-minded than yours, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness: he was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter, though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here. —*P.*

The four first epistles are the scale for all

the rest of the work, and were much the most difficult part of it.—I don't know whether I shall go on with the Epistles on Government and Education.—*P.* [He spoke a little warmer as to the use of it than before*; but more coldly as to the execution.—*Spence.*]

I have omitted a character (though I thought it one of the best I had ever written) of a very great man who had every thing from without to make him happy, and yet was very miserable; from the want of virtue in his own heart.—*P.* [Though he did not say who this was, it seemed to have been that of the Duke of Marlborough.—He mentioned Julius Cæsar, and the late king of Sardinia, as instances of a like kind.—*S.*]

Count Osorio has given me two reasons for the king of Sardinia's quitting the crown. He said he thought it was either from his previous engagements and foresight of the war between France and the empire, or else from his beginning madness and apprehension that he should misbehave.—*Pope.*

Lord Bolingbroke will be more known to posterity as a writer and philosopher than as a statesman. He has several things by him that he will scarce publish; and a good deal that he will.—*P.* [He at the same time spoke very

* See Sect. I. p. 16, *ante.*

highly of his Dissertation on the English History, and that on Parties: and called him "absolutely the best writer of the age."—He mentioned then, and at several other times, how much (or rather how wholly) he himself was obliged to him for the thoughts and reasonings in his moral work; and once in particular said, that beside their frequent talking over that subject together, he had received, I think, seven or eight sheets from Lord Bolingbroke, in relation to it, as I apprehended by way of letters; both to direct the plan in general, and to supply the matter for the particular epistles*.—*Spence.*]

He mentioned Cleveland and Cartwright as equally good, or rather equally bad.—What a noise was there made about the superior merits of those two writers?—Donne is superior to Randolph; and Sir W. Davenant a better poet than Donne. [He commended Donne's Epistles, Metempsychosis, and Satires, as his best things.—*S.*]

All gardening is landscape painting.—*P.* [This was spoken as we were looking upon the round of the physic garden at Oxford; and

* See also some very curious matter further confirming this disputed point, in Mr. D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors: (vol. i. pp. 71—3) a work replete with interesting anecdote, selected and arranged with infinite taste.—*Editor.*

the view through it, that looks so much like a picture hung up.]

Self-love would be a necessary principle in every one; if it were only to serve each, as a scale for his love to his neighbour.—*P.*

When there was so much talk about the Duke of Chandos being meant under the character of Timon, Mr. Pope wrote a letter to that nobleman: (I suppose to point out some particulars which were incompatible with his character.) The Duke in his answer, said, "he took the application that had been made of it, as a sign of the malice of the town against himself;" and seemed very well satisfied that it was not meant for him.—*P.*

I wrote the law case of the black and white horses, with the help of a lawyer: (by what he added, it was the late Master of the Rolls, Fortescue.)—Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole writer of John Bull; and so was Gay of the Beggar's Opera. I own appearances are against the latter; for it was written in the same house with me and Dr. Swift. He used to communicate the parts of it, as he wrote them, to us; but neither of us did any more than alter an expression here and there.—*P.*

Addison had Budgell, and, I think, Philips, in the house with him.—Gay, they would call one of my *Elèves*.—They were angry with me

for keeping so much with Dr. Swift, and some of the late ministry*.—Parnell was with me too, and had come over from the others, when Lord Oxford was at the head of affairs.—On Parnell's having been introduced into Lord Bolingbroke's company, and speaking afterward of the great pleasure he had in his conversation: Mr. Addison came out with his usual expression, "If he had but as good a heart as he has a head!" and applied to him, "that canker'd Bolingbroke!" from Shakspeare.—*P.*

There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time, and we had not been in company together, for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day.—On his meeting me there, one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till those people (Budgell and Philips†) were gone. We went accordingly, and after dinner Mr. Addison said, "that he had wanted for some time to talk with me: that his friend Tickell, had formerly, whilst at Oxford, trans-

* Lord Bolingbroke was one of my oldest acquaintances. —*Addition from MS. B.*

† "He abused those two gentlemen very much, and said, he hoped that no body could think that he esteemed 'em heartily."—*MS. B.*

lated the first book of the Iliad. That he now designed to print it; and had desired him to look it over: he must, therefore, beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing."—I assured him that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell, that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself: and that publishing both, was entering on a fair stage."—I then added, "that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon." Accordingly, I sent him the second book the next morning; and in a few days he returned it with very high commendation.—Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street, and upon our falling into that subject, the doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having such a translation by him so long. He said, that it was inconceivable to him; and that there must be some mistake in the matter: that he and Tickell were so intimately acquainted at Oxford, that each used

to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things: that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there, without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it, till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business: and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since in a manner as good as owned it to me.—*P.* [When it was introduced in conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope, by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it*.—*Spence.*]

Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me, in coffee-houses, and conversations: Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly.—Lord Warwick † himself told me,

* Lintott, in a letter to Pope, dated June 10, 1715, sending him Tickell's translation, says, "You have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics."—*Editor.*

† "Who was but a weak man himself."—*MS. B.*

one day, "that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and to convince me of what he had said, assured me that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published." The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know, "that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner." I then subjoined the first sketch of what has been since called my satire on Addison.—He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after.—*P.* [Dr. Trapp, who was by at the time of this conversation, said that he wondered how so many people came to imagine that Mr. Pope did not write this copy of verses till after Addison's death: since so many people, and he himself for one, had seen it in Addison's life-time.—*Spence.*]

A fortnight before Addison's death, Lord

Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner "to go and see Mr. Addison;" which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. He received him in the kindest manner, and told him, "that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon: that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him." Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reason to hope for some good preferment*; but all his views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the great men of the former ministry. He did not at all explain himself, in what he had injured him, and Gay could not guess at any thing else, in which he could have injured him so considerably.—*P.*

Wycherley was really angry with me for correcting his verses so much. I was extremely plagued, up and down, for almost two years with them. However, it went off pretty well at last; and it appears, by the edition of Wycherley's Posthumous Works, that he had followed the advice I so often gave him; and that he had gone so far as to make some hun-

* The present family had made strong promises to him.—*MS. B.*

dreds of prose maxims out of his verses.—Those verses that are published, are a mixture of Wycherley's own original lines, with a great many of mine inserted here and there, (but not difficult to be distinguished) and some of Wycherley's softened a little in the running, probably by Theobald, who had the chief care of that edition.—*P.*

Mr. Addison would never alter any thing after a poem was once printed; and was ready to alter almost every thing that was found fault with before.—I believe he did not leave a word unchanged, that I made any scruple against in his Cato*.—*P.* [The last line in that tragedy originally.

"And oh, 'twas this that ended Cato's life."

It was Mr. Pope who suggested the alteration as it stands at present.

"And robs the guilty world of Cato's life."]—SPENCE.

'Tis amazing how Lord Peterborough keeps up his spirits, under so violent and painful an illness, as he is afflicted with. When I went down into Hampshire to see him, a few weeks

* A passage was objected to by Mrs. Oldfield, and Mr. Pope suggested the alteration to "stiffens yet alive."—"So the fair limpid stream, &c."—tautology, a frequent fault of Addison: more such faults in his Campaign than any one would easily imagine.—*P. Addition from MS. B.*

ago, I did not get to him till the dusk of the evening; he was sitting on his couch, and entertaining all the company with as much life and sprightliness of conversation, as if he had been perfectly well: and, when the candles were brought in, I was amazed to see that he looked more like a ghost than a living creature.—Dying as he was, he went from thence to Bristol, and it was there that it was declared that he had no chance for a recovery, but by going through the torture of a very uncommon chirurgical operation; and that even with it, there was a great many more chances against him than for him. However he would go through it; and the very day after set out from Bristol for Bath, in spite of all that St. Andre and the physicians could say to him*.—*P.*

* In a letter of Pope's to Martha Blount, dated August 25, 1735, is the following very interesting account of a subsequent interview at Bevis Mount.—EDITOR.

"I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more when he went to France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had

[It was sometime after this that I saw him at Kensington. I was admitted into his *ruelle*,

any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to his relations, but (since the person who had married them was dead) to remarry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve, into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake, and his teeth chatter; and for some time he lay as cold as death. His wound was dressed, (which is done constantly four times a day) and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the workmen, talked of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no measures before-hand for his journey, but to get a yatcht in which he will set sail, but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore.' I pity the poor woman who is to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one

(for he kept his bed) and every body thought he could not last above five or six days longer: and yet his first speech to me was, "Sir, you have travelled, and know the places; I am resolved to go abroad, which of the two would you think best for me to go to, Lisbon or Naples?" That very day he would rise to sit at dinner with us; and in a little time after actually went to Lisbon.—*Spence.*]

"A general is only a hangman in chief."—*Lord Peterborough.* [They had been just speaking of General Cadogan, and his father.]

"One morning when I went to hear Penn preach, for 'tis my way to be civil to all religions."—*Lord P.*

"I would willingly live to give that rascal (Burnet) the lie in half his history."—*Lord P.* [He had marked both the volumes in several

thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he must be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will.—He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay to dine or sup, &c. ******. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them."

parts of the margin, and carried them with him to Lisbon.—*Pope.*]

" I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume; and are so extremely good, that there has been no alteration wanted in any one of them, ever since Sir William made them. —They have no lawyers. Every one is to tell his own case, or some friend for him; they have four persons, as judges, on the bench; and after the case has been fully laid down, on both sides, all the four draw lots; and he on whom the lot falls decides the question.— 'Tis a fine country, and the people are neither oppressed by poor's-rates, tythes, nor taxes.— *Lord P.*

Under James the First, which was absolutely the worst reign we ever had, except perhaps that of James the Second.—*Pope.*

There is this difference, among others, between soft and sweet verses; that the former may be very effeminate, whereas the latter are not at all so.—*P.*

" Which, sir, do you look upon as our best age for poetry?"—Why, the last, I think; but now the old are all gone, and the young ones seem to have no emulation among them.—*P.*

When Atterbury was in the Tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, " What shall

we do with the man?" Lord Cadogan answered: "Fling him to the lions." The bishop was told of this: and soon after, in a letter to Mr. Pope, said, that he had fallen upon some verses in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extremely severe lines against Lord Cadogan: and in the last, in particular, he called him

"A bold, bad, blundering, blustering, bloody booby."—*P.*

I never could speak in public: and I don't believe that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them, with a great deal of pleasure.—When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester, in his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, (how that bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley) I made two or three blunders in it: and that notwithstanding the first row of lords, (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance.—*P.*

The Bishop of Rochester's speech*, as it is

* A copy of the bishop's speech was taken in short-hand (by order of the ministry) for the use of Mr. Wearg, one of the king's council, soon after made solicitor general, for his exertions on this occasion. It was printed by Woodward and Peele, from a copy sold them by Wearg's clerk!—Francklin had another short-hand copy, taken by a different

printed, could not be as he spoke it. I was there all the while. Both the bishop, and myself, minded the time; when he began, and when he left off. He was two hours in speaking it; and, as it is printed, you can't well be above an hour reading it.—"Was not there an act of parliament read in the midst of it?"—No, I don't remember that there was: but he was indulged to sit down for two or three minutes, to rest himself a little between the speaking.—*P.*

That very hot copy of verses against King William and Queen Mary, in this volume of the State Poems*, was written by the famous Mr. Manwaring: though he was so great a whig afterwards, on his acquaintance with Lord Hallifax.—"Are not there several of Lord Dorset's pieces in these State Poems?"—Yes, I have met with two or three, in dipping about this volume already.—*P.*

person, which they were forced to buy off, and burnt the sheets. The two copies agreed verbatim.—*Peele.* Hoadly answered this speech of Atterbury's distinctly and fully, in several letters published in the London Journal, under the name of Britannicus. In the whole course of this dispute, the printed speech was always considered the right one; and was never denied to be so by the bishop or his friends.—All the letters in the London Journal about that time, signed Britannicus, were Hoadly's—1758.—*Spence.*

* Vol. iii. p. 319, Tarquin and Tullia.

Many people would like my Ode on Music better, if Dryden had not written on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote mine*; and not with any thought of rivalling that great man, whose memory I do and always have reverenced.—*P.*

That picture of Dr. Swift is very like him. Though his face has a look of dullness in it, he has very particular eyes: they are quite azure as the heavens, and there's a very uncommon archness in them.—*P.*

When Swift and I were once in the country for some time together, I happened one day to be saying, "that if a man was to take notice of the reflections that came into his mind on a sudden as he was walking in the fields, or sauntering in his study, there might be several of them perhaps as good as his most deliberate thoughts."—On this hint, we both agreed to write down all the volunteer reflections that should thus come into our heads, all the time we staid there. We did so: and this was what afterwards furnished out the maxims published in our miscellanies. Those at the end of one volume are mine; and those in the other Dr. Swift's.—*P.*

* Steele's note, requesting his assistance, is dated July 26, 1711.—*Editor.*

Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing, for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. He began on it, and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice: but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, "It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly."—We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "it will do,—it must do!—I see it in the eyes of them."—This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the duke, (besides his own good taste) has a more particular knack than any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared

stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.—*P.*

Gay was remarkable for an unwillingness to offend the great, by any of his writings: he had an uncommon timidity upon him, in relation to any thing of that sort. And yet you see what ill luck he had that way, after all his care not to offend!—*P.*

"People have pitied you extremely, on reading your letters to Wycherley: surely 'twas a very difficult thing for you to keep well with him?"—The most difficult thing in the world.—He lost his memory (forty years before he died) by a fever, and would repeat the same thought, sometimes in the compass of ten lines, and did not dream of its being inserted but just before: when you pointed it out to him, he would say, "Gads-so, so it is! I thank you very much:—pray blot it out."—He had the same single thoughts, (which were very good) come into his head again, that he had used twenty years before. His memory did not carry above a sentence at a time. These single sentences were good, but the whole was without connexion; and good for nothing but to be flung into maxims.—"In spite of his good sense, I could never read his plays with true pleasure, from the general stiffness of the style!"

—"Ay, that was occasioned by his always studying for antitheses."—*P.*

The chronology of Wycherley's plays I am well acquainted with, for he has told it me over and over. "Love in a Wood," he wrote when he was but nineteen; "The Gentleman Dancing-master," at twenty-one; "The Plain Dealer," at twenty-five: and "The Country Wife," at one or two and thirty.—*P.*

Dr. Swift has told me that he was born in the town of Leicester; and that his father was minister of a parish in Herefordshire*.—*P.*

Addison used to speak often very slightingly of Budgell, "One that calls me cousin†,"—

* This appears singular; Pope probably misunderstood the dean, for it is pretty certain that he was born in Dublin. Pope, however, seems to have been convinced he was right, for in a letter to Swift he calls England his *native country.* Swift would often say, when he was provoked at the ingratitude of Ireland, "I am not of this vile country, I am an Englishman;" but, in cooler moments, he never denied that he was born in Dublin, and sometimes even pointed out the house in which he was born.—Pope has said his *father* instead of his *grandfather,* in the latter part of this article.—*Editor.*

† There must be some inaccuracy in this story, for poor Budgell was in fact a cousin of Addison's, and appears to have been very early in life patronized by him. When Addison was made secretary to Lord Wharton, in 1710, he appointed Budgell his clerk. His papers in the Spectator are marked X. and those by him in the Guardian are distinguished by an asterisk.—His melancholy end was accelerated by distressed circumstances, brought on by repeated

" the man that stamped himself into my acquaintance, &c."—*P.* [When Addison was first in town, in lodgings, Budgell lodged in the room over his. He walked much, and was troublesome to him. One night Addison was so tired of the noise that he invited him down to sup with him; and that began their acquaintance.—*Spence.*]

Inconsistent as the Duke of Marlborough's character may appear to you, yet, may it be accounted for, if you gauge his actions by his reigning passion, which was the love of money. He endeavoured, at the same time, to be well both at Hanover and at St. Germains; this surprised you a good deal when I first told you of it; but the plain meaning of it was only this, that he wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together, whichever should succeed.—He was calm in the heat of battle; and when he was so near being taken prisoner (in his first campaign) in Flanders, he was quite unmoved. It is true, he was like to lose his life in the one, and his liberty in the other; but there was none of his money at stake in either.—This mean passion of that great man, operated very strongly in him in the very be-

acts of indiscretion; he drowned himself by springing from a boat into the Thames, his pockets being filled with stones, in the year 1737.—*Editor.*

ginning of his life, and continued to the very end of it.—One day, as he was looking over some papers in his scrutoire with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the little drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it. After viewing them for some time, with a satisfaction that appeared very visibly on his face; "Cadogan, (said he) observe these pieces well! they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them: 'tis the very first *sum* I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken, from that time to this day." This shows how early, and how strongly, this passion must have been upon him; as another little affair, which happened in his last decline, at Bath, may serve (among many others) to show how miserably it continued to the end. He was playing there with Dean Jones at piquet, for sixpence a game; they played a good while, and the Duke left off when winner of one game. Some time after, he desired the Dean to pay him his sixpence, the Dean said he had no silver; the Duke asked him for it over and over, and at last desired that he would change a guinea to pay it him, because he should want it to pay the chair that carried him home.—The Dean, after so much pressing, did at last get change; paid the Duke his sixpence; observed him a little after leave the room, and

declares, that (after all the bustle that had been made for his sixpence) the Duke actually walked home, to save the little expense a chair would have put him to.—*P.*

Lord Cadogan appeared shamefully at the Duke of Marlborough's funeral. He showed his pleasure in his face, and in his actions. All his behaviour on that occasion looked more like an exultation that he himself was going to be chief, than an attendance of that man to his grave, who had been the entire making of him. —*P.*

"I was extremely inclined to have gone to Lisbon with Lord Peterborough."—"That might have done you good indeed, as to your health; but it must have been a very melancholy thing for you to be so entirely (as you would have been) with a person in his condition."—"That's true: but if you consider how I should have been employed all the time, in nursing and attending a sick friend, that thought would have made it agreeable."—*P.*

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—*P.*

You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be the reason why I like the epitaph on the Count of Mirandula* so well.—Some time ago I made a parody of it for a man of very opposite character—

> Here lies Lord Coningsby; be civil,
> The rest God knows, perhaps the devil.—POPE.

I paid Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but two days before he died†; I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life.—*P.*

" Did you never hear Sir Godfrey's dream?"

> * Johannes jacet hic Mirandola: cætera norunt
> Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

† It was upon this occasion the following conversation is said to have occurred; the authority for it, is the younger Richardson.—Mr. Pope was sitting by Sir Godfrey's bed-side, and seeing him so impatient at the thoughts of going, had told him, he had been a very good man, and no doubt would go to a better place:—" Ah, my good friend, Mr. Pope, (said he) I wish God would let me stay at Whitton."—*Editor.*

—"No."—"Why then I'll tell it you.—A night or two ago (said Sir Godfrey) I had a very odd sort of dream. I dreamt that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on toward them.—As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some other of the apostles; they were admitting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company, I could see several seats, every way, at a little distance within the door. As the first, after my coming up, approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion.—I am a Roman Catholic, replied the spirit. Go in then, says St. Peter, and sit down on those seats there on the right hand. The next was a Presbyterian: he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seats opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke (who was standing just by) turned toward me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness—"What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?"—"The very same, sir,

(says I) at your service."—On this St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in this world: He entered so far into the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said; "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you!—But, apropos, pray, Sir, what religion may you be of?—"Why truly, Sir, (says I) I am of no religion."—"O, Sir, (says he) you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."—*P.*

My letter to Mr. Addison on a Future State, was designed as an imitation of the style of the Spectators; and there are several cant phrases of the Spectator in it.—*P.* [As "Scale of beings," and some others which he mentioned.]

My letters to Cromwell were written with a design that does not generally appear; they were not written in sober sadness.—*P.*

The piece to prove that all learning was derived from the Monkeys in Ethiopia, was written by me, and (I think he added) Dr. Arbuthnot. It made part of the Memoirs of

Scriblerus. The design of it was to ridicule such as build general assertions upon two or three loose quotations from the ancients.—*P.*

There is nothing more foolish than to pretend to be sure of knowing a great writer by his style.—*P.* [Mr. Pope seemed fond of this opinion. I have heard him mention it several times, and he has printed it as well as said it. But, I suppose, he must speak of writers when they use a borrowed style, and not when they write their own. He himself had the greatest compass, in imitating styles, that I ever knew in any man: and he had it partly from his method of instructing himself, after he was out of the hands of his bad masters, which was, at first, almost wholly by imitation. Mr. Addison did not discover Mr. Pope's style, in the letter on Pastorals, which he published in the Guardian; but then that was a disguised style. Mr. Pope had certainly a style of his own, which was very distinguishable. Mr. Browne, in his imitations of the styles of several different sorts of poets, has pointed it out strongly; and Mr. Pope used to speak of those likenesses as very just and very well taken. It is much the same in writing as in painting; a painter (who has a good manner of his own, and a good talent for copying),

may quite drop his own manner in his copies, and yet be very easy to be distinguished in his originals.—*Spence.*]

Lord Bolingbroke wrote the long inscription, on the column set up in honour of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim.—"I own I should have thought that too stiff for so fine and easy a writer as Lord Bolingbroke?"—"What may seem too stiff to you in it, is from that Lord's imitating the best old inscription style on that occasion."—*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke is something superior to any thing I have seen in human nature. You know I don't deal much in hyperboles: I quite think him what I say.—*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke is much the best writer of the age.—Nobody knows half the extent of his excellencies, but two or three of his most intimate friends.—Whilst abroad, he wrote, "A consolation to a man in exile;" so much in Seneca's style, that was he living now among us, one should conclude that he had written every word of it. He also wrote several strictures on the Roman affairs (something like what Montesquieu published afterwards) among which there were many excellent observations.—*P.*

Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that

England (or perhaps any country) ever produced.—*P.*

One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.—*P.*

When a man is much above the rank of men, who can he have to converse with?—*P.* [He had been speaking of Lord Bacon, and Lord Bolingbroke, a little before: this reflection seems to have arisen in his mind, in relation to one, or, perhaps, both of them.—*Spence.*]

I was born in the year 1688.—My Essay on Criticism was written in 1709; and published in 1711; which is as little time as ever I let any thing of mine lay by me.—*P.*

Sir William Davenant's Gondibert is not a good poem, if you take it in the whole; but there are a great many good things in it.—He is a scholar of Donne's, and took his sententiousness and metaphysics from him.—*P.*

The burlesque prologue to one of Sir William Davenant's plays began with this couplet:

> "You who stand sitting still to hear our play,
> Which we to-night present you here to-day."—*P.*

I don't think Dryden so bad a dramatic writer as you seem to do. There are as many things finely said in his plays, as almost by

any body. Beside his three best, (All for Love, Don Sebastian, and the Spanish Fryar,) there are others that are good: as, Sir Martin Mar-all, Limberham, and The Conquest of Mexico. His Wild Gallant was written while he was a boy, and is very bad.—All his plays are printed in the order they were written.—*P.*

Dryden, in his "Spanish Fryar," speaking of the bad titles of kings growing good by time, had said,

> "So when clay's buried for a hundred years,
> It starts forth china."

Betterton found fault with it, as mean, and Dryden omitted it.—*Dr. Trapp, from Betterton.*

It is easy to mark out the general course of our poetry. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, are the great land-marks for it.—*P.*

[It is plain that he was speaking of our miscellaneous writers, by his omitting Shakspeare, and other considerable names in the dramatic way. His own name, added to the four he mentioned, would complete the series of our great poets in general.—*Spence.*]

It was King Charles the Second who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem called "The Medal." One day, as the king was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, "If I was a poet, and I think I am

poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner:' and then gave him the plan for it.—Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as it was finished to the king, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it.—[This was said by a priest that I often met at Mr. Pope's: and he seemed to confirm it; adding, that King Charles obliged Dryden to put his Oxford speech into verse, and to insert it toward the close of his Absalom and Achitophel.—*Spence.*]

When the same priest was saying, that in the disputes between the Catholics and Protestants in James the Second's reign, their cause had not so good hands to defend it as it deserved.—Mr. Pope said, "Sir, I beg your pardon, we had really some very clever men, engaged on our side, as well as some very wretched ones.—[He mentioned Whitehead;—a piece called *Pax Vobis;* another called *Fiat Lux;* and some other persons and pieces, the names of which I have forgot.—*P.*

Chaucer and his contemporaries, borrowed a good deal from the Provençal poets: the best account of whom, in our language, is in Rymer's piece on Tragedy.—"Rymer a learned and strict critic?"—"Ay, that's exactly his character. He is generally right, though

rather too severe in his opinion of the particular plays he speaks of; and is, on the whole, one of the best critics we ever had."—*P.*

Skelton's poems are all low and bad: there's nothing in them that's worth reading.—*P.* [Mr. Cleland, who was by, added, that the Tunning of Ellinor Rummin, in that author's works, was taken from a poem of Lorenzo de' Medici's.—*Spence.*]

Cowley is a fine poet, in spite of all his faults. —He, as well as Davenant, borrowed his metaphysical style from Donne.—Sprat a worse Cowley.—*P.*

Creech hurt his translation of Lucretius very much, by imitating Cowley, and bringing in turns [of expression], even into some of the most grand parts. He has done more justice to Manilius than he has to Lucretius.—"That was much easier to do?"—"That's true."—"No, he could never be of the high age,' (speaking of Manilius.)—*P.*

Shakspeare generally used to stiffen his style with high words and metaphors for the speeches of his kings and great men: he mistook it for a mark of greatness.—This is strongest in his early plays; but in his very last, his Othello, what a forced language has he put into the mouth of the Duke of Ve-

nice? *—This was the way of Chapman, Massinger, and all the tragic writers of those days.—[It was mighty simple in Rowe, to write a play now, professedly in Shakspeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.]—*P.* †.

Milton's style, in his Paradise Lost, is not natural; 'tis an exotic style.—As his subject lies a good deal out of our world, it has a particular propriety in those parts of the poem: and, when he is on earth, wherever he is describing our parents in Paradise, you see he uses a more easy and natural way of writing.—Though his formal style may fit the higher parts of his own poem, it does very ill for others who write on natural and pastoral subjects. Philips, in his Cyder, has succeeded extremely well in his imitation of it, but was quite wrong in endeavouring to imitate it on such a subject.—*P.*

* Dr. Young observed to me, that Shakspeare's style, where the hearts and manners of men was the subject, is always good; his bad lines, generally, where they are not concerned. 1759.—*Spence: from MS. B.*

† Mr. Spence, in a note, says of this paragraph, "Omitted in vellum Copy," i.e. I presume, in the MS. now in the Duke of Newcastle's library. It would have been as well for Pope's reputation as a critic if it had never been recorded. *Editor.*

Lord Bathurst used to call Prior his verse-man, and Lewis his prose-man.—Prior, indeed, was nothing out of verse: and was less fit for business, than even Addison, though he piqued himself much upon his talents for it.—What a simple thing was it to say upon his tombstone, that he was writing a history of his own times! —He could not write in a style fit for history; and, I dare say, he never had set down a word toward any such thing *.—*P.*

Mr. Addison could not give out a common order in writing, from his endeavouring always to word it too finely †.—He had too beautiful an imagination to make a man of business.—*P.*

Sir Isaac Newton, though so deep in Algebra and Fluxions, could not readily make up a common account: and, when he was Master of the Mint, used to get somebody to make up his accounts for him.—*P.*

Milton was a great master of the Italian Poets; and I have been told, that what he

* In this Mr. Pope was mistaken, for this history of his own times was subsequently given to the world: it is indeed poorly written enough.—*Editor.*

† Confirmed by Dr. L—'s Account of Russel.—Lord Oxford said, one day before Mr. Sandys (son to Lord Sandys), "this fellow can't write a common letter," and snatched the pen out of Addison's hand, and wrote it himself.—*Spence, from pencil note in MS. B.*

himself wrote in Italian is in exceeding good Italian.—I can't think that he ever meant to make a tragedy of his Fall of Man. At least I have Andreini's *Adamo;* and don't find that he has taken any thing from it.—*P.*

In Queen Elizabeth's time, and a great deal lower, people went from hence to Italy for manners, as they do now to France. Ascham has a severe letter upon it; and there are many passages relating to it in Shakspeare, and several other of our old dramatic writers.

The Profound, though written in so ludicrous a way, may be very well worth reading seriously, as an art of rhetoric.—*P.*

I have so much of the materials for the Memoirs of Scriblerus ready, that I could complete the first part in three or four days.—*P.*

It is idle to say that letters should be written in an easy familiar style: that, like most other general rules, will not hold. The style, in letters as in all other things, should be adapted to the subject.—Many of Voiture's letters on gay subjects, are excellent; and so are Cicero's, and several of Pliny's and Seneca's, on serious subjects.—I do not think so ill even of Balzac, as you seem to do; there are certainly a great many good things in his letters, though he is too apt to run into affectation and bombast.—The Bishop of Roches-

ter's letter is on a grave subject (on the Value of Time), and therefore should be grave.—*P.* [On my having said that a friend of mine thought that letter of the Bishop's too stiff.—*Spence.*]

I began translating the Iliad in my twenty-fifth year, (1712), and it took up that, and five years more, to finish it.—Mr. Dryden, though they always talk of his being hurried so much, was as long in translating Virgil: but, indeed, he wrote plays and other things in the same period *.—*P.*

Hutcheson is a very odd man, and a very bad writer: but he has struck out very great lights, and made very considerable discoveries

* Mr. Malone observes on this passage, "It is strange that this great poet, who lived so near the time, should have been so inaccurate in his account of his predecessor's performance; for during the period in which this translation was made, Dryden certainly wrote not a single play; and the work, instead of consuming six years, employed but half that time. It appears to have been began in the summer of 1694 —— was probably sent to the press in the beginning of 1697; and published in the following July ——. It is painful to learn, from Dryden's letter to Tonson, that he would have made the annotations on this work much more ample, but that the bookseller would not make him any compensation for them. "I am sorry, (says he) that you would not allow any thing towards the notes; for to make them good, would have cost half a year's time at least..... It would require seven years to translate Virgil exactly." *Life of Dryden*, p. 234.

by the way: as I have heard from people who know ten times more of those matters than I do.—"Does Lord Bolingbroke understand Hebrew?"—No, but he understands that sort of learning, and what is wrote about it.—*P.*

Lord Oxford was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. —It was he who advised Rowe to learn Spanish; and after all his pains and expectations, only said; "Then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."—"Was not that cruel?"—"I don't believe it was meant so; it was more like his odd way."—*P.*

The works of Pindar that remain to us, are by no means equal to his great character.—His Dithyrambics, which were his best things, are lost; and all that is left of his works being on the same subject, is the more apt to be tiresome.—This is what induced me to desire Mr. West not to translate the whole, but only to choose out some of them.—*P.*

Monsieur St. Evremond would talk for ever. He was a great epicure, and as great a sloven. He lived, you know, to a great old age, and in the latter part of his life, used to be always feeding his ducks; or the fowls that he kept in his chamber. He had a great variety of these, and other sorts of animals, all over his house.

He used always to say, "that when we grow old, and our own spirits decay, it re-animates one, to have a number of living creatures about one, and to be much with them."—*P.*

The French translation of my Essay on Man, gives the sense very well, and lays it more open: which may be of good service to Mr. Dobson in any passages where he may find himself obliged to enlarge a little.—*P.*

[About this time (1736), Lord Oxford was very desirous of having the Essay on Man translated into Latin verse. Mr. Dobson had got a great deal of reputation by his translation of Pryor's Solomon.—On my mentioning something of the difficulties which would attend the translation of his essay, Mr. Pope said, "If any man living could do it Dobson could:" And by his desire I engaged that gentleman to undertake it. Lord Oxford was to give him a hundred guineas for it. He began upon it, and I think translated all the first epistle: what I showed of it to Lord Oxford and Mr. Pope was very well approved of.—It was then that Mr. Benson offered to give the same gentleman a thousand pounds, if he would translate Milton's Paradise Lost. He told me of that offer, as inclined to close with it if he could; and on my mentioning it to Lord Oxford and Mr. Pope, they readily re-

leased him from his first engagement, and so left him at full liberty to enter upon the other. —*Spence.*]

As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, whilst he was drawing a picture, he stopped and said, "I can't do so well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, pray flatter me, Mr. Pope! you know I love to be flattered."—I was once willing to try how far his vanity would carry him: and after considering a picture which he had just finished, for a good while, very attentively; I said to him in French (for he had been talking for some time before in that language), "On lit dans les Ecritures Saintes, que le bon Dieu faisoit l'homme après son image: mais, je crois, que s'il voudroit faire un autre à présent, qu'il le feroit après l'image que voilà."—Sir Godfrey turned round, and said very gravely,—"Vous avez raison, Mons. Pope; par Dieu, je le crois aussi *."—*P.*

* The following anecdotes of Sir Godfrey Kneller, some of which were derived also from Pope, are related by the younger Richardson, and were given to the world in a posthumous publication, but little known, entitled, "Richardsoniana; or, Occasional Reflections on the Moral Nature of Man, 8vo. 1776," they are too characteristic and curious to be omitted here.—*Editor.*

Gay read a copy of verses he had made on Sir Godfrey Kneller, to him, in which he had pushed his flattery so far, that he was all the while in great apprehension that Sir

Godfrey would think himself bantered. When he had heard them through, he said, in his foreign style and accent: "Ay, Mr. Gay, all what you have said is very fine, and very true; but you have forgot one thing, my good friend, by G—, I should have been a general of an army; for when I was at Venice, there was a *Girandole*, and all the Place St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr. Gay; I should have been a great general, Mr. Gay!"

"By G—, I love you, Mr. Cock, (said Sir Godfrey Kneller to Cock the auctioneer), and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another."—*Pope.*

Old Jacob Tonson got a great many fine pictures, and two of himself, from him, by this means. Sir Godfrey was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great glutton; so he played these passions against the other; besides telling him he was the greatest master that ever was, sending him, every now and then, a haunch of venison, and dozens of excellent claret.—"O, my G—, man, (said he once to Vander Gutcht), this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you see he loves me, he sends me good things; the venison was fat."—Old Geekie, the surgeon, got several fine pictures of him too, and an excellent one of himself; but then he had them cheaper, for he gave nothing but praises; but then his praises were as fat as Jacob's venison; neither could be too fat for Sir Godfrey.—*Pope.*

Secretary Craggs brought Dick Estcourt once to Sir Godfrey Kneller's, where he mimicked several persons whom he knew; as Lords Godolphin, Somers, Hallifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily: then they gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself; who cried "Nay, now you are out, man; by G—, that is not me."

END OF SECTION IV.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION V*. 1737...39.

THE noble collection of pictures in the Palais Royal at Paris, cost the Regent above a million of Louis d'ors. In particular the St. Joseph, little Jesus, and Virgin, cost fifteen thousand livres (or six hundred and twenty-five guineas), the little St. John, Jesus, and Virgin, thirty thousand livres; and the St. John in the Wilderness, fifty thousand livres.—The picture of a Muleteer, in that collection, was painted by Correggio, and served for a good while as a sign to a little public-house by the road side. It has still the marks in the upper corners of

* The fifth and sixth centuries (or sections), of these Anecdotes, according to Mr. Spence's division, are here blended into *one;* because it has been deemed proper to omit all those observations on Virgil by Mr. Holdsworth, which were printed in Warton's Virgil, or in the publication of Mr. Spence from Mr. Holdsworth's papers; and a few other articles on very unimportant or uninteresting subjects. —*Editor.*

its having been doubled in for that purpose. The man who kept the house had been a muleteer, and had on some occasion obliged Correggio a good deal, on the road. He set him up, and painted his sign for him. The persons who were sent into Italy to collect pictures for the Regent, met with this sign, and bought it. It cost five hundred guineas. —This gallery was painted by (the best) Coypel. "Surely it is hardly worthy of him."—That is because it has bad neighbours. It might do very well in any other palace in Paris, but must look poor, and unaffecting to you, after having passed through the other rooms.—"But I think those pictures on the roof are much better than these on the walls?" —That's very true: Coypel painted the roof first, and between the painting of the ceiling and the sides, he took to dram-drinking, which soon spoiled his hand: and so much the sooner, because he had previously been a water-drinker.—*The Officer who showed us the Palace.*

[At the Count of Toulouse's gallery, the officer said, "My Lord is the best of masters; but alas! he grows very old, and, I fear, can't last long: I would with all my heart, give ten years out of my own life to prolong his, if it could be done."—Upon seeing us

affected by what he had said; he added: "that this was no great merit in him; that most of his fellow-servants, he believed, would be willing to do the same: that the goodness of their master to them, and the greatness of their affection for him, was so remarkable and so well known, that a friend of the Count's once said to him; 'I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people thus about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarce any one of them that would not die to save your life.'—'That may be, (replied the Count), but I would not have any one of them die, to save it.'"]

Mr. Addison staid above a year at Blois.—He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie a bed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter.—He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful: sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and staid five minutes there, before he has known any thing of it.—He had his masters, generally, at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour whilst here, that I know of; and I think I should have known it, if he had had any *.—*Abbé Philippeaux, of Blois.*

* [The strange story that the Abbé Morei told, as the cause of the redness in his cheeks;—a blow from an invi-

"We have two millions of religious, (men and women of all sorts), and only twenty millions of souls in France:" said a sensible priest of the order of St. Genevière at Blois.—I said our computation was about two hundred thousand ecclesiastics for France.—He laughed at that, as extremely short of their numbers; and, by his computation, made it one tenth part of the whole population, instead of one hundredth only.—Whereas our clergy in England, is but one four hundredth part of the people, computing the people at eight millions. How much would it tend toward the enslaving and impoverishing the country, should we ever happen to have a Popish prince, and grow as zealous Catholics as they are in France?—*Spence.*

Father Courayer was the most amiable man, and was, in fact, the most generally beloved of any one I know in our order.—I have heard the Abbé Bignon, (who is as good a judge of writing as any man living), say, "that he looked on Courayer as the best pen in France."—Courayer is, as Father Paul was

sible hand, in an old castle in Normandy.—*Spence.*]—This hint follows the above article in the MS. B. so often referred to, whether it relates to Addison or not, does not appear. I have not been fortunate enough to meet with the original memorandum paper.—*Editor.*

before him, a Catholic by profession, but a Protestant in his particular tenets *.—*The same Priest.*

Rousseau is now grown old; he was, for a long time our only poet: now Voltaire may share that honour with him; and is next to him both in merit and reputation.—*Abbé Boileau, at Tours.*

Corneille's middle plays (for you know they are published in the order in which they were written), are his only good ones.—He has a greater variety of characters, and those more distinguished than Racine's. One should set his good plays only against those of the latter, which are in all but six; and Corneille has nine or ten good ones.—*Abbé B.*

The Spectators, though there are so many bad ones among them, make themselves read still. All Addison's are allowed to be good, and many of Steele's.—Gulliver was received but indifferently, at first, among us; but pleased much after people had entered more into the humour of it.—*Abbé B.*

Ramsay wrote his Cyrus in imitation of Fenelon, and perhaps had some papers of his to help him in that work. That got him some reputation; but it is fallen again by the pub-

* His words were "Paolo est, comme lui, Catholique en gros et Protestant en détail."

lishing of his Turenne. Every body is angry with him for that history, because Turenne's is a favourite character among us; and every body complains that he has not written up to the dignity of his subject.—The Commentaries of Turenne are much better written, and have a good deal of Julius Cæsar's manner in them.—*Abbé B.*

Old Fontenelle has done a great deal of hurt to our language.—*Abbé B.* [I have often heard Ramsay complain of the same. He used to say that he was the chief corrupter of the French language, by introducing so many new words and expressions; and writing with so much wit:—numbers endeavour to imitate him, take the same liberties, and aim at nothing but to shine. Particular instances of his faults, and those of his imitators, are pointed out in the Memoirs of the Calotte.—*Spence.*]

Mons. Le Sage writes for bread. He has published Gusman d'Alfarache, and always keeps to Spanish scenes.—"Has he ever been in that country?"—Yes, I think, he has.—He is a very worthy good man, and cheerful though so extremely deaf; and even gay in company, by the help of a *cornette.*—*Abbé Colvil, of Tours.*

Marivaux overflows: he begins well, but he does not know where to leave off.—*Abbé C.*

It is very often from our own ignorance, and not from any fault in them, that the old writers seem to contradict one another, and sometimes themselves so strangely. What seems to us to be downright contradiction in them, is sometimes nothing but different ways of expressing the very same thing.—*Mr. Holdsworth* *.

* It has been mentioned, at the head of this section, that parts are omitted, because the substance of them had been already published in the "Remarks and Observations on Virgil, with other Classical Observations;" edited by Mr. Spence, in 1768. In the Preface to that work, Mr. Spence, says, "Mr. Holdsworth's excellent taste for poetry, and his superior talents in classical learning, and particularly in poetical criticism, have been as well known, and allowed as universally, as any person's of the age we live in.—He made more journeys to Italy than perhaps any gentleman of his age; and studied Virgil's works, in particular, on the very spot where he wrote them."—"His principal aim was to acquire a more perfect insight into the Georgics; of which he intended to have given a new edition.—Mr. Holdsworth's last years were attended with almost constant ill-health, which prevented his setting his last hand to the work."—"Several other observations of this kind I had been acquainted with many years before his death: I first having had the happiness of meeting with him at Florence in 1732; and of being favoured with a great degree of his intimacy and friendship. He soon communicated his design, and particular thoughts on Virgil to me with the greatest freedom. I took notes, that I might not lose his thoughts, which were so very valuable to me."—"Of the remarks which I could remember from his conversation, many have been already printed in the Virgil

The *Arar and Rhodanus* in Livy, should be the *Isara and Rhodanus*.—That historian, in mentioning those two rivers, says, that they both come from the Alps; which is true of the *Isara*, and not of the *Arar*. This is the river which we pass and repass so often, in going from Lyons to Mount Cenis; it falls into the Rhone near Valence.—*H.*

Hannibal, according to Livy, did not go over Mount Cenis; but passed a little on the right of it: and others will have it, that he passed so much on the left as Mount St. Bernard; but then he would not have come into the country of the *Taurini*, so soon as by all accounts he did.—*H.*

Polybius is much more to be trusted, in his account of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, than any other historian. He lived but a little after Hannibal's time; and went himself to trace his marches over those mountains. He makes him pass a little on the left of Mount Cenis; and descend into the Milanese. That road had been often used before; and Hannibal was invited over by a Regulus of the Boii, a people that lived in the Milanese, who were

published by the ingenious Mr. Warton."—These publications are well known to the classical reader of taste, and the few articles which I have retained, are such as from their nature did not find a place in them.—*Editor.*

at enmity with the Taurini.—*H.* [Mr. Holdsworth spoke slightingly of Livy in general, for his beautifying and making *fine* speeches rather than *true* ones; and being more of a romance-writer, than an historian. He commended Polybius for a good and solid writer, and one that might be safely confided in.—*Spence.*]

One of Martial's friends had a delightful villa near Rome; which he celebrates and points out very distinctly (Lib. i. Epig. 64). It was on that delicious little hill where the Villa Madama now stands: the garden theatre is still shown, in which they acted Guarinis's Pastor Fido; and where Barclay wrote his Argenis.—*H.*

What they now show for a *Temple* of Janus in the Forum Boarium, was only an open place there, of which they had one in all their forums, (like the openings under part of our market-houses,) for the convenience of people to deal and converse in when it rained. The Romans using the name of *Janus* for an open arch, probably led people into this mistake.—*H.*

The *Lacus Fucinus* could not have been drained all at once: Claudius began upon it; and Suetonius, says, the work was, *invidia successoris intermissum,* (Claud. C. 21). People

have puzzled themselves so much, and accused Suetonius of contradicting himself, in his account of this matter, purely from their own ignorance, and having got it into their heads that all the water must have been let out at the same time *. Claudius actually sunk it twice, and then probably quitted his design, on finding it so rocky, that the ground would have been good for nothing.—*H.*

The Greeks of old were of as romantic a turn as the Spaniards in more modern times; and possibly might deal as much in romances. The Εφεσιακα of Xenophon the Ephesian, is a remainder of this kind, which might have been as unknown to us as the rest, had not our friend Dr. Cocchi found it out in the Lorenzo Library, and published it.—*H.*

Mr. Addison originally designed to have

* The Lake is thirty miles round; so that if the ground had proved good it would have been a considerable acquisition. The drain remains, through which Claudius carried off part of the water. Mr. Holdsworth's curiosity carried him so far into it, and the place was so filled with damp, stagnant water, and vapour, that it gave him a rheumatism, which often returned, and hung about him as long as he lived. How much do I wish that Claudius had either never began, or had quite finished that work, and stopped up his drain! For it seems to have much contributed toward shortening the days of one of the most intelligent of men, and one of the most sincere of friends.—*Spence.*

taken orders*; and was diverted from that design, by being sent abroad in so encouraging a manner. It was from thence that he began to think of public posts; as being made Secretary of State at last, and sinking in his character by it, turned him back again to his first thought. He had latterly an eye toward the lawn: and it was then that he began his Evidences of Christianity: and had a design of translating all the Psalms, for the use of churches. Five or six of them that he did translate, were published in the Spectators.—*Pope.*

Mr. Pope's first education was under a priest, and I think his name was Banister. He set out with the design of teaching him Latin and Greek together.—"I was then about eight years old, had learnt to read of an old aunt, and to write by copying printed books. —After having been under that priest about a year, I was sent to the seminary at Twiford, and then to a school by Hyde Park Corner: and with the two latter masters lost what I

* He himself speaks of this design in the close of his verses to Sacheveral; written in 1694.

"I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell."

had gained under the first.—About twelve years old, I went with my father into the Forest, and there learned for a few months, under a fourth priest.—This was all the teaching I ever had, and, God knows, it extended a very little way.

"When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry: and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design, but that of pleasing myself: and got the languages, by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read; rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed every where as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fall in his way.—These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.—*P.*

"In these rambles of mine through the poets; when I met with a passage, or story, that pleased me more than ordinary, I used to endeavour to imitate it, or translate it into English; and this gave rise to my Imitations published so long after.—*P.* [He named, among other books he then read, the Criticisms of Rapin and Bossu; and these might

be what led him to write his Essay on Criticism. He used to mention Quintilian too as an old favourite author with him.—*Spence.*]

"It was while I lived in the Forest, that I got so well acquainted with Sir William Trumbull, who loved very much to read and talk of the classics in his retirement. We used to take a ride out together, three or four days in the week, and at last, almost every day.—Another of my earliest acquaintance was Walsh. I was with him at his seat in Worcestershire, for a good part of the summer of 1705, and showed him my Essay on Criticism in 1706. Walsh died the year after.—I was early acquainted with Lord Lansdown, Garth, Betterton, and Wycherley, and, not long after, with St. John."—*P.*

The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair, was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance and well-wisher to both, desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote the Rape of the Lock; which was well received, and had its effect in the two families.—Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time.

He could not bear, that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense.—Copies of the poem got about, and it was like to be printed; on which I published the first draught of it (without the machinery), in a Miscellany of Tonson's*. The machinery was added afterwards, to make it look a little more considerable, and the scheme of adding it was much liked and approved of by several of my friends, and particularly by Dr. Garth: who, as he was one of the best natured men in the world, was very fond of it.—*P.* [I have been assured by a most intimate friend of Mr. Pope's, that the Peer in the Rape of the Lock was Lord Petre; the person who desired Mr. Pope to write it, old Mr. Caryl, of Sussex; and that what was said of Sir George Brown in it, was the very picture of the man.—*Spence.*]

My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712: I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond of his conversation. It was very soon after, that Mr. Addison advised me "Not to be content with the applause of half the nation." He used to talk much and often to me, of mode-

* This is not quite correct, it was in a Miscellany printed by Bernard Lintott, in 1711.—*Editor.*

ration in parties: and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the Iliad, which was began that year, and finished in 1718.—*P.*

When Mr. Addison had finished his Cato, he brought it to me; desired to have my sincere opinion of it, and left it with me for three or four days. I gave him my opinion sincerely, which was, "that I thought he had better not act it, and that he would get reputation enough, by only printing it." This I said, as thinking the lines well written, but the piece not theatrical enough.—Sometime after Mr. Addison said; "That his own opinion was the same with mine: but that some particular friends of his, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on its being acted." And so it was, you know, with the greatest applause.—*P.*

Addison's chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick (in 1716), were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them, at his lodgings in Saint James's Place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to some tavern again for supper in the evening: and this was then the usual round of his life.—*P.*

Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it, in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now and then, used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well.—*P.*

When I was very young, I wrote something toward a tragedy*, and afterwards an entire one. The latter was built on a very moving story in the Legend of St. Geneviève. After I had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write any thing for the stage: though I was solicited by several of my friends to do so, and particularly by Betterton, who (among other things), would have had me turn my early Epic Poem into a tragedy.—I had taken such strong resolutions against any thing of that kind, from seeing how much every body that did write for the stage, was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the town.—*P.*

The Deucalion in my Epic Poem, was a second Deucalion, not the husband of Pyrrha. —I had flung all my learning into it, as indeed Milton has done too much in his Paradise

* Perhaps this was only that tissue of speeches, collected by him from Ogilby's Homer, and joined together by some verses of his own; which he got his schoolfellows to act, whilst he was at the little seminary at Hyde Park Corner. —*Spence.*

Lost.—The Bishop of Rochester, not many years ago, advised me to burn it: I saw his advice was well grounded, and followed it, though not without some regret.—*P.*

There were several verses of mine inserted in Mr. Wycherley's Poems, here and there; and particularly in those On Solitude,—On a Life of Business,—and on a Middle Life. —*P.*

Wycherley used to read himself asleep o'nights, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gracian; for these were his favourite authors.—He would read one or other of them in the evening, and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading: and have all the thoughts of his author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one, for a single thought in the whole poem. I have experienced this in him, several times, (for I visited him for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning), and look upon it as one of the strangest phenomena that I ever observed in the human mind.—*P.*

Stanley's poems consist chiefly of translations, but of well chosen pieces.—His treatise of the Sentiments of the Old Philosophers is very good.—*P.*

Middling poets are no poets at all. There is always a great number of such in each age, that are almost totally forgotten in the next. A few curious inquirers may know that there were such men, and that they wrote such and such things; but to the world they are as if they had never been.—*P.*

Scaliger's Poetics, is an exceeding useful book in its kind, and extremely well collected. —*P.*

How very strange and inconclusive does the reasoning of Tully and Plato often appear to us! and particularly that of the latter in his Phædo.—"Is there not something like a fashion in reasoning?"—I believe there may, a good deal; but with all that, there certainly is not any one of the ancients who reasons so well as our Mr. Locke, or even as Hobbes.—*P.*

In my first setting out, I never read any Art of Logic or Rhetoric. I met with Locke, he was quite insipid to me. I read Sir William Temple's Essays too then, but whenever there was any thing political in them, I had no manner of feeling for it.—*P.*

There is a great number of exceeding good writers among the French. They don't indeed think so closely, or speak so clearly, as Locke; but they think and speak better than most of our other writers.—*P.*

I have nothing to say for rhyme, but that I doubt whether a poem can support itself without it, in our language; unless it be stiffened with such strange words, as are likely to destroy our language itself.—The high style that is affected so much in blank verse, would not have been borne, even in Milton, had not his subject turned so much on such strange out-of-the-world things as it does.—*P.*

Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had a quarrel with him: and after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him: "One day or other, you'll see that man a bishop! I'm sure he looks that way; and, indeed, I ever thought him a priest in his heart."—*P.*

The mass of mankind are generally right in their judgments: at least, they have a very good mediocre taste. As to higher things, it requires pains to distinguish justly: they are not fit for the crowd: and even to offer such to them is, as Ben Jonson * says, giving caviare to the multitude.

Lord Rochester's character of Wycherley is

* Can this be Pope's mistake, or is it chargeable upon his friend Spence?—I am afraid that Pope's acquaintance with Ben Jonson was not very extensive, and perhaps he did not relish Shakspeare more than he seems to have done Milton.—*Editor.*

quite wrong. He was far from being slow in general, and in particular, wrote the Plain Dealer in three weeks.—*P.*

The little copy of verses on Ditton and Whiston, in the third volume of the Miscellanies, was written by Gay; that on Dennis, by myself: and the Origin of the Sciences, from the Monkeys in Ethiopia, by me, Dean Parnell, and Dr. Arbuthnot.—*P.*

Lord Oxford was not a very capable minister, and had a good deal of negligence into the bargain *. He used to send trifling verses from court to the Scriblerus-club almost every day, and would come and talk idly with them almost every night: even when his all was at stake.—He talked of business in so confused a manner, that you did not know what he was

* It may be worth while to oppose to this opinion of Pope, that of Swift, who, in a letter to Archbishop King, says; "The Lord Treasurer is the greatest minister I ever knew: regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions, and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity), for the public. In private company he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who had no business at all." Yet Swift knew the great foible of his friend, and in his frank and familiar manner occasionally told him of his fault, which appears to have been a sort of indolent procrastination, rather than negligence.—*Editor.*

about; and every thing he went to tell you was in the epic way; for he always began in the middle.—They were quite mistaken in his temper, who thought of getting rid of him, by advising him to make his escape from the Tower. He would have sate out the storm, let the danger be what it would.—He was a steady man, and had a great firmness of soul, and would have died unconcernedly: or, perhaps, like Sir Thomas More, with a jest in his mouth.—*P.*

On somebody's saying of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it, Lord Oxford's answer was, "You don't know how far the good people of England will bear."—*P.*

Lord Lansdowne insisted on my publishing my Windsor Forest, and the motto *(non injussa cano)*, shows it.—*P.*

Mr. Addison and his friends had exclaimed so much against Gay's "Three Hours after Marriage," for obscenities, that it provoked him to write "A Letter from a Lady in the City to a Lady in the Country," on that subject. In it he quoted the passages which had been most exclaimed against, and opposed other passages to them from Addison's and Steele's plays. These were aggravated in the same manner that they had served his, and

appeared worse. Had it been published it would have made Addison appear ridiculous, which he could bear as little as any man. I therefore prevailed upon Gay not to print it, and have the manuscript now by me.—*P.*

No writing is good that does not tend to better mankind some way or other.—Mr. Waller has said, "that he wished every thing of his burnt, that did not drive some moral."—Even in love verses it may be flung in by the way.—*P.*

Mr. Pope was born in the City of London, in Lombard Street, at the house which is now one Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary.—*P. and Hooke.*

Our flattering ourselves here with the thoughts of enjoying the company of our friends when in the other world; may be but too like the Indians thinking, that they shall have their dogs and their horses there.—*P.*

A metempsychosis is a very rational scheme, and would give the best solution of some phenomena in the moral world.—*P. and Mr. L . . . .*

It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty.—We are apt to think that best in general, for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular.—Every body finds that best and

most commendable that he is driving, whilst he is driving it: and does not then suspect, what he chooses afterwards, to be half so good.—If a man saw all at first, it would damp his manner of acting: he would not enjoy himself so much in his youth, nor bustle so much in his manhood.—It is best for us to be short-sighted, in the different stages of our life, just in the same manner as it is best for us in this world not to know how it is to be with us in the next.—*P.*

Browne* is an excellent copyist, and those who take it ill of him are very much in the wrong. They are very strongly manner'd, and perhaps could not write so well if they were not so: but still it is a fault that deserves to be pointed out.—*P.*

There is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.—"How true of even so dry a study as Antiquities!"—Yes, I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grævius, and was taken greatly with it: so far as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the Old Buildings in Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years.—*P.*

"Do you remember any thing of two *Capi-*

* In his Pipe of Tobacco.—*Spence.*

toliums at Rome?"—Yes, there certainly were two.—*P.* [This he answered much more readily and directly than Mr. Holdsworth himself, who was so particularly well acquainted with Rome and its Antiquities. The former of these Capitols was built by Tarquinius Priscus, near the place where the Barberini Palace now stands, and was called *Capitolium vetus*: the other, by the second Tarquin, on the hill, which was thence called the Capitoline hill.—*Spence.*]

La Cerda observes, "That slowness makes the majesty of verse," and the truth of that observation will appear, by comparing only the beginning of Virgil's Æneid with the beginning of his Eclogues.—*Mr. Auditor Benson.*

The strongest contrast of versification I am acquainted with is in Virgil's story of Aristæus *. And the softest couplet that was ever written is in the same †.—Sir John Denham's celebrated couplet on the Thames, owes a great part of its fineness to the frequency and variety of the pauses.—Erythræus, above two

* "Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caïcus."
Georg. iv. 370.

† "Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."
Ib. —— 466.

hundred years ago, has shown all the mysteries of fine versification.—Vossius's treatise de Rhythmo, is a wretched silly thing.—I have seen English verse of Havillan's.—*Mr. A. B.* [Havillan was one of the most celebrated men of his time for Latin verse, and is the only Latin poet, of all our countrymen, that is recommended by Ludovicus Vives in his treatise, "*De tradendis Disciplinis.*" (Lib. iii. p. 542). If there be any English poem of his extant, it must be a great curiosity, for he lived above a hundred years before Chaucer's time.—*Spence.*]

My brother was whipped and ill-used at Twiford school for his satire on his master, and taken from thence on that account.—I never saw him laugh very heartily in all my life.—*Mrs. Racket, speaking of Mr. Pope.* [This is odd enough! because she was with him so much in all the first part of his life, when he is said, by persons most intimate with him, to have been excessively gay and lively. It is very true, that in the latter part of his life, when he told a story, he was always the last to laugh at it: and seldom went beyond a particular easy smile, on any occasion that I remember.—*Spence.*]

"*Imperatorem decet stantem mori,*" seems such odd sense to us, partly from our having

shifted the sense of the word *Imperator*. It then signified a commander or general, not an emperor. "A general should die in action," is much the same sentiment with that of Marshall Villars, when he was told of the death of the Duke of Berwick.—*Mr. Holdsworth.*

We often stare at the customs of other countries, and condemn them only from our ignorance of the original design of them. What seems more ridiculous than that the blacks should cut and slash their faces by way of ornament? and yet if we consider their perpetual wars, and that this may be designed to make them less afraid of wounds in the face, it would not be ridiculous at all.—*Mr. H.*

Rabelais had written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all.—"I will write something, (says he), that they shall take notice of:" and so sat down to writing nonsense.—Every body allows that there are several things without any manner of meaning in his Pantagruel. Dr. Swift likes it much, and thinks there are more good things in it than I do.—Friar John's character is maintained throughout with a great deal of spirit. —His concealed characters are touched only in part, and by fits: as for example, though the King's Mistress be meant in such a par-

ticular, related of Gargantua's mare; the very next thing that is said of the mare, will not, perhaps, at all apply to the mistress.—*P.*

Butler set out on too narrow a plan, and even that design is not kept up. He sinks into little true particulars about the Widow, &c.—The enthusiastic Knight, and the ignorant Squire, over-religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view in it.—*P.* [Hudibras's character is that of an enthusiast for liberty, and so high and general a one, that it carries him on to attempt even the delivery of bears that are in chains.—*Mr. L.*]

"I can't conceive how Dinocrates could ever have carried his proposal of forming Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great, into execution."—For my part, I have long since had an idea how that might be done; and if any body would make me a present of a Welch mountain, and pay the workmen, I would undertake to see it executed. I have quite formed it, sometimes, in my imagination. The figure must be in a reclining posture, because of the hollowing that would otherwise be necessary, and for the city's being in one hand. It should be a rude unequal hill, and might be helped with groves of trees for the eyebrows, and a wood for the

hair. The natural green turf should be left wherever it would be necessary to represent the ground he reclines on. It should be contrived so, that the true point of view should be at a considerable distance. When you were near it, it should still have the appearance of a rough mountain; but at the proper distance such a rising should be the leg, and such another an arm. It would be best if there were a river, or rather a lake, at the bottom of it, for the rivulet that came through his other hand, to tumble down the hill, and discharge itself into it*.—*P.*

The lights and shades in gardening are managed by disposing the thick grove work, the thin, and the openings, in a proper manner: of which the eye is generally the properest judge.—Those clumps of trees are like the groups in pictures, (speaking of some in his own garden).—You may distance things by

* It is somewhat singular that Mr. Pope should have thought this mad project practicable, but it appears there are still persons who dream of such extravagant and fruitless undertakings. "Some modern Dinocrates had suggested to Buonaparte to have cut from the mountain of the Simplon, an immense colossal figure, as a sort of Genius of the Alps. This was to have been of such enormous size, that all the passengers should have passed between its legs and arms, in a zig-zag direction."—*Mrs. Baillies's Tour on the Continent*, 1819, 8vo. p. 218.

darkening them, and by narrowing the plantation more and more towards the end, in the same manner as they do in painting, and as 'tis executed in the little cypress walk to that obelisk.—*P.*

There are several passages in Hobbes's translation of Homer, which, if they had been writ on purpose to ridicule that poet, would have done very well.—*P.* [He gave several instances of it, and particularly in the very first lines, the Ichor, and the two tumblers at a feast.—*Spence.*]

In looking on the portrait of the Pope by Carlo Maratti, at Lord Burlington's, he called it "The best portrait in the world.—I really do think him as good a painter as any of them," were his words.—*P.*

When the Marquis Maffei was at Mr. Pope's at Twickenham, the latter showed him the design of an Antient Theatre at Verona. The Marquis said the artist had done very well, but that it was all a whim, *(Favola!)* Mr. Pope begged his pardon, assured him that 'twas a reality; and convinced him that it was so, from an allowed old writer on the Antiquities of Verona.—*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke is not deep either in pictures, statues, or architecture.—*P.* [I had been asking him what that Lord's opinion was of

the Achilles' Story, among the sculpture at Cardinal Polignac's; and he said that Lord B. spoke but lowly of them.—*Spence.*]

Speaking of Dr. A. Clarke, he said, "The man will never be contented! He has already twice as much as I; for I am told he has a good thousand pound a year, and yet he is as eager for more preferment as ever he was.—

> "Let Clarke make half his life the poor's support,
> But let him give the other half to court."

Was a couplet in the manuscript for the fourth book of the Dunciad: but I believe I shall omit it; though, if rightly understood, it has more of commendation than satire in it.—The best time for telling a friend of any fault he has, is while you are commending him; that it may have the more influence upon him. And this I take to be the true meaning of the character which Persius gives of Horace.—

> "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit; et admissus circum præcordia ludit."—POPE.

I had all the subscription money clear, for the Iliad, and Tonson was at all the expense of printing, paper, &c. for the copy.—An author who is at all the expenses of publishing, ought to clear two-thirds of the whole profit into his own pocket.—*P.* [For instance,

as he explained it, in a piece of one thousand copies, at three shillings each to the common buyer; the whole sale at that rate, will bring in one hundred and fifty pounds; the expense therefore to the author, for printing, paper, publishing, selling, and advertising, should be but fifty pounds, and his clear gains should be one hundred pounds *.—*Spence.*]

Mr. Pope's not being richer may be easily accounted for.—He never had any love for money †: and though he was not extravagant in any thing, he always delighted, when he had any sum to spare, to make use of it in

* There must be some mistake in this statement of Mr. Spence's. Did not Mr. Pope mean that an author should clear two-thirds of the *profits* rather than of the whole *proceeds* of a book? Mr. Spence's after experience must surely have set him right upon this subject, although he was a successful author, having cleared one thousand five hundred pounds by his Polymetis alone! In these degenerate times, I believe, very few writers have been enabled to clear *one-third* of the whole proceeds of the most successful publication, except in some very few cases, where the copy-right has been sold for a very large sum.—*Editor.*

† This does not appear to be true, Pope himself professed to be careless about wealth: but he seems ever to have been solicitous to accumulate it, and risked his money on all kinds of securities for this purpose. He was ostentatious too, yet mean; and the whole of this statement of Mrs. Blount's is a greater proof of her partiality than of her love of truth.—*Editor.*

giving, lending, building, and gardening; for those were the ways in which he disposed of all the overplus of his income.—If he was extravagant in any thing it was in his grotto, for that, from first to last, cost him above a thousand pounds.—*Mrs. Blount.*

"What is your opinion of placing prepositions at the end of a sentence?"—It is certainly wrong: but I have made a rule to myself about them sometime ago, and I think verily 'tis the right one. We use them so in common conversation: and that use will authorize one, I think, for doing the same in slighter pieces, but not in formal ones. In a familiar letter for instance, but not in a weighty one: and more particularly in dialogue writing, but then it must be when the people introduced are talking, and not where the author appears in his own person.—*P.*

"I wonder how Horace could say such coarse obscene things in so polite an age, or how such an age could allow of it?"—'Tis really a wonder, though it was the same with us in Charles the Second's time, or rather worse. However it was not above five or six years, even in that witty reign, that it passed for wit, as the saying of wicked things does among us now.—I wish there were not too great remains of the former vice still, even

among people of the first fashion; but the prevailing notion of genteelness consisting in freedom and ease, has led many to a total neglect of decency, either in their words or behaviour.—True politeness consists, in being easy ones-self, and making every body about one as easy as one can. But the mistaking brutality for freedom, for which so many of our young people of quality have made themselves remarkable of late, has just the contrary effect. It leads them into the taking of liberties which often make others uneasy, and ought always to make the aggressors themselves so.—*P.*

Gay was quite a natural man, wholly without art or design, and spoke just what he thought, and as he thought it.—He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last—was offered to be made Usher to the young Princesses.—Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year: and he was once worth twenty thousand pounds, but lost it all again. He got about four hundred pounds by the first Beggar's Opera, and eleven or twelve hundred by the second.—He was negligent and a bad mànager:—latterly the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him have only what was necessary out of it: and as he lived with them

he could not have occasion for much: he died worth upwards of three thousand pounds. —*P.*

Otway * has written but two tragedies, out of six, that are pathetic.—I believe he did it without much design; as Lillo has done in his Barnwell.—'Tis a talent of nature, rather than an effect of judgment, to write so movingly. —*P.*

Somebody had been speaking of Bayle's manner in his Dictionary:—upon which Mr. Pope said: "Ay, he is the only man that ever collected with so much judgment, and wrote with so much spirit at the same time."—*P.*

'Tis difficult to find out any fault in Virgil's Eclogues or Georgics.—He could not bear to have any appear in his Æneid; and therefore ordered it to be burnt.—*P.*

Virgil is very sparing in his commendations of other poets; and scarce ever does it, unless

* The following notice of Otway by a cotemporary, who still lived in the middle of the last century, was communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine in 1745. "His person was of the middle size, about five feet seven inches high, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking, and like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill."—*Editor.*

he is forced.—He hints at Theocritus* because he had taken so much from him, and his subject led to it; and does the same by Hesiod†, for the same reasons. He never speaks a single word of Homer: and indeed could not do it, where some would have had him, because of the Anachronism. They have blamed him for not mentioning Homer, instead of Musæus; (Æn. vi. 667.) without considering, that then Homer must have been put into Elysium long before he was born.—*P.*

Virgil's triumph over the Greek poets in his Georgics‡, is one of the vainest things that ever was written.—There are not above two or three lines in Virgil from Hesiod's Works, he acknowledges imitating that poet; and would never do so, for two or three lines only. —Perhaps what we call Hesiod's Works, at present, are misnamed. The Theogony has little prettinesses in it, not like the greatness of antiquity.—The Shield of Hercules is taken from Homer's Shield of Achilles, and there are several lines exactly the same in both. The

* Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit silvas habitare, Thalia.
Ecl. vi. 1.

† Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
Georg. ii. 176.

‡ *Georg.* iii. 10 *to* 22.

Ημερων, has the truest air of antiquity.—*Nudus ara* *, is, I think, from the Εργων: but possibly none of it is Hesiod's.—*P.*

Virgil's great judgment appears in putting things together, and in his picking gold out of the dunghills of the old Roman writers.—He borrowed even from his cotemporaries, as I think Aulus Gellius tells us.—The Æneid was evidently a party piece: as much as Absalom and Achitophel.—I have formerly said that Virgil wrote one honest line,

"*Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem,*"

and that, I now believe, was not meant of Cato Uticensis.—*P.*

Otho Vænius has published a picture-book, which he calls the Emblems of Horace. "Misce consiliis stultitiam *brevem*," is represented by Minerva leading a little *short* child, with a fool's cap on, by the hand.—"Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ celata virtus," is Virtue in a dark corner, Laziness in a sepulchre, and only a thin partition-wall between them.—*P.*

Nil Admirari, is as true, in relation to our opinions of authors, as it is in morality; and one may say, *O, admiratores, servum pecus!* full as justly as *O, Imitatores!*—*P.*

* *Georg.* i. 299.

What terrible moments does one feel, after one has engaged for a large work!—In the beginning of my translating the Iliad, I wished any body would hang me, a hundred times.—It sat so heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and do sometimes still *.—When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easy enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure.—*P.*

* He used to dream that he was engaged in a long journey, puzzled which way to take; and full of fears that he should never get to the end of it.—*Spence.*

END OF THE FIFTH SECTION.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION VI*. 1740...41.

It was Cardinal Maurice who bought the *Tabula Isiaca*, after the taking of Mantua, and sent it to Turin; where it is now kept in the Archives of the Royal Academy. It is one of the finest Egyptian antiquities in the world, and had run a great many risks of being destroyed. At the sacking of Rome, five years before, it was sold to a locksmith. Bembo bought it of him and gave it to the Duke of Mantua. At Mantua it fell into the soldiers' hands again, and was saved the second time by the Cardinal of Savoy. It is a sort of table, of a particular

* Several articles relating to the King of Savoy and his states, at the commencement of this section, are left out, because statistical accounts of that period are certainly out of their place here.—The seventh and eighth centuries, (according to Mr. Spence's division), are here blended into one section; many unimportant and uninteresting articles being omitted, together with some which had been printed before, such as the Account of Magliabecchi, &c.—*Editor.*

metallic composition, four feet two inches long, and two feet and a half wide. The ledges are two inches and a quarter, and figured. The figures on the table are, or were, all inlaid. They are neater, and of a better taste than those on the obelisks, but not so high as some Egyptian statues and relievos at Rome. They are dispersed in three long compartments or ranges, and in the midst of the second range Isis sits enthroned; whence it is called the *Mensa Isiaca.* The things inlaid are of a different colour to the ground-work or table itself, there is a great deal of mighty pretty silver work among it, and you see the places where there was more, before the soldiers picked it out to sell it. They found it so thin that it was scarce worth while, or met with a purchaser for the table before they had time to do more damage to it.—*Mr. D. V.*

Emanuel the First, and his son the Cardinal Maurice, were pretty active in making a collection of statues, busts, medals, and pictures. Emanuel the Second began a gallery for them, which would have been one of the most considerable in Italy.—The late king (Victor), was so perpetually engaged in affairs of much greater consequence to his family and his country, that the taste for the arts, which began to arise, was quite chilled, and continues

so to this day. Most of the antiques that had been got together, were flung as rubbish into a ground room of the palace, and that part of the gallery which was built for them is turned into archives and offices for the Secretaries of State.—*Mr. D. V.*

There was a God called Pennus, much worshipped, on the great St. Bernard, some remains of his temple, and I think of his statue, are still to be seen there.—*Count Richa.* [*Pen* signified high or chief. Hence the *Alpes Peninæ*, and the Ap*en*nines in Italy. And with us the *Pen ap pen*, near High Wycomb in Buckinghamshire: the old *Pen*nocrusium or *Pen*kridge in Staffordshire: *Pen*dennis in Cornwall: *Pen*mænmawr, and many others, in North Wales.—*Spence.*]

When you come near Poverino, two posts from Turin on the way to Alessandria, the sand looks just like the sea shore: I have tried it in several places, and have always found a stratum of shells five or six feet under the surface. —*Count Richa.*

The finest remains I ever saw of the deluge are at Pianoro, the first post from Bologna in the way to Firenzuola. There are several pieces of rock, full of shells, lie scattered behind the post-house, in the channels that the torrents make as they fall down the Apennine:

and in particular I remarked one square slab, large enough to make a table, which I have often wished I had brought away with me in my chaise.—*Mr. T* *.

There are no less than three of those strange fires, which constantly appear by night, on the road from Bologna to Florence.—When we were got a mile beyond Pietra Mala, we saw the largest of them: it was an even yellow light, like the body of the sun, and seemed to be about three feet long and one broad.—At the place itself, they say, it is about ten feet long. There is no cavity: the earth on the spot is of a reddish colour, and so is the soil a good way round about it. It will burn a piece of paper if put into it, and may be lighted with a candle when it does not appear of itself. The people of the country say it has been there time out of mind, and indeed it is mentioned so long ago as by Pliny. It is occasioned by what the Italians call *Oleo de' Sassi*, and Physicians *Petrolium*, we Petrol, or oil of rock.—*Mr. T.*

The Court of Rome has more or less power in all the states of Italy. It is their interest that the people should be kept in ignorance. Knowledge is therefore more or less discou-

* Most probably Mr. Townley.—*Editor.*

raged every where, and if any person shows particular eagerness for it, they either drive him away, or at least oblige him to hold his tongue. When one considers how far this is carried in most parts of Italy, one would rather wonder that there should be so much knowledge left, than that it should be so much fallen off among them.—There is no impunity for good sense in this country.—*Lady O, at Florence.*

Speaking of the King of Prussia and the present Pope (Benedict the Fourteenth), "Yes, they do well enough hitherto: they are but young kings, and scarce know that they are kings yet: but let them alone a little, I am afraid you will find them as bad as the rest, in some time."—*Lady O.*

That happiness you mention of England as an island, does not so much consist in the difficulty of an invasion from a foreign power, as from the difficulty which our own people have of flinging themselves into other hands.—*Lady O.*

The chief aim of any young nobleman on his travels should be, to make a man of sense his friend: as his great care should be not to be pleased with agreeable fools.—*Lady O.*

I should rather think that the wise are happier than the fools, but indeed that must be

all according to the circumstances they fall under. A man of sense feels things more intensely than the fool, and consequently in the same good circumstances must be happier, and in the same bad circumstances more unhappy.—*Lady O.*

The three first books in Giannone's History of Naples were not written by him, and the rest that were, are but indifferent.—*Lady O.*

Petrarca, in his Sonnets to Laura, has some warmth at first, but he grows dull and falls asleep too soon.—Redi is the very best Italian writer that we have had of late.—*Lady O.*

The best talkers, among the ladies at Naples, pique themselves on talking in Boccaccio's novel style.—*Lady O.*

I wonder how any body can find pleasure in reading the books which are that lady's chief favourites*! There is no imitation of nature in the characters, and without that how is it possible for any thing to please?—Even the Princess of Cleves is monstrous and unnatural, in loving another while she loves her husband, and in not taking that other after her husband is dead.—Her *friendship* for her hus-

* *i. e.* Romances and novels. I gather from the first memoranda that Lady M. W. Montague is the person here meant: I do not know who the speaker is, but probably Lady Oxford.—*Editor.*

band (if one must call it by that strange name), need not have interfered at all with her making herself happy after he was gone. Don Quixote is good, because it is natural, though 'tis such odd nature.—*Lady O.*

The Venus de'Medici is placed in the *tribuna*, or chief room in the great duke's gallery, between two other Venuses, the celestial and the victorious: if you observe them well, you will find as much difference between her air, and that of the celestial Venus, as there is between Titian's wife as a Venus, and as a Madonna in the same room.—*Mr. T.*

The famous Arretino, or Whetter, is in just the same attitude as the attendant at the feet of Apollo, in a gem which represents that god punishing Marsyas.—*Baron Stosch.* [It might be worth while to inquire where that fine statue was found, and to search for the rest of the figures of the group: for if this will hold, it is probable that it was not alone.—*Spence.*]

The little figure in the Tribuna, with a musical instrument like a violin, is left rough and unfinished by the artist, particularly the violin and the stick to play on it:—it is held as we hold our violins.—There are no buskins on the legs, but a fawn's skin over his back and breast, and he is crowned with ivy: the face is handsome, and there is a bacchanalian air in

the head. Bianchi used to say, that it was Orpheus who brought the Bacchanalian ceremonies into Bæotia.—*Mr. T.* [I have met but with two figures beside this with the modern violin. One of them is in a relievo, on the death of Orpheus, in the university at Turin: and the other is a statue, either of Orpheus or Apollo, in the Montalta gardens at Rome. It is unlucky that all three have something to be said against them. That at Florence is an unfinished piece, and perhaps not quite indisputable: that at Turin, of a very bad taste or of a low age: and in that at Rome, the fiddle at least, is evidently modern.—*Spence.*]

There are two historical pieces in the Camera delli Cabinetti, in the great duke's gallery at Florence, by the famous Mantegna. Some of the faces are very well, but the manner in general is stiff and dry. The ground of both is all gold, and there is a good deal of gold in several other parts of the pictures. Mantegna was much the best painter in Europe, until Lionardo da Vinci so greatly advanced the art. It seems that the tawdry taste, brought into Italy by the Greeks *, continued quite down to the improvements of the latter; and the banishing of it ought, most

* About the year 1013.—Mantegna died in 1517,—Lionardo da Vinci in 1518.

probably, to be reckoned among the many very high merits of that extraordinary man.—*Mr. T.*

There is a load-stone in the *Camera Matematica*, which holds up a piece of iron of forty pounds weight fast to it; two of double or treble that power, might have kept up an iron coffin, perhaps with Mahomet in it, suspended in the air.—*Mr. T.*

In the Camera Madama there are two groups of the Laocoon, the lesser is of a different design from the famous Laocoon in the Belvedere, but the larger group is just like it. —It has the arm which was wanting to the celebrated Belvedere one, and might direct a good artist how to supply it*.—*Mr. T.*

In the chamber of Painters' Heads, drawn by themselves out of two hundred and forty, there are but five from England, and not any one of these properly an Englishman. Kneller's is set up above all the rest, and is full of his usual vanity: he has inserted his gold chain, diamond ring, and his house at Twickenham in the back ground. It is not much liked, and I believe it will soon be removed quite out of the room.—We have no head of Correggio out of his modesty, nor of Carlo

* Bandinelli has followed it in the Copy of this Group at the end of the gallery.—*Bianchi.*

Maratti, for a reason just contrary.—*Sig. Bianchi.*

The Bust of Julius Cæsar, in the long open gallery, has a very weakly look, and resembles Mr. Pope as much as any bust that has been made on purpose for him.—*Mr. T.*

The Pan in the same gallery, who has a face fit to frighten people, has the eyes painted with red: but it has been probably done by somebody since it was placed there. Bianchi tried it, and the red colour came off on his fingers.—*Mr. T.*

Pescennius is the first emperor's head that is wanting in the gallery; there are several others wanting among his successors, and that which they call by the name of Albinus, is misnamed.—*Bianchi and Baron Stosch.*

The Bacchus that holds a mask in his right hand, and leans on a boy that is going to steal some of his grapes, with something of a drunken and libidinous look: has its head joined on, and is therefore doubtful enough.—*Bianchini.*

The Lyre in the hand of that Apollo so much adorned with tortoise-shell, and resting on a column of fine marble of different colours, is modern: and so is the plectrum which he holds in his other hand.—*B.*

"Is not the pleasure in the face of that very

pretty Bacchus, holding up a cantharus in his left hand, and regarding it so fondly, too violently expressed for the antient manner?"— Yes: it is modern, and was sculptured by Sansovino.—*B.*

The heads of Romans are without beards, all the time between the elder Brutus and Adrian, except a head of Nero and of two or three before him, who let theirs grow on some melancholy occasion.—*B.*

There is a very fine Caracalla, and a very fine Plautilla, in the great Duke's collection of gems, and three or four very wretched one's before them. After their time the art fell, in general, though you have now and then a tolerable head after them.—*B.*

If Coypel has represented Chiron with a switch in his hand, in his history of Achilles, there are as ridiculous things to be met with in some of the works of the antient artists: and among these very gems there is one with a centaur upon it, holding a whip to lash himself upon occasion.—*Mr. T.*

In the great Duke's collection of medals there are twelve of Antoninus Pius, each with a sign of the zodiac for the reverse, and eight with as many different labours of Hercules.—*B.*

In the gold medals, the good taste ends with Pertinax, though there are some pretty good

of Caracalla's, and particularly one with the Arch of Severus for the reverse.—*B.*

Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, has described the manners and customs of the Turkish Ladies, as well as if he had been bred up among them.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague, at Rome.*

The ladies at Constantinople used to be extremely surprised to see me go always with my bosom uncovered. It was in vain that I said every body did so among us, and added every thing I could in defence of it. They could never be reconciled to what they thought so immodest a custom; and one of them, after I had been defending it to my utmost said, "Oh, my sultana, you can never defend the manners of your country, even with all your wit! but I see you are in pain for them, and shall therefore press it no further. —*Lady M.*

One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me; another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: "Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands:—You need boast

indeed of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box!—*Lady Mon*[illegible]

It was from the customs of the Turks, that I first thought of a septennial bill for the benefit of married persons, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions.—*Lady M*[illegible] [That lady's little treatise upon these two subjects is very prettily written, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strenuous for both those tenets. That every married person should have the liberty of declaring, every seventh year, whether they choose to continue to live together in that state for another seven years or not: And she also argues, that if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy, than in the present marketing-way among us. She seems very earnest and serious on the subject, and wishes the legislature would take it under their consideration, and regulate those two points by her system.—*Spence.*]

Sure there cannot be a more detestable set of beings upon the earth, than those anti-knight-errants, who run about only to ruin as many ladies as they can.—*Lady M.*

Lord Bacon makes beauty to consist in grace and motion.—*Lady M.* [Mr. Locke

makes it consist in colour and figure. Perhaps the two definitions joined would make one much better than either of them is apart. —*Spence.*]

It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them.—Addison was the best company in the world. —I never knew any body that had so much wit as Congreve.—Sir Richard Steele was a very good-natured man:—And Dr. Garth a very worthy one.—*Lady M.*

When I was young I was a great admirer of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language*.—Mr. Wortley

* What her biographer, Mr. Dallaway, says, seems to contradict this, and yet Mr. Spence could not surely be mistaken. I have the original notes of this conversation, which took place, January 5, 1740-1, at Rome: and as they were made immediately after, on the spot, it is most probable that they are correct. "The first dawn of her genius, (says Mr. Dallaway), opened so auspiciously, that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early education. Under the same preceptors as her brother, Viscount Newark, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages, with the greatest success. Her studies were afterwards superintended by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, and her translation of Epictetus received his emendation."—Her maiden name was Lady Mary Pierrepoint, she was the daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William Earl of Derby: and was born at Thoresby about the year 1690.—Her husband was the intimate friend

was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day, for two years in my father's library: and so got that language, whilst every body else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances. —*Lady M.*

I don't remember that there was any such thing as two parties, one to set up Pope and the other Addison, as the chief poet of those times. 'Twas a thing that could not bear any dispute.—*Lady M.*

You are very wrong in thinking that Mr. Pope could write blank verse well: he has got a knack, indeed, of writing the other, but was he to attempt blank verse, I dare say he would appear quite contemptible in it*.— *Lady M.*

of Addison and Steele. She went with him on his embassy to Constantinople, and after his recall lived at Twickenham. —Her latter years were spent in Italy, and her letters from thence are very interesting: there is no satisfactory account given why she was so long separated from her native country.—EDITOR.

* The younger Richardson relates, that when Lady Mary showed Pope a paper of her verses, in which he wished to make some trifling alterations, she said, "No, Pope, no touching, for then whatever is good for any thing will pass for yours, and the rest for mine."—"Her *letters* (says Mr. Bowle), in unaffected language, good sense, and natural humour, are as much superior to Pope's, as his *verses* are

I admired Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism at first, very much, because I had not then read any of the antient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen.—*Lady M.*

Gay was a good-natured man, and a little poet.—Swift has stolen all his humour from Cervantes and Rabelais.—*Lady M.*

I would never be acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke, because I always looked upon him as a vile man.—*Lady M.*

I have got fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters by me *.—"You shall see what a goddess he made of me in some of them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, without any reason that I know of.—*Lady M.* [Several of these letters were on

superior to hers." The flippant Walpole could see no merit of any sort in Lady Mary's letters from the East: and says, that when a child, "She was a dirty little thing, and that the habit continued with her."—Pope gave her the Homer he had used in translating, and she wrote a poem in the blank leaves; it was a small edition by Wetstein, and afterwards came into the possession of Walpole.—EDITOR.

* These Letters were first given to the world by Dr. Warton, and have since been incorporated in Lady Montague's works, by Mr. Dallaway. They are also to be found in Mr. Bowle's edition of Pope's works. 1807, 8vo. "It is impossible to peruse them, (says Mr. Bowle), without being struck with two circumstances:—Pope's apparent adoration of the Lady, and the wounded pride and disappointment which afterwards made him so bitter and unrelenting an enemy."—EDITOR.

common subjects, and one in particular, that odd description of an Old Mansion, which he also sent to the Duke of Buckingham in answer to one of the Duke's, containing a description of Buckingham House. This may show that it was one of his favourite letters. —*Spence.*]

I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope, why he had left off visiting me? he answered negligently, that he went as often as he used to do. —I then got Dr. Arbuthnot to ask him, What Lady M. had done to him?—He said, that Lady M. and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together (and I don't remember that we were ever together with him in our lives), to write a Satire on some certain persons, that he refused it: and that this had occasioned the breach between us *.—*Lady M.*

* The cause of this quarrel between Pope and Lady Montague has never been clearly developed, nor is it known exactly at what period it took place; their intimacy must have been on the decline about 1720, for Lady Mary, in a letter to Lady Mar in that year, says, "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking glasses, and *they tell me* it has a good effect. I send you some verses, addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on his finishing his house. I stifled these here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go farther than your closet."—These very beautiful

—— "Don't you really think so, Sir?"—I think, madam, that he writes verses very well.

lines were suppressed, in consequence of the quarrel which subsequently took place; they are among the most impassioned of Pope's productions, and evidently speak the language of the heart.

"Ah friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses for uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
He stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

"Pope's acquaintance with her probably began about the year 1716. His passions were suspended with regard to his favourite Blounts, and his heart captivated by the smiles of the young, the beautiful, the fashionable, the accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague. He proceeded with great caution; first with extreme flattery to her intellect, next to her person; he then speaks a plainer language, talks of the *congeniality of minds;* and if she can overlook a wretched body, he does not see why, at last, every sentiment of their hearts might not be in unison and plainly avowed." His vanity got the better of his judgment, and there is little doubt but that he presumed too far, and met with a repulse, if not with reproof; hence his rancorous and lasting hate. I find among Mr. Spence's papers a memorandum to the following effect, "Lady Mary W—— told Lady Pomfret,

—"Yes, he writes verses so well, that he is in danger of bringing even good verse into disrepute! from his all tune and no meaning."—*Lady M.*

"Leave him as soon as you can, (said Addison to me, speaking of Pope), he will certainly play you some devilish trick else: he has an appetite to satire!"—*Lady M.*

"Yes, that satire *was* written in Addison's life time." (Speaking of the verses on Addison.)—*Lady M.*

In Spain, the people are so overrun with *devotion*, that they have not a grain of *religion* left among them.—On hearing the Ave-Mary bell, the Spaniards who happen to be in the theatre, and even the actors on the stage, fall down on their knees: and then rise again, and

that when she became much acquainted with the Duke of Wharton, Mr. Pope grew jealous, and that occasioned the breach between them." Mr. Spence appears to have had this from Lady Pomfret herself.—Jervas, in a letter to Pope, which has no date, facetiously hints at the *good terms* upon which he affected to be with her.—"Lady Mary W—— ordered me, by an express this Wednesday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuvio*, to send you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening."—His own letters to her contain many hints of his passion and pretensions, indeed the whole of them evidently show that he was then a fervent admirer, though his bosom was afterwards filled with such rancorous hate.—EDITOR.

carry on their diversions as before. A French gentleman, who happened to be present on one of those occasions, and who had never seen any thing of the kind before, seemed at first extremely surprised at it: then burst out a laughing, and cried out *bis! bis!* with a great deal of vehemence.—*Sig. N.*

The courtezans there do something of the same nature that is yet more extraordinary.—They are very great worshippers of the Virgin Mary; and, among other things, pray to her for a good trade in their vocation.—The nuns in Spain take very great freedoms: and one of their prayers at the foot of the crucifix is to beg pardon of their sweetest spouse (whose image is on it), if they should happen to add a pair of horns to his head.—*Sig. N.*

Their very bull-feasts are a sort of religious act, as stage-plays were among the Romans. They are generally to celebrate their rejoicings on some saint's day, or other great holiday of the church.—They seem almost as fond too of the sanguinary effects of these spectacles, as the Romans were of those in their amphitheatres.—When a bull that has obtained a high character in some former feast has been passing by, I have heard some of the ladies cry out, "O the dear creature!" and others: "blessed be the soul of the mother

who bore thee; thou hast killed thy six men! —*Sig. N.*

Santa Teresa, in one of her exclamations, makes the chief misery of the damned to consist in their being incapable of love!—This is the saint, who is so generally represented as fainting away, upon an angel's touching her with a dart tipped with fire.—The Spanish ladies are of a temperament particularly apt to take fire. As they are more confined, they are fuller of passion than other women are; and sometimes actually faint away from a look at a window.—*Sig. N.*

No paintings are so good for prints as those of Guido, from his disposition of the lights and shades.—"Why have you not engraved more of Raphael's designs?"—Because many of his are already done, and others are ill-placed and difficult to come at.—I wanted to have engraved the Transfiguration, but when I took a view of it with that design, I found I could not see it enough to do it justice.—*Giacomo Freij* *.

The top of the column, by which they measure the risings of the Tiber at Rome, is twenty-two feet above the common surface of the river: and yet the water has risen so

* An eminent engraver and printseller at Rome.

high as to hide the very top of the column.—*Ficoroni.*

Some of the Greek artists seem not to have liked the sort of Terminal figure used by the Egyptians. There is one in the Montalta gardens at Rome, which is as broad at bottom as at top, and I have seen several others of the same kind. This appears to be a Greek Terminus by the inscription, which is:—ΘΕΜΙΣ-ΤΟΚΛΗC Ο ΝΑΥΜΑΧΟC.—*Mr. T.*

The famous forge of Vulcan there, is on what seems to have been a tombstone: and is, perhaps, only a common blacksmith's shop after all; for you have a cutler's shop on the opposite side. They are both very neat work, and much better than the poulterer's shop on a marble in one of the gardens just out of the Porta del Popolo.—*Mr. T.*

The old figure of a gardener in Montalta gardens, has only a loose vest or shirt on, and over that what some call a *toga viminalis*, or coat of twigs. I don't know how they came to mistake it for such, as it is evidently meant to imitate straps of leather.—*Mr. T.*

The three altars, in one of the rooms in the Capitoline Gallery, were found in the port of Nettuno. That with a Neptune in relievo on it, is inscribed, ARA NEPTVNI. That with a winged deity flying, ARA VENTORVM. And

that with a ship sailing gently along, ARA TRANQVILLITATIS. They are all three just alike; small, round, and with a rostrum coming out of the front. They are portable enough; and are supposed to have been carried to sea in their voyages, for the ship's crew to offer sacrifice upon.—*Mr. T.*

One of the Centaurs in black marble, at the Monte Citorio, has a tiger's skin over his left shoulder, and his hands are tied together with the tail of it. He looks back with pain and dejection in his face. There was probably a Cupid behind him originally, and there is the hole in his back, in which it might have been fixed. Centaurs are thus represented by the antients, in other monuments, to show that love conquers the roughest monsters. The other Centaur, there, has Bacchanalian attributes about him too; but looks with a much gayer air. The former is represented in years, and this, young. As they are of black marble, and were found in Hadrian's Villa, it is possible that they were part of the furniture in the first apartment of the *Hades*, which historians tell us was represented there; and they might have their Bacchanalian attributes, because the secrets of that place were laid open to those who were initiated in the mysteries of Bacchus.—If this conjecture should happen

to be true, it might be very well worth while to search further about the spot where these figures were found; because there are no statues more scarce than those relating to the infernal beings in general.—*Mr. T.*

The fine old Mosaic picture, of four pigeons drinking out of a bason of giallo antico, is much the finest Mosaic I ever saw of the antients; and is almost as good as what they do at present at Rome. It is an absolute painting, and the bason is so admirably rounded and hollowed at bottom, that you see quite under the sides of it.—*Mr. T.*

The persons who fixed the fine figures, relating to the Story of Niobe and her Children, at the Villa Medici, did not either understand them, or place them so well as they ought to have done.—They seem to have mistaken Amphion for one of the sons; so that there are but six sons at present, and seven daughters: and the faces of all the figures, in general (except two of the sons), are disposed so as to regard the spectator, rather than to follow their proper business in the story: just as one sees bad actors speak rather to the pit, than to one another; or injudicious painters, who make the persons in their pictures regard you, rather than the persons in the piece, with whom they should be wholly concerned.—*Mr. T.*

I had this piece of marble from Hadrian's Villa. It was broken from a marble slab, to which it had been originally joined. In the juncture was a leaden medal, with the name of the Emperor HADRIANVS AVGVSTVS, and a little under it, on the stone itself, this inscription, HADRIANI AVG. COS. II-N̄ CLXXII. This medal was, no doubt, placed there by Hadrian's order, as princes now place medals in the foundation stone of any great work they undertake, to perpetuate the memory of the founder, even when the work may come to destruction.—*Ficoroni.*

The whole rise of the Monte Testaceo, from the villa of the Cavalier Corradini, to the cross on the highest point of it, is upwards of eight hundred feet, and consists of broken pieces of earthenware, quite up to the top. About that cross it is a sort of plain, of considerable breadth, all consisting of these fragments; sometimes bare, sometimes covered for two or three inches deep with earth. At the bottom, there are excellent vaults almost all round it; in which wine is kept extremely well, and cool. The vaults are plastered on the top and sides, except on that side next the mountain, which consists wholly of potsherds, without mortar, and with twenty or more round holes in each, to suffer the ingress of the air

from the mountain. This convenience was found out about a hundred years ago, by the Jews, who spin silk in the valley.—*Mr. T.*

The genius of the Danube, in the first circle of figures on the Trajan column, holds the beginning of the bridge of boats in his right hand.—In the fourth circle is a battle, and a deity, like Jupiter, fighting for the Romans.—In the fifth, are several boats, and two *Biremi* in particular. The larger of the two has but ten oars on a side, which may serve to show the minuteness of the Roman galleys; for one of ten oars on a side, all in one line, would be but a very pitiful galley.—In the sixth circle, there is one soldier supporting another that is wounded; and a third person holding his hand, or feeling his pulse: all their faces are very fine and pathetic, and have a much stronger expression of the several passions, than appears in the prints by Bartoli.—In the seventh circle, is a person embracing the emperor's knee, and my eye could not well reach any higher.—It might be worth while to compare the prints with the originals, as far as the eye can reach.—The very first article I have mentioned, though a very significant one, is omitted in the prints.—*Mr. T.*

Might it not be worth while, for any one who is to stay long at Rome, to make a col-

lection of all the religious inscriptions in the churches, and other parts of the city; and publish them, as Gruter did his old inscriptions? This would show how vast a share of their religion in that holy city, is turned to the Virgin; how little has remained for so many centuries back to our Saviour; and that God himself, is almost wholly forgot among them. —*Mr. T.*

A nobleman of Naples built a very pretty house to retire to, and enjoy himself in his latter days, at Portici. It was just finished, and the gardens coming to perfection, when the king happened to pass by, and like it. The next morning a courtier was sent to the nobleman, to let him know that his majesty had taken a fancy to his house. The nobleman was extremely struck with the message, and only said; "if the king likes my house, to be sure he must have it."—*Mr. Allen, at Naples.* [This is the house where all the best of the statues, paintings, and antiquities found in the subterranean city of Herculaneum are now kept.—*Spence.*]

The country, by the road from Ferrara to Padua, grows more and more cultivated and pleasing, in proportion as you get farther from the ecclesiastical state: and in some of the best parts of it, the cultivation of the fields

has a good deal the air of a garden. They leave a level border of eight or ten feet on each side of the cornfields; this is sown with grass, and, after mowing, makes a handsome grass walk all round each field. In some of these the fosses were made like canals, and the grass walks were formed in easy slopes down to them.—*Mr. T.*

If spies are bad people, a great part of the population of Venice must be bad. There are no less than thirty-three thousand pensioned by the state: among which are all the gondoleers, and a great number of priests and abbés.—*Anon.*

The eyes are every thing.—When some one observed to me, that a picture was like in every thing but the eyes: my answer was; "then it is not like at all."—*Signora Rosalba, at Venice.*

Every thing I do seems good to me just after I have done it, and perhaps for seven or eight hours afterwards.—*Signora R.* [Though one of the most modest painters of the age. So that the difference between the modest and the sensible artists, and those that are ignorant and impudent, seems to be, that the former can find out their own faults, and the latter never can.—*Spence.*]

I have been so long accustomed to study

features, and the expressions of the mind by them, that I know people's tempers by their faces.—*Signora R.* [She added as a proof of this, the characters of two of my friends, whom she had seen but twice or thrice, and my own: as justly (and the last perhaps more so), as I could have done myself.—*Spence.*]

I was always imitative in every thing, as far back as I can remember. As to painting, in particular, I began with miniature; and it was a good while before I drew any portrait the size of life.—*Signora R.*

That Magdalen is a very fine one! If you observe it, 'tis not only her eyes that cry; she cries all over. (*Jusqu'au bout des doigts,* were her words.)—*Signora R.*

I pray in German, because that language is so energetic and expressive.—*Signora R.*

The German painters are not so genteel *, nor so good as the French.—I have seen but very little of Sir Godfrey Kneller's.—There is a Mocenigo, done by him here at Venice; that is a very good piece.—In speaking of Sir Godfrey on another occasion, she said: "I concluded he could not be religious, because he was not modest."—*Signora R.*

* *Si valenthuomini,* appears to have been the expression made use of. I am at a loss to know what sense Mr. Spence affixed to the word substituted.—*Editor.*

The country all about Mantua runs all on a flat, and for ten or twelve miles round the city the trees are remarkably low and small. I did not see any such thing as a great beech, pine, or cypress, in all that compass. There is no such thing as a rock, or a hill, near it. So the face of the country must have been quite changed, or Virgil did not take the landscapes, in his Eclogues, from his own country. They are therefore probably either imaginary, or taken from the Greek writers he imitated, or from some other parts of Italy.—*Mr. T.*

Men are a sort of moving plants; and, like trees, receive a great part of their nourishment from the air.—You were observing the other day how sickly that row of trees in the Thuilleries looked, from being pent up between the terrace and the wall. It is just the same with men who keep too much at home: and it is for the same reason that women, in general, who keep more within doors than men, are more unhealthy.—*Mons. Le Grand, at Paris.*

A lady, who came out of the country this summer to see the Court at Versailles; on her return said: "bating the amours that reign there, I never saw so dull a thing." [*Outre la passion, je n'ai jamais vu de chose plus triste.*] —*M. Le G.*

I verily believe that the vices of the nineteen

young people in twenty, are more out of vanity than inclination; at least I am sure it was so with me when I was young.—Our greatest fault, when we are young, is, that we think we shall never be old.—*Lord C.*

They have made my *Hidalgo* a Lord in the English translation of Gil Blas, and a Burgomaster in the Dutch. I verily believe that people are much alike in all countries: one can't paint one, without painting a thousand. —*Mons. Le Sage, at Paris.*

Speaking of his *Gil Blas*, and *Diable Boiteux*, he said: "Ay, those were the two first works that ever I risked into the world." ("Ces sont mes enfans *perdus.*")—"It was in this room that I wrote most of Gil Blas."—*M. Le S.* [And an extreme pretty place to write in it was.—His house is at Paris in the *Faubourg St. Jaques;* and so, open to the country air: the garden laid out in the prettiest manner that ever I saw, for a town garden. It was as pretty as it was small, and when he was in the study-part of it, he was quite retired from the noise of the street, or any interruptions from his own family. The garden was only of the breadth of the house, from which you stept out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the choicest flowers. From this, you went down, by a flight of steps on each

side, into a *Berceau;* which led to two rooms or summer-houses quite at the end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico, the roof of which was supported with columns; so that he could walk from the one to the other all under cover, in the intervals of writing. The berceaux were covered with vines and honeysuckles, and the space between them was grove-work. It was in the right-hand room as you go down that he wrote Gil Blas.]—*Spence.*

Monsieur Le Sage lives in a pretty genteel manner, though he has little more now to live on, than what his son Montmenil gets by the stage. He is the best of sons, and they live together in the greatest harmony *.—*Abbé Colvil.* [I heard Le Sage say, "I thank God,

* There is something very interesting in these little details of the peaceful and simple habitation of the admirable author of Gil Blas, a work only second to that of Cervantes. —It is a painful reflection, that the pecuniary emoluments of Le Sage were so trifling as not to enable him to secure a moderate independency in his old age, although his writings were numerous and successful. He however lived to enjoy his fame, in calm and philosophic retirement. How this contrasts with the rewards now bestowed on the successful adventurer in the same field!—the price of a single popular novel in our days, would have been to him, with such moderate desires, an ample competence. He died in 1747, after having been afflicted with total deafness for ten years. —*Editor.*

I don't wish for any one thing that I could not pray for aloud."—Montmenil is the best actor in France, for plain, easy, genteel comedy; when he was upon the stage he did and said every thing so naturally, that he seemed the very person that he represented; and one almost forgot that he was upon a stage. Although so excellent an actor, the Abbé said, that he did not get above a hundred Louis d'ors a year by his profession.—*Spence.*]

Somebody had been describing the perpetual complaints of the people in England, in spite of all their privileges and enjoyments.—"Surely, (said Le Sage), the people of England are the most unhappy people on the face of the earth,—with liberty, property, and three meals a day."

"Holland would be a good country to live in,—if you could only change the four elements, and the people."—*Le Sage.* [If one considers that the land there is generally marshy, the waters stagnant, the air offensive; and that peat is mostly used for firing:—one must allow that what is said of the elements, comes near the truth.—*Spence.*]

Horace, in his description of the Fortunate Islands *, says a great many things which agree with England: and had not he mixed

* Epod. xvi. 41 to 63.

his Italian trees, and some few other Italian ideas with it, (as every body forms their notions of countries they have not seen from countries they have seen), the whole might have passed almost for a description of our island.—*Mr. T.*

Dean Berkley * used to apply the same description to Bermuda, and his scheme of going

* The following interesting notice of this amiable enthusiast, occurs in a letter of Swift to Lord Carteret. "There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkley, Dean of Derry. He takes the Bath in his way to London, and will of course attend your excellency: and perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was fellow of the university here, and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him, secretary and chaplain, to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborough, and upon his Lordship's return, Dr. Berkley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your excellence will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction; and I must now mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power, and for three years past, has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of

thither; and was so fond of this Epode on that account, that he got Mr. Pope to trans-

them well provided for, and all in the fair way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were), of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision, but nothing will do: and therefore, I do humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."—Dr. Warton, says, Lord Bathurst told him, "that all the members of the Scriblerus club, being met at his house at dinner, they agreed to rally Berkley, who was also his guest, on his scheme at Bermudas.—Berkley having listened to all the lively things they had to say, begged to be heard in his turn; and displayed his plan with such an astonishing and animated force of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and after some pause, rose up all together with earnestness, exclaiming—"Let us all set out with him immediately."—After three years residence, and the utmost perseverance, he was obliged to abandon his project at the Bermudas, finding his plan impracticable, from the want of the promised support of government.—The following elegant poetical effusion, written when he was preparing for his expedition,

late it into English, and I have seen the translation.—*Mr. R. A.*

contains a prophecy which is now, probably, fast hastening to fulfilment.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue;
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
  The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

EDITOR.

END OF SECTION VI.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION VII. 1742...43.

A LITTLE after Dr. Young had published his Universal Passion, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of two thousand pounds for it. —When a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out on hearing it: "What! two thousand pounds for a Poem?" The Duke smiled, and said; "It was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand."—*Mr. Rawlinson.*

When the doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different kind of present.—He procured a human skull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the doctor as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*R.*

The sale of a book may be hurt a great deal, by an ill-chosen title.—Dr. Cheyne's bookseller absolutely refused to print his book

on Health, unless he would change the title, the original one designed for it, was "A Treatise on Sanity and Longevity.—*Mr. Hooke.*

The side Oratories at St. Paul's, were added to Sir Christopher Wren's original design, by order of the Duke of York: who was willing to have them ready for the popish service; when there should be occasion.—It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed some tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain. The duke absolutely insisted upon their being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.—*Mr. Harding.*

Rollin has written a letter very full of compliments to Dr. Swift.—"Has not he affronted him by it?"—No:—the doctor does not hate praise, he only dislikes it when 'tis extravagant or coarse.—When B—— told him he loved him more than all his friends and relations; the dean made him no manner of answer; but said afterwards; "the man's a fool!"—I once said to him; "There's a lady, doctor, that longs to see you, and admires you above all things.—"Then I despise her heartily!" said he.—*Mr. Pope.*

When I had filled up this Epistle, begun by

Swift, I sent it to him, and thought I had hit his style exactly; for it was familiar, lively, and with odd rhymes.—The doctor had a very different opinion of it; and did not think it at all a right imitation of his style.—*P.*

When somebody was speaking to Mr. Addison, of Budgel's Epilogue to the Distressed Mother, and said they wondered how so silly a fellow could blunder upon so good a thing: —Addison said, "Oh, sir, it was quite another thing when first it was brought to me!"—*P.*

Addison seemed to value himself more upon his poetry, than upon his prose; though he wrote the latter with such particular ease, fluency, and happiness.—*P.*

The Duke of Buckingham was superficial in every thing; even in poetry, which was his *fort.*—*P.*

Rowe was bred first at Westminster, and then at the Temple. He had about three hundred pounds a year, and his chambers there: His father was a Sergeant at Law.—He was of a comely personage, and a very pretty sort of man*.—*Mr. Lewis.*

* Beside his patrimony, Rowe enjoyed in the latter part of his life several lucrative offices. When the Duke of Queensbury was Secretary of State, he made Rowe his Under Secretary, but at the death of the duke he retired.

The first part of Robinson Crusoe is very good.—De Foe wrote a vast many things; and

Upon the accession of George the First, he had a place given him in the Customs, and was made poet-laureate. —Beside these the Prince of Wales conferred on him the place of Clerk of his Council; and the Lord Chancellor, Parker, made him his Secretary for the Presentations. His voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations so lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends delighted in his conversation. He died much regretted at the age of forty-five, in 1718. He was twice married, and left a son by his first wife, and a daughter by his second.— Dr. Welwood prefixed some brief memoirs of him to the posthumous publication of his translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.—The following account probably rests upon the authority of Warburton, as it is well known he supplied the materials and corrected the sheets of Ruffhead's Life of Pope, from whence I transcribe it. "Rowe, in the opinion of Mr. Pope, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with him for some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him; which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at his good fortune; which he expressed so naturally, that he could not but think him sincere. Addison replied, I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard I was going to be hanged.—Mr. Pope said, he could not deny but that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."—Mr. Bowle, in his edition of Pope's Works, has erroneously supposed that this note was taken by Dr. Warton from Spence's Anecdotes.—*Editor.*

none bad, though none excellent, except this. There is something good in all he has written. —*P.*

Mr. Pope was born on the 21st day of May, 1688.—His first education was extremely loose and disconcerted. He began to learn Latin and Greek together (as is customary in the schools of the Jesuits, and which he seemed to think a good way), under Banister their family priest, whom, he said, was living about two years ago at Sir Harry Tichburne's.—He then learned his accidence at Twiford, where he wrote a satire on some faults of his master. —He was then, a little while, at Mr. Dean's seminary at Marylebone; and sometime under the same, after he removed to Hyde-Park Corner.—After this, he taught himself both Greek and Latin.—"I did not follow the grammar; but rather hunted in the authors, for a syntax of my own: and then began translating any parts that pleased me particularly, in the best Greek and Latin poets: and by that means formed my taste; which, I think, verily, about sixteen, was very near as good as it is now."—*P.*

I should certainly have written an Epic Poem, if I had not engaged in the translation of Homer.—*P.*

All the rules of gardening are reducible to three heads:—the contrasts, the management of surprises, and the concealment of the bounds.—"Pray, what is it you mean by the contrasts?"—The disposition of the lights and shades.—"'Tis the colouring then."—Just that.—"Should not variety be one of the rules?"—Certainly; one of the chief: but that is included mostly in the contrasts.—I have expressed them all, in two verses; (after my manner, in very little compass), which are an imitation of Horace's *Omne tulit punctum, &c.*

> "He gains all ends, who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."
>
> POPE.

I always was particularly struck with that passage in Homer, where he makes Priam's grief for the loss of Hector, break out into anger against his attendants and sons; and could never read it without weeping for the distress of that unfortunate old prince.—*P.* [He read it then; and was interrupted by his tears.—*Spence.*]

I have often seen him weep, in reading very tender and melancholy passages.—*Mrs. Blount.*

Dryden lived in Gerrard Street, and used

most commonly to write in the ground-room next the street *.—*Pope.*

[Dryden was not a very genteel man, he was intimate with none but poetical men.—He was said to be a very good man, by all that knew him; he was as plump as Mr. Pitt; of a fresh colour, and a down look, and not very conversible.—*P.* [*Addition from Papers.*]

Dryden had three or four sons; John, Erasmus, Charles, and perhaps another. One of them was a priest, and another a captain in the Pope's guards †.—He left his family estate, which was about one hundred and twenty pounds a year, to Charles.—The Historiographer's and Poet Laureate's places were

* "His house," says Mr. Malone, "(for why should it not be as precisely ascertained as the various places of Milton's residence?) was the fifth on the left hand in coming from little Newport Street, and is now numbered 43. Behind, his apartments looked into the gardens of Leicester House."—*Malone.*

† "Pope was deceived by the circumstance of the younger son, having two Christian names; for Dryden certainly had but *three* sons. Mrs. Thomas probably led him into another error, that one of them was a priest; for this conversation passed in 1736, some years after her spurious narrative (respecting Dryden's Funeral), was published. The other part of this information was correct; for Erasmus Henry was certainly a captain, and probably in the Pope's guards."—*Malone.*

worth about three hundred pounds a year to him *.—*P.*

Dryden cleared every way about twelve hundred pounds by his Virgil; and had sixpence each line for his Fables.—For some time he wrote a play, at least every year; but in those days ten broad pieces was the usual highest price for a play: and if they got fifty pounds more in the acting, it was reckoned very well †.—His Virgil was one of the first books that had any thing of a subscription; (and even that was a good deal on account of

* These anecdotes of Dryden have been so fully investigated and illustrated by Mr. Malone, in the Life prefixed to his edition of Dryden's Prose Works, that I shall make one general reference to that source of information, for the correction of some little inaccuracies; citing the passages in notes. Mr. Malone made a careful transcript of the Duke of Newcastle's manuscript copy of these anecdotes, for his own use, arranging them under distinct heads.—*Editor.*—"Dryden made no will, and as his son Charles died in his mother's life time, he had never more than forty pounds a year to live on.—He was deprived of both his places in 1689, and his certain revenue was then reduced to one hundred and twenty pounds a year."—*M.*

† "Dryden received thirty guineas for the copy right of Cleomenes.—The case, however, might be, as stated, in part of Charles the Second's time; but afterwards a larger sum was given; and in the middle of the reign of Queen Anne the common price of the copy right of a play was fifty pounds."—*M.*

the prints, which were from Ogilby's plates touched up:) as the Tatlers were the first great subscription.

It was Dryden who made Will's Coffee-house* the great resort for the wits of his time. After his death, Addison transferred it to Button's; who had been a servant of his: they were opposite each other, in Russell Street, Covent Garden.—*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke's usual toast after dinner

* This house was kept by William Urwin, and was situated on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street; it is now occupied by a perfumer, and numbered 23.—Here Dryden had his armed chair, which in winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony; and he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. The appeal was made to him upon any literary dispute. The company assembled on the first or dining room floor, as it was called in the last century, and hence we hear of a balcony. The company did not sit in boxes, as at present, but at various tables which were dispersed through the room. Smoking was permitted in the public room, it was then so much in vogue that it does not seem to have been considered a nuisance. Here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Will's continued to be the resort of the wits at least till 1710. Probably Addison established his servant (Button), in a new house about 1712; and his fame, after the production of Cato, drew many of the Whigs thither.—*M.*

is: "to Friendship and Liberty."—I should like to have it for a motto to my door, with an S added after it (AMICITIÆ ET LIBERTATI S.) —*P.*

On our letting the French and Spanish fleets escape, off Toulon; Mr. Pope said: "They have lost the only opportunity they have ever had! Now we may be a province to France in ten years."

[Speaking of the making of corrupt members of parliament the chief wheel in government, he said: "It will never hold: it may last our time, but our posterity must be totally undone, if we are not. Look into other states, and see how they have fallen round about us; the same cause will produce the same effects: and God will hardly go out of his way, for the first time, in favouring us*.—*P.* [*Addition from Papers.*]

If I may judge myself, I think the travelling Governor's Speech one of the best things in my new editions to the Dunciad.—*P.* [This was said a little before the fourth book of that poem was published.—*Spence.*]

* Pope, as well as his friend Swift, was a Whig, according to the then acceptation of the term. His principles, as delineated in his poems, are almost republican; for he explodes, "Th' enormous faith of many made for one." We have here the language of the advocates for reform in our own times.—*Editor.*

Those two lines on Alsop and Freind have more of satire than of compliment in them:

> Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
> And Alsop never but like Horace joke.
>
> *Dunciad*, iv. 224.

though I find they are generally mistaken for the latter only. They go on Horace's old method of telling a friend some less fault, while you are commending him; and which indeed is the best time of doing so.—I scarce meet with any body that understands delicacy.—*P.*

When I was looking on his foul copy of the Iliad, and observing how very much it was corrected and interlined, he said, "I believe you would find, upon examination, that those parts which have been the most corrected read the easiest.—*P.* [I read only the first page in which

> — Η μυρι' Αχαιοις αλγε' εθηκε·
> Πολλας δ' ίφθίμους ψυχας αϊδι προϊαψεν
> Ηρώων . . . . . .

was thus translated,

> That strow'd with warriors dead the Phrygian plain,
> And peopled the dark shades with heroes slain.

It now stands thus,

> That wrath which *hurl'd* to Pluto's gloomy reign
> The souls of mighty chiefs *untimely* slain.

And was evidently altered to preserve the sense of the word προϊαψεν. What a useful study might it be for a poet, to compare in those parts what was written first, with the successive alterations; to learn his turns, and arts in versification; and to consider the reasons why such and such an alteration was made *.—*Spence.*]

My works are now all well laid out. The first division of them, contains all that I wrote under twenty-six; which may be called my Juvenilia.—The second; my translations from different authors, under the same period.—The third; my own works since.—And the fourth; my Translations and Imitations.—*P.*

I was first forced to print in a small form, by other printers beginning to do so from my folios †.—I will have no more to do with printing, myself: and if the world should have

* The MS. of the Iliad descended from Lord Bolingbroke to Mallet, and is now to be found in the British Museum, where it was deposited at the pressing instance of Dr. Maty. Mr. D'Israeli, in the first edition of his Curiosities of Literature, has exhibited a fac-simile of one of the pages. It is written upon the backs and covers of letters and other fragments of papers, evincing that it was not without reason he was called Paper-sparing Pope.—*Editor.*

† After which all the large lay on my hands, and I have lost two or three hundred pounds by it.—*P.* [*Addition from Papers.*]

a mind to a good edition of all my works, it must be from somebody that may take care of it, after my death.—*P.*

'Tis most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother.—*Mrs. Racket, speaking of Mr. Pope.*

The accident of the cow, was when my brother was about three years old. He was then filling a little cart with stones. The cow struck at him; carried off his hat and feather with her horns, and flung him down on the heap of stones he had been playing with. In the fall he cut himself against one of them, in his neck near the throat.—The other accident of his being like to be killed, when he was overturned in the coach and six, was in the water just before you come to Twickenham. —*Mrs. R.* [Rather somewhere the Hounslow Heath way, for he was coming home from Dawley.—*Mrs. Blount.*]

I believe nobody ever studied so hard as my brother did, in his youth.—He did nothing else but write and read.—*Mrs. R.*

My brother does not seem to know what fear is. When some of the people that he had put into his Dunciad, were so much enraged against him, and threatened him so highly: he loved to walk out alone, and particularly went often to Mr. Fortescue's at

Richmond. Only he would take Bounce* with him; and for some time carried pistols in his pocket. He used then to say, when we talked to him about it; that with pistols the least man in England was above a match for the largest.—*Mrs. R.* [After the first edition of the Dunciad, and while Mr. Pope was preparing another yet more irritating; I took the opportunity one morning, when I had been reading some things to him out of Bailey's Dictionary, in his study, to turn to the article Bruschius, a poet of Bohemia: who, when he was going to publish a satire against some of the blockheads of that country, was way-laid in a wood, and murdered by them. Something of the same nature had been hinted at, as to Ham-walk. I read the article to Mr. Pope, and said some things, that I thought my friendship obliged me to say, about his venturing so often to Richmond alone.—He said that the people I mentioned were low and vile enough, perhaps, to be capable of such designs; but that he should not go a step out of his way for them: for let the very worst, that I could imagine, happen; he thought it better to die, than to live in fear of such rascals.—*Spence.*]

* Bounce was a great faithful Danish dog belonging to Mr. Pope.—*Spence.*

When my brother's faithful dog, and companion in these walks, died; he had some thoughts of burying him in his garden, and putting a piece of marble over his grave, with the epitaph; O RARE BOUNCE! and he would have done it, I believe, had not he apprehended that some people might take it to have been meant as a ridicule of Ben Jonson.—*Mrs. R.*

Shakspeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at Davenant's, the Crown, in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. Davenant; and her son, (afterwards Sir William), was supposed to be more nearly related to him, than as a godson only.—One day when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a head of one of the colleges, (who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family), met the child running home, and asked him, whither he was going in so much haste? The boy said: "to my God-father Shakspeare."—"Fie, child, (says the old gentleman), why are you so superfluous? have you not learned yet that you should not use the name of God in vain."—*P.*

Mr. Pope was taught his accidence and the Greek alphabet, by a priest in the family:—was sent to School, at Twiford, when he was about eight; stayed there only one year: and

at the other little schools till twelve years old.—"When I came from the last of them, all the acquisition I had made, was to be able to construe a little of Tully's Offices."—*P.*

My next period was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading; and applied as constantly as I possibly could to it, for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen, when I first went thither, and continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages, till nineteen or twenty. —Considering how very little I had, when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French* or Greek; and in all three my chief way of getting them was by translation.—*P.*

I wrote the Essay on Criticism, two or three years before it was printed.—*P.*

In translating both the Iliad and the Odyssey my usual method was, to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations: and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only.—*P.* [How much he has

* That Pope understood French sufficiently to read it and relish their poetry, there can be little doubt; yet Voltaire says: "Pope, whom I was intimately acquainted with, could hardly read French; and spoke not one syllable of our language, not being capable of doing it." He was not more exact, it appears, in his knowledge of Greek.—*Editor.*

corrected, and in what manner, may be seen by the original manuscripts of each: which are bound up; that of the Iliad in two volumes, and that of the Odyssey in one.—From the MS. of the latter, it appears how truly he says; " that he translated twelve books of it."—That volume contains the first draught of the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth books: part of the tenth; from, " now dropt our anchors in the ocean bay," verse 157 to the end.—The thirteenth and fourteenth—part of the fifteenth, from " meantime the king Eumæus and the rest," verse 321 to the end—and the seventeenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-fourth, that is ten books entire, and part of two others, which, with his great corrections in Broome's part, (without reckoning some manuscript of his own, which is lost) would make up the compass of twelve books at least.—*Spence.*]

I am inclined to believe, that we may probably have passed through some states of being before this, though we are not now conscious of our having past through them: and may possibly pass through other stages, without being conscious of this.—A child does not know the design of his parents, and may think them severe, while they are only endeavouring to do him good; till he is fourteen or fifteen, or perhaps till he is four or five-and-twenty.—

It may be thus with us, and our great parent: and we may pass through as many different stages of being, as they do through years, before we come to the full opening of our understanding.—*P.*

Some wonder why I did not take in the fall of man, in my Essay; and others how the immortality of the soul came to be omitted. The reason is plain: they both lay out of my subject, which was only to consider man as he is; in his present state, not in his past or future*.—*P.*

Some of Plato's and Cicero's reasonings on the immortality of the soul, are very foolish; but the latter's less so than the former's.—Without revelation, it certainly is a grand *peut-être.*—*P.*

There was not any one honest minister in all the reigns of the Stuarts; except Lord Clarendon,—yes Lord Godolphin,—he was a good man; though he had underhand dealings with the Pretender at first.—*P.*

The great thing toward speaking or writing well, is to understand the thing perfectly, which one is to write or speak about. I scarce ever heard any one speak ill in the House of Commons, in an affair which he was well acquainted with.—*Mr. L.*

* Ramsay, and some others, in letters sent him about that time—and some of the Popish priests.—*Spence.*

"I pity you, sir, because you have now completed every thing belonging to your garden." ——Why, I really shall be at a loss for the diversion I used to take in laying out and finishing things. I have now nothing left me to do, but to add a little ornament or two, at the line to the Thames.—*P.* [His design for this was to have a swan, as flying into the river, on each side of the landing-place; then the statues of two river gods, reclined on the bank between them and the corner seats or temples; with

"Hic placido fluit amne Meles,"

on one of their urns; and

"Magnis ubi flexibus errat Mincius,—"

on the other. Then two terms, in the first niches in the grove work on the sides, with the busts of Homer and Virgil; and higher, two others, with those of Marcus Aurelius, and of Cicero.]

"Whence is that verse on the river Meles?"—In Politian's best poem, his Ambra.—*P.* [He had read Politian when he was very young; and then marked down this for the best of his pieces. To any thing that pleased him particularly, he used then to affix this mark ✝; and before the Ambra, in his Politian, he had added, "*Optimum hoc, ut puto, Politiani opus est.*" He

still retained the same opinion of it; though the Ambra seems to be more in Claudian's manner, than some other pieces by the same author, and particularly than his Nutritia: and, I should imagine, is not so good as that. There were some few marks beside of a mistaken taste in Mr. Pope, from that early and unguided reading of his. He met with Statius very early; liked him much; and translated a good deal from him: and to the last, he used to call him the best of all the Latin epic poets after Virgil. However, these two instances, and perhaps a little more regard for Ovid's Metamorphosis than he might otherwise have had, are the only instances I can recollect of this kind: and how soon after his first setting out, he must have formed a most excellent taste who could write so just and admirable a poem as the Essay on Criticism, before he was twenty!—*Spence.*]

At this day, as much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation.—*P.*

"I was just going to ask you a very foolish question;—What should one read for?"—For!—why to know facts:—but I should read in a quite different manner now, from what I did when I had my great early fit of reading,

(from about fourteen to twenty-one). '*Then* it was only for the diversion of the story; *now* it should be to make myself and others better.—I would mark down:—on such an occasion, the people concerned proceeded in such a manner; it was evidently wrong, and had a very ill effect; a statesman, therefore, should avoid it, in a like case.—Such an one did good, or got an honest reputation, by such an action: I would mark it down, in order to imitate it, where I had an opportunity.—*P.*

" Did you never mind what your angry critics published against you?"—Never much:—only one or two things, at first.—When I heard, for the first time, that Dennis had written against me, it gave me some pain: but it was quite over as soon as I came to look into his book, and found he was in such a passion.—*P.*

When I was looking over some things I had brought from Italy, to pick out what might be of use in his grotto; and came, among the rest, to some beads and medals that had been blessed at Loretto: he laid them gently aside, and said: " those would be good presents for a papist."—*P.*

Archbishop Tillotson was very well acquainted with Betterton; and continued that acquaintance, even after he was in that high station. One day, when Betterton came to

see him at Lambeth, the prelate asked him; "how it came about, that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched deeply with it himself, and spoke it as feelingly as he was able; yet he could never move people in the church, near so much as the other did on the stage?"—That, says Betterton, I think, is easy to be accounted for: it is because you are only telling them a story, and I am showing them facts.—*P.*

I began writing verses of my own invention, farther back than I can well remember.—Ogilby's translation of Homer was one of the first large poems that ever Mr. Pope read; and he still spoke of the pleasure it then gave him, with a sort of rapture, only in reflecting on it.—"It was that great edition with pictures, I was then about eight years old. This led me to Sandy's Ovid, which I liked extremely; and so I did a translation of part of Statius, by some very bad hand."—*P.*

When I was about twelve, I wrote a kind of play, which I got to be acted by my schoolfellows. It was a number of speeches from the Iliad; tacked together with verses of my own. —The epic poem which I begun a little after I was twelve, was Alcander, Prince of Rhodes: there was an under-water scene in the first book, it was in the Archipelago.—I wrote four

books toward it, of about a thousand verses each; and had the copy by me, till I burnt it, by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester, a little before he went abroad.—*P.*

I endeavoured, (said he, smiling), in this poem, to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece: there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian.—"It was an imitative poem then, as your other exercises were imitations of this or that story?"—Just that.—*P.*

Mr. Pope wrote verses imitative of sounds so early as in this epic poem.—

> "Shields, helms, and swords all jangle as they hang,
> And sound formidinous with angry clang."

Was a couplet of this nature in it?——There were also some couplets in it which I have since inserted in some of my other poems, without any alteration. As in the Essay on Criticism;

> "Whose honours with increase of ages grow;
> As streams roll down enlarging as they flow."

Another couplet, inserted in the Dunciad al-

ready mentioned*, and I think he said the same of that simile—

> "As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe;
> The wheels above urg'd by the load below."

In the scattered lessons I used to set myself, about that time, I translated above a quarter of the Metamorphoses, and that part of Statius which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Walsh.—*P.*

My next work, after my Epic, was my Pastorals; so that I did exactly what Virgil says of himself:—

> Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
> Vellit, et admonuit; pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
> Pascere oportet ovis; deductum dicere carmen.
>
> *Eclog.* vi. 3.—*P.*

I translated Tully's piece *de Senectute*, in this early period, and there is a copy of it in Lord Oxford's library.—*P.*

My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity, but humility: I saw how defective my own things were; and endeavoured to mend my manner, by copying good strokes from others.—*P.*

I have often mentioned my great reading,

* See *ante.* p. 25.

period to you.—In it, I went through all the best critics*; almost all the English, French, and Latin poets, of any name: the minor poets, Homer, and some of the greater Greek poets, in the original; and Tasso and Ariosto in translations—I even then liked Tasso better than Ariosto, as I do still; and Statius of all the Latin poets, by much, next to Virgil.—*P.*

My epic was about two years in hand, (from thirteen to fifteen).—Alcander was a prince, driven from his throne by Deucalion, father of Minos, and some other princes.—It was better planned than Blackmore's Prince Arthur; but as slavish an imitation of the ancients.—Alcander showed all the virtue of suffering, like Ulysses; and of courage, like Æneas, or Achilles.—Apollo, as the patron of Rhodes, was his great defender; and Cybele, as the patroness of Deucalion and Crete, his great enemy. She raises a storm against him in the first book, as Juno does against Æneas; and he is cast away and swims ashore, just as Ulysses does to the island of Phæacia.—*P.*

Mr. Pope thought himself the better, in some respects, for not having had a regular education.—He, (as he observed in particular), read

* This probably led him to writing his Essay on Criticism at that period.—*Spence.*

originally for the sense; whereas we are taught, for so many years, to read only for words.—*P.*

As I had a vast memory, and was sickly, and so full of application; had I chanced to have been of the religion of the country I was born in, and bred at the usual places of education, I should, probably, have written something on that subject, and against the methods now used there; and, I believe, I might have been more useful that way than any other.—*P.*

Bacon and Locke did not follow the common paths, but beat out new ones; and you see what good they have done: but much more is wanting.—Aldrich did a great deal of good too, in his way; there should be such people in the universities: but nothing can be done effectually, till the government takes it in hand to encourage and animate such a reformation.—*P.*

About fifteen, I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh. He used to encourage me much, and used to tell me, that there was one way left of excelling: for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct; and he desired me to make that my study and aim.—*P.* [This, I suppose, first led Mr. Pope to turn his lines over and over again so often, which he continued to do

till the last; and did it with surprising facility.—*Spence.*]

I learned versification wholly from Dryden's works; who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets; and would, probably, have brought it to its perfection, had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste.—*P.*

Dryden always uses proper language; lively, natural, and fitted to the subject. It is scarce ever too high, or too low: never, perhaps, except in his plays.—*P.*

Lord Dorset's things are all excellent in their way; for one should consider his pieces as a sort of epigrams: wit was his talent.—— He and Lord Rochester should be considered as holiday-writers; as gentlemen that diverted themselves now and then with poetry, rather than as poets.—*P.* [This was said kindly of them; rather to excuse their defects, than to lessen their characters.—*Spence.*]

Rochester has very bad versification sometimes.—*P.* [He instanced this from his translation of the tenth satire of Horace: his full rhymes, &c.—*Spence.*]

There is no one of our poets of that class, that was more judicious than Sir John Denham.—*P.* [At the end of his Cooper's Hill, (edition of 1709) Mr. Pope had written the

following note.—" This poem was first printed without the author's name, in 1643. In that edition a great number of verses are to be found, since entirely omitted*; and very many others, since corrected and improved. Some few, the author afterwards added: and in particular the four celebrated lines on the Thames,

" O could I flow like thee," &c.

all with admirable judgment; and the whole

* Though it might be a very useful lesson for a poet, to compare those two editions more exactly; and to consider at each alteration, how and why it was altered: it may not be amiss to subjoin here, the following list of alterations in the poem.—*Spence.*

Edition, 1709.—Verse 12; more boundless, &c.—seven verses added instead of two bad ones.—V. 24 to 26; six verses only, instead of fourteen not near so good.—V. 30 to 38; were scattered among others, far inferior.—V. 40; four verses omitted, in which he had compared Windsor Castle to a big-bellied woman!—V. 41 to 48; altered for the better.—55 to 58; ditto, ditto.—V. 77 to 82; six verses, instead of eight inferior.—V. 86; two verses omitted.—V. 100 to 115; fifteen verses, instead of twenty-six far inferior.—V. 121; improved.—V. 127 to 132; altered much for the better.—V. 149 to 156; added.—V. 165, 166; altered.—V. 171 to 196; much omitted, and much added; of the Thames.—V. 217 to 237; much altered.—V. 241 to 300; much added of the chase.—V. 307 to 310; simile added.—V. 319 to 322; altered for the better.—V. 327; six party lines omitted.—V. 342; party lines omitted.—357; others, of the same kind, omitted in the close.

read together is a very strong proof of what Mr. Waller says:

> " Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
> Could it be known what they discreetly blot."—*P.*

It was our family priest, (Banister) who taught me the figures, accidence, and first part of grammar. If it had not been for that, I should never have got any language: for I never learned any thing at the little schools I was at afterwards; and never should have followed any thing that I could not follow with pleasure.—I had learned very early to read, and delighted extremely in it; and taught myself to write, very early too, by copying from printed books; with which I used to divert myself, as other children do with scrawling out pictures*.—*P.*

The Iliad took me up six years; and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehension.

* When Mr. Pope got into the way of teaching himself, and applied so close to it in the Forest; some of his first exercises were imitations of the stories that pleased him most in Ovid, or any other poet that he was reading. I have one of these original exercises now by me, in his own hand. It is the story of Acis and Galatea, from Ovid; and was translated when he was but fourteen years old. The title-page to this, (from his manner of learning to write), is so like print, that it requires a good eye and nice regard to distinguish it.—*Spence.*

Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night.—I sometimes, still, even dream of being engaged in that translation; and got about half way through it: and being embarrassed and under dread of never completing it.—*P.*

If I had not undertaken that work, I should certainly have writ an epic: and I should have sat down to it with this advantage, that I had been nursed up in Homer and Virgil.—*P.*

The following epigram was made by Rowe, upon Phil. Frowd's uncle when he was writing a tragedy of Cinna.

> Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin-a;
> For he can now do nothing else but Cin-na.

"I thought Rowe had been too grave, to write such things?"—He!—why he would laugh all day long! he would do nothing else but laugh.—*P.*

"The nobleman-look."—Yes, I know what you mean very well: that look which a nobleman should have; rather than what they have generally now.—*P.*

The Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) was a genteel man; and had a great deal the look you speak of.—Wycherley was a very genteel man; and had the nobleman-look as much as the Duke of Buckingham.—*P.* [He instanced

it too in Lord Peterborough; Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Hinchinbroke; the Duke of Bolton, and two or three more.—*Spence.*]

Mr. Pope has still a good memory; and that both of the sensible and local kind.—When I consulted him about the *Hades* of the antients; he referred immediately to Pindar's second Olympic ode, Plutarch's Treatise *de Iside et Osiride*, the four places that relate to it in the Odyssey, (though this was so many years after he had done that translation), Plato, Lucretius, and some others; and turned to the very passages in most of them, with a surprising readiness.——"Pray what is the *Asphodil* of Homer?"—Why I believe, if one was to say the truth, 'twas nothing else but that poor yellow flower that grows about our orchards: and if so, the verse might thus be translated in English.

——————"the stern Achilles
Stalked through a mead of daffodillies."—*P.*

Good part of the ballad on Lechmere and Guise was written by Mr. Pope.—The ballad on the rabbit-woman, by him and Mr. Pulteney: they wrote two or three more together.—*P.*

When Cowley grew sick of the court, he took a house first at Battersea, then at Barnes; and then at Chertsey: always farther and farther

from town. In the latter part of his life, he showed a sort of aversion for women; and would leave the room when they came in: 'twas probably from a disappointment in love. He was much in love with his Leonora; who is mentioned at the end of that good ballad of his, on his different mistresses. She was married to Dean Sprat's brother; and Cowley never was in love with any body after.—*P.*

Addison usually studied all the morning: then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours; and sometimes far into the night.—I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it.—*P.*

Addison passed each day alike; and much in the manner that Dryden did.—Dryden employed his mornings in writing; dined, *en famille;* and then went to Wills's: only he came home earlier a'nights—*P.*

The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, my Lord Southampton and a friend of his got leave to sit up by the body, in the banquetting-house at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholy there, about two o'clock in the morning, they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly up stairs. By-and-by the door opened, and a man entered, very much muffled up in his cloak; and his face

quite hid in it.—He approached the body, considered it, very attentively, for some time: and then shook his head and sighed out the word, 'cruel necessity!'—He then departed in the same slow and concealed manner as he had come in.—Lord Southampton used to say, that he could not distinguish any thing of his face; but that by his voice and gait, he took him to be Oliver Cromwell.—*P.*

END OF THE SEVENTH SECTION.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

SECTION VIII. 1743...44.

THE idea that I have had for an Epic poem, of late, turns wholly on civil and ecclesiastical government. The hero is a prince who establishes an empire. That prince is our Brutus from Troy; and the scene of the establishment, England. The plan of government is much like our old original plan; supposed so much earlier: and the religion, introduced by him, is the belief of one God, and the doctrines of morality.—Brutus is supposed to have travelled into Egypt; and there to have learned the unity of the deity, and the other purer doctrines, afterwards kept up in the mysteries.—Though there is none of it writ as yet, what I look upon as more than half the work is already done; for 'tis all exactly planned.—"It would take you up ten years?"—Oh much

less, I should think, as the matter is already quite digested and prepared*.—*Pope.*

What was first designed for an Epistle on Education, as part of my essay-scheme, is now inserted in the fourth book of the Dunciad; as the subject for two other epistles (those on civil and ecclesiastical polity) will be treated more at large in my Brutus.—*P.*

I never save any thing: unless I meet with such a pressing case, as is absolute demand upon me. Then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As, for instance, had such a thing happened this year, I would not have built my two summer-houses.—*P.*

I would be buried in Twickenham Church, if I should fail anywhere near it: in the place where my father and mother lie. And would have no other epitaph, but the words SIBIQVE OBIIT, and the time, added to theirs†.—*P.*

* The plan of this Epic, fully detailed, may be found in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 410. It is perhaps well for Pope's reputation that he did not find leisure to carry this project into execution. Dr. Warton has well observed, that so didactic a genius would probably have been deficient in the sublime and pathetic, which are the main nerves of the Epopea. That his poem would have more resembled the *Henriade* than the Iliad, and have shown more of the philosopher than the poet.—*Editor.*

† His remains were deposited in the same vault with those of his parents, to whose memory he had erected a monument with the following inscription. D. O. M. ALEX-

In the list of papers ordered to be burnt, were the pieces for carrying on the Memoirs of Scriblerus; and several copies of verses by Dean Parnell. I interceded in vain for both. As to the latter, he said that "they would not add any thing to the Dean's character."—*P.*

The rule laid down in the beginning of the Essay on Man, of reasoning only from what we know, is certainly a right one; and will go a great way toward destroying all the school metaphysics: and as the church writers have introduced so much of those metaphysics into their systems, it will destroy a great deal of what is advanced by them too.—*P.*

At present, we can only reason of the divine justice, from what we know of justice in man. When we are in other scenes, we may have truer and nobler ideas of it: but while we are in this life, we can only speak from the volume that is laid open before us.—*P.*

The theological writers, from Clarke down to Jacob Behmen, have all (almost equally) Platonised and corrupted the truth. That is to be learned from the Bible, as it appears

ANDER POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBRO, PIO, QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII. ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI, QVI VIXIT ANNOS XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII. PARENTIBUS BENE MERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT ET SIBI OBIIT AN. 1744, ÆTATIS 56. The last line was added after his death.—*Editor.*

nakedly there; without the wresting of commentators, or the additions of schoolmen.—*P.*

There is hardly any laying down particular rules for writing our language: even Dean Swift's, which seemed to be the best I ever heard, were, three in four of them, not thoroughly well grounded*.—In most doubts, whether a word is English or not, or whether such a particular use of it is proper, one has nothing but authority for it. Is it in Sir William Temple, or Locke, or Tillotson?—If it be, you may conclude that it is right, or at least won't be looked upon as wrong.—*P.*

"The great secret how to write well, is to know thoroughly what one writes about, and not to be affected."—[Or, as he expressed the same thing afterwards in other words,] "to write naturally, and from one's own knowledge."—*P.*

There was a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go

* One of the greatest difficulties in our language, lies in the use of the *relatives*; and the making it always evident to what *antecedents* they refer.—*Dr. Swift to Mr. Hooke.*—The following is an instance of what Swift used to call the Parson's style. "That were not of the growth, or at least, made free of Rome.—It should be—"That were not of the growth of Rome, or at least, made free of it."—*Hooke. Addition from MS. B.*

out with his dogs every day, only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt any thing of that, he would cry out, 'Oh, I have found it!' turn short round and ride home again, though they were in the midst of the finest chace.—It was this Lord, who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger, called him "a happy dog!" and envied him too much to relieve him.—*P.*

On Lord Hyde's return from his travels, his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him, with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank.—All Lord Hyde's answer was: "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold? or at least, how could you know my price so exactly?"—*P.* [It was on this account that Mr. Pope compliments him with that passage—

———"disdain, what Cornbury disdains."—*Spence.*]

Mr. Pope altered some verses in the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry; as he likewise did many in Wycherley's poems.—*P.*

Lydia, in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Poems, is almost wholly Gay's; and is published as such in his works. There are only five or six lines new set in it by that lady. It was that which gave the hint; and she wrote the other five eclogues.—*P*

L'Estrange's excellent fable-style, is abominable in his translation of Josephus: and it is the same in his imitator, Collier, as to his lighter pieces, and his translation of Marcus Antoninus.—*P.*

I should not choose to employ some that could do it, to translate some of my poems into Latin; because, if they did it as they ought, it would make them good for nothing else.—*P.*

—Yes, I really think Betterton the best actor I ever saw: but I ought to tell you at the same time, that in Betterton's days the older sort of people talked of Harte's being his superior, just as we do of Betterton's being superior to those now.—*P.*

"I shall be very glad to see Dr. Hales; and always love to see him, he is so worthy and good a man."—Yes, he is a very good man; only I'm sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood.—"What, he cuts up rats?"—Ay, and dogs too!—[With what emphasis and concern he spoke it.]—"Indeed, he commits most of these barbarities, with the thought of being of use to man: but how do we know, that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?"—*P.*

"I used to carry it too far; I thought they

had reason as well as we."—So they have to be sure.—All our disputes about that, are only disputes about words.—Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know; and dogs have just that too.—"But then they must have souls too; as unperishable in their nature as ours?"—And what harm would that be to us?—*P.*

Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together; as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it when ambassador at Turin.—He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write.—One perhaps was a letter to the emperor, another to an old friend; a third to a mistress, a fourth to a statesman, and so on: yet he carried so many and so different connexions in his head, all at the same time.—*P.*

Lord Peterborough was not near so great a genius as Lord Bolingbroke.—They were quite unlike. Lord Peterborough, for instance, in the case just mentioned, would say pretty and lively things in his letters; but they would be rather too gay, and wandering: whereas, was Lord Bolingbroke to write to the emperor, or to the statesman, he would fix on that point which was the most material; and would set it in the strongest and finest light, and manage it so as to make it the most serviceable to his purpose.—*P.*

There is one thing in Lord Bolingbroke, which seems peculiar to himself. He has so great a memory, as well as judgment, that if he is alone, and without books, he can set down by himself, and refer to the books, or such a particular subject in them, in his own mind; and write as fully on it, as another man would with all his books about him. He sits like an Intelligence, and recollects all the question within himself.—*P.*

The old Dutchess of Marlborough has given away in charities, and in presents to granddaughters and other relatives, near three hundred thousand pounds in her life-time.—*P.*

I had twelve hundred pounds for my translation of the Iliad, and six hundred for the Odyssey; and all the books for my subscribers, and presents into the bargain*.—*P.*

I *must* make a perfect edition of my works;

* His contract with Lintot was that he should receive two hundred pounds for each volume of the Iliad besides all the copies for his subscribers, and for presents.—The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five, many subscribed for more than one copy, so that he must have received upwards of six thousand pounds. He was at first apprehensive that the contract might ruin Lintot, and endeavoured to dissuade him from thinking any more of it. The event, however, proved quite the reverse; the success of the work was so unparalleled as at once to enrich the bookseller, and prove a productive estate to his family.—*Editor.*

and then shall have nothing to do but to die.—*P.*

It was that stanza in Spenser, that I at first designed for my motto to the Dunciad.—*P.*

" As gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to walk in west,
High on a hill, (his flocks to vewen wide),
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best:
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to enfix their feeble stings;
That from their noyance, he no where can rest:
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft; and oft doth mar their murmurings."

[I remember this was written down in the first MS. copy of the Dunciad. It hits the little impertinent poets, that were brushed away by that poem, very well; but fails in other points, (as " with his clownish hands," in particular), and therefore, I suppose, was omitted by him.—*Spence.*]

After reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures.—I don't know how it is, but she said very right: there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age, as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene, when I was about twelve, with infinite delight; and I think

it gave me as much, when I read it over about a year or two ago.—*P.*

When I had a fever, one winter in town, that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke, who came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table; and in turning it over, dipped on the first satire of the second book, which begins *Sunt quibus in satirâ, &c.* He observed, how well that would hit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over; translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to the press in a week or fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the satires and epistles afterwards.—*P.* [To how casual a beginning are we obliged for some of the most delightful things in our language! When I was saying to him that he had already imitated a third part of Horace's Satires and Epistles; and how much it was to be wished that he would go on with them; he could not believe that he had gone near so far: but, upon computing, it appeared to be above a third. He seemed on this not disinclined to carry it further; but his last illness was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him and all hopes of that kind in a few months after.—*Spence.*]

I have imitated more than are printed; and

particularly the fourth satire of the second book.—Before this hint from Lord Bolingbroke, I had translated the first satire of the first book. But that was done several years ago, and in quite a different manner. It was much closer, and more like a downright translation.—*P.*

Cromwell was inclined to spare the king, till he found there was no trust to be put in him. 'Tis said, at least there was a private correspondence carried on between them, for some time. Cromwell was to restore the king to his full regal power, and was himself to be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other advantageous articles. The queen heard of this, and wrote to the king to desire him "not to yield too much to the traitor." The king in his answer said, "she need not have any concern in her mind on that head: for whatever agreement they might enter into, he should not look upon himself as obliged to keep any promises made so much on compulsion, whenever he had power enough to break through them." Cromwell intercepted this answer, and from that moment, acted always uniformly to take away the king's life*.—*P.*

* This is somewhat differently related by the younger Richardson, in his rambling way. "Lord Bolingbroke told us (June 12, 1742), that Lord Oxford had often told him,

[Lord Bolingbroke said he was not ill where he was; that he had made several friendships, and did not dislike the country:—but that if he might be fully restored he should be obliged.—This was absolutely promised.—He was several times with the king, and told him of his promise; the king said he should be glad to perform it, but that his ministers assured him so many of the lords were so much prejudiced against Lord Bolingbroke, that the

that he had seen, and had in his hand, an original letter King Charles the First wrote to the Queen, in answer to one of hers that had been intercepted, and then forwarded to him; wherein she reproached him for "having made those villains too great concessions," (viz. that Cromwell should be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life, without account; that the kingdom should be in the hands of the party, with an army there kept, which should know no head but the lieutenant; that Cromwell should have the garter, &c.) That in this letter of the king's it was said, "that she should leave him to manage, who was better informed of all circumstances than she could be; but that she might be entirely easy as to whatever concessions he should make them; for that he should know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who instead of a silken garter, should be fitted with an hempen cord."—So the letter ended; which answer, as they waited for, so they intercepted accordingly, and it determined the king's fate.—This letter Lord Oxford said he had offered five hundred pounds for.—Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Marchmont, and Mr. Pope, all believed that the story I had heard or read to this purpose, (and which occasioned Lord Bolingbroke's telling the above), had its origin no higher than this story of Lord Oxford."—*Editor.*

bill would never pass the house.—Lord Bolingbroke told the king that it was all false: that it would pass the house if Sir Robert Walpole had a mind to make it do so, and that if the king told him he should, that he must.—"Sir Robert is but two or three rooms off, (said Lord B.) if you will order him to be called in, I will tell him all that I have said to your majesty, and convince him how it may be done."—"No, no, (replied the king) don't call him in."—*P.*

The king was heard to say in the drawing-room, upon the falling of the South Sea stock. "We had very good luck: for we sold out last week."—*P.*

Kings now (except the King of Sardinia), are the worst things upon earth. They are turned mere tradesmen; *cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes.—P.*

Cotta and his heir, were supposed by some to have been the late, and present Duke of Newcastle. "Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves." Mr. Pope did not confirm it outright, when I mentioned it to him, but spoke of their characters in a manner that seemed not at all to disown it.—*Spence**.]

Lord Bolingbroke quitted the Pretender,

* The four preceding articles are taken from Mr. Spence's Papers.—*Editor.*

because he found him incapable of making a good prince. He himself, if in power, would have made the best of ministers.—These things will be proved one of these days. The proofs are ready, and the world *will* see them*. —*P.*

One may form some idea of the consistency of foreknowledge and free-will, from the instance of a tutor and a child.—If you know the temper and custom of a man thoroughly, and the circumstances of the thing offered to him, you know often how he will choose: and his choice is not at all the less free for your foreseeing it.—A man always chooses what appears best to him: and if you certainly foresaw what would appear best to him, in any one particular case, you would certainly foresee what he would choose.—*P.*

I have thought it over, and am quite willing to leave this world. It is too bad to desire to stay on in it: and my spirit will go into the hands of him, who I know will not use it worse than it has deserved.—*P.*

I would leave my things in merciful hands. —I am in no concern, whether people should say this is writ well or ill, but that this was writ with a good design.—"He has written in

* This is most probably a hint at the edition of the "Patriot King" he had caused to be printed, without Bolingbroke's knowledge.—*Editor.*

the cause of virtue, and done something to mend people's morals:" this is the only commendation I long for.—*P.*

Hughes was a good humble-spirited man, a great admirer of Mr. Addison, and but a poor writer, except his play, that is very well *.—*P.*

* Hughes died in February 1719-20, on the first night his Siege of Damascus was acted, and wrote the Prologue and Epilogue for it in bed, and the Dedication to Lord Chancellor Cowper, only ten days before his death. He was about forty-five years old. It was the sight of that play in manuscript that recommended him entirely to Lord Cowper, who made him Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace, a month after he read it: and when Lord Parker succeeded him, though Lord C. was too angry with him to desire him to continue any one else, he did desire him to continue Mr. Hughes. Lord Parker did so, and told him that Lord C. had recommended him to him, but that he had a previous recommendation; which was his own merit. He was never in any circumstances till his secretaryship; which was but a few years before his death.—Mr. Strahan only received one hundred and twenty-five pounds for tickets for his play, and had not the pleasure of delivering that to him, but to his mother. He left above five hundred pounds to his family, who much wanted it.—*Addition from Mr. Spence's Papers.*

In answer to an observation of Swift, that Hughes " is among the *mediocrists* in prose and verse:" Pope replies, " as to Hughes, what he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him."—It has been said that Pope, in this case acted with duplicity, because he praises the Siege of Damascus in a letter to Hughes, written the very day he died; and in a subsequent letter to his brother, praises both the work and the author.—Dr. Johnson gives his sanction to this character of Hughes, and has also been censured for doing so.—We have here a proof that

There never was any thing so wicked as the Holy Wars.—*P.*

In the Island of St. Christopher, there are a number of creatures like lizards; some green, some red, and others yellow: which change their natural colour to some other, almost instantly, on being pricked with a needle. They frequent the fig-trees there, much; one of which makes a wood of itself: the branches growing down to the ground, and taking root there, and then growing on, and doing the same again.—I have seen, I believe, five hundred of these creatures at once sitting under one of these natural fig-tree arbours.—*Mr. B.*

I have never been at the city of Mexico myself; but a particular friend, who has been there, and whom I could absolutely trust to, has assured me, "that he was never struck so much with any thing, as with the magnificence now used there:" and yet he had been in several of the most splendid courts of Europe, before he went thither. He said, in particular, that there were above seven hundred equipages, with the harness of solid silver.—And

Pope's opinion of Hughes's talents, was not a mere echo of that of Swift, and we see that he excepts his play from the censure. But this is not the only instance of Pope's insincerity in his epistolary commerce with mankind, all his correspondents are made easy by flattery, laid on without conscience or remorse.—*Editor.*

when they go out on one of the great causeways, which is the walk in fashion at present, every lady has a black slave on each side of her, with an umbrella to shade her from the sun; and a third to hold her train.—*Mr. B.*

The Epistle on "The Use of Riches," was as much laboured as any one of my works. —*P.*

A great lawyer, who had a very bad son, in his last will left him a legacy to such a value, and this verse of Mr. Pope's to think often of,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

—*Mr. Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield.)*

I had once a design of giving a taste of all the most celebrated Greek poets, by translating one of their best short pieces at least from each of them. A hymn of Homer, another of Callimachus, an ode or two from Pindar, and so on: and I should have done so had not I engaged in the translation of the Iliad. What led me into that, which was a work so much more laborious and less suited to my inclination, was purely the want of money. I had then none; not even to buy books.—*P.*

Lord Oxford was always dissuading me from engaging in that work. He used to compliment me by saying, that "so good a writer ought not to be a translator." He talked

always very kindly to me: and used often to express his concern for my continuing incapable of a place: which I could not make myself capable of, without giving a great deal of pain to my parents; such pain, indeed, as I would not have given to either of them, for all the places he could have bestowed upon me.—*P.*

That lord never said any thing of a pension to me: and it was to the whig ministry, that I was wholly obliged for any thoughts of that kind.—*P.*

In the beginning of George the First's reign, Lord Hallifax sent for me of his own accord. He said he had often been concerned that I had never been rewarded as I deserved; that he was very glad it was now in his power to be of service to me, that a pension should be settled on me, if I cared to accept it; and that nothing should be demanded of me for it. —I thanked his lordship, in general terms, and seemed to want time to consider of it.—I heard nothing further for some time; and about three months after I wrote to Lord Hallifax, to thank him for his most obliging offer; saying, that I had considered the matter over fully, and that all the difference I could find in having or not having a pension, was, that if I had one, I might live more at large in town, and that if I had not, I might live happily

enough in the country.—There was something said too, of the love of being quite free, and without any thing that might even look like a bias laid on me.—So the thing dropped, and I had my liberty without a coach *.—*P.*

* These anecdotes were in the hands of Dr. Johnson, during the time he was writing his Lives of the Poets, yet this has escaped him.—After quoting the anecdote of Lord Hallifax, which stands at the head of the fourth section, he observes. "It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect they are despised or cheated. Hallifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. *All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (of Dec.* 1, 1714)."—In which Pope says in substance what is stated above.—"They probably were suspicious of each other (says Dr. Johnson). Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be *troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation.* Hallifax thought himself entitled to confidence, and would give nothing unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended, because Pope was less eager of money than Hallifax of praise. It is not likely that Hallifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Hallifax with scorn or hatred."—But in the Preface to the Iliad, Pope did design to flatter him, and says, "The Earl of Hallifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example." And in a note on the Epilogue to the Satires calls him, "A peer no less distinguished by his love of letters, than his abilities in parliament." And yet, with his

Craggs, afterwards, went farther than this. —He told me, as a real friend, that a pension of three hundred pounds a year was at my service; and that, as he had the management of the secret-service money in his hands, he could pay me such a pension yearly without any one's knowing that I had it.—I declined even this: but thanked Mr. Craggs for the heartiness and sincerity of his friendship, told him that I did not much like a pension any way; but that, since he had so much goodness toward me, if I should want money, I would come to him for a hundred pounds, or even for five hundred, if my wants ran so high.—*P.* [I do not find that he ever did go to Mr. Craggs for any thing after all, and have been assured by some of his friends, who knew his private affairs the most intimately, that they think he never did.—*Spence.*]

Craggs was so friendly as to press this to

usual duplicity, he satirized him under the character of Bufo in the Prologue to the Satires.—Hallifax also overloaded Swift with compliments and promises; but Swift does not appear to have been his dupe. In a small book of French verses, found in his library at his decease, he had written these words, "Given me by Lord Hallifax, May 3d, 1709; I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only FAVOUR I ever received from him or his party."—EDITOR.

me several times, and always used to insist on the convenience that a coach would be of to me, to incline me to accept of his kind offer. 'Tis true, it would have been very convenient: but then I considered, that such an addition to my income was very uncertain, and that if I had received it, and kept a coach for some time, it would have made it more inconvenient for me to live without one, whenever that should fail.—*P.*

Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money, in the whole course of his writing. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds, to have been gratified in this desire: and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much, but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness. And when the Alderman died, he left him a legacy only of a hundred pounds; which might have been some thousands, if he had obliged him only with a couplet.—*Mr. Warburton, who had it from Mr. Pope, and I have been assured of it by others who knew both Mr. Pope and the Alderman very well.*

When Mr. Pope's nephew, who had been used to the sea, refused a very handsome settlement that was offered him in the West Indies, and said, that fifty pounds a year was all he wanted, and that it would make him happy—Mr. Pope (instead of using arguments to persuade him not to refuse so advantageous a proposal) immediately offered to settle the yearly sum upon him, which he said would make him happy.—*Mr. Warburton.*

A hidden doctrine, as well as a vulgar one, was so necessary, that it was used, not only in China and Egypt, but in all the heathen nations of old.—The hidden doctrines of the union of the Deity, and of the immortality of the soul, were originally in all the Mysteries, even in those of Cupid and Bacchus.—*W.*

The Mysteries, at first, were the retreats of sense and virtue: till time corrupted them, in those of most of the gods; (for there were mysteries belonging to each), but more particularly, as was naturally to be expected, in those of Bacchus and Cupid.—The general progress of idolatry, in most nations, has been the same. People began with worshipping the sun, moon, and stars;—then, after entering into society, each their public benefactors, as such; and, lastly, the same as real divinities,

to hide the nonsense of worshipping made gods.—Momus, or the complaining against Providence, was originally supposed to be the son of *Nox* and *Chaos*, or *Ignorance* and *Disorder:* but afterwards, when the Greeks grew wicked, it was turned into a character of *Wit.* —*W.*

In talking over the design for a dictionary, that might be authoritative for our English writers; Mr. Pope rejected Sir Walter Raleigh twice, as too affected.—The list for prose authors (from whose works such a dictionary should be collected), was talked over several times, and quite settled. There were eighteen* of them named by Mr. Pope, but four† of that number were only named as authorities for familiar dialogues and writings of that kind.—"Should I not write down Hooke and Middleton?"—Ay, and I think there's scarce any more of the living that you need name.—*P.*

The list of writers, that might serve as authorities for poetical language, was begun upon twice, but left very imperfect. There were

* Lord Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Lord Clarendon, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, Sir William Temple, Locke, Sprat, Atterbury, Addison, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke.

† Ben Jonson, L'Estrange, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

but nine* mentioned, and two of those† only for the burlesque style.—*P.*

The chief difficulty in a work of this kind, would lie in giving definitions of the names of mixed modes.—As to the names of *things*, they are very well ascertained.—It would be difficult too, to settle what should be done as to the etymologies of words. If given to all, they would be often very trifling, and very troublesome; and if given to none, we should miss some very sensible originals of words. —*Mr. Warburton.*

The Abbé Pluche's founding his whole scheme on the original signification of names, would not be of any great weight, even though he should not have falsified their significations. —The original languages were very narrow in words; so that in them the same word usually stands for forty different things, Hence it is that one, can prove every thing to have been derived from terms of agriculture; another, from terms of navigation; a third, from terms of war; and a fourth, from the names of the patriarchs. Pluche, 'tis true, has a peculiar

* Spenser, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Waller, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Pryor, Swift.

† Butler and Swift.—Fletcher too was only mentioned as an authority for familiar dialogue, and the slighter kinds of writing.

simplicity in his scheme, but it should be considered, that simplicity may serve falsehood as well as truth: though it is always beautiful, 'tis sometimes fallacious.—*W.*

There is scarce any work of mine in which the versification was more laboured than in my pastorals.—*P.* [The Messiah was his favourite above all the others.]

Though Virgil, in his pastorals, has sometimes six or eight lines together that are epic: I have been so scrupulous as scarce ever to admit above two together, even in the Messiah.—*P.*

There is a sweetness, that is the distinguishing character of pastoral versification. The fourth and fifth syllables, and the last but two, are chiefly to be minded: and one must tune each line over in one's head, to try whether they go right or not.—*P.*

"Did you ever learn any thing of music?" —Never: but I had a very good ear; and have often judged right of the best compositions in music by the force of that *.—*P.*

* Pope does not appear to have been correct in this assertion. He was quite insensible to the merits of Handel, and seriously inquired of Dr. Arbuthnot, whether the applause bestowed on that great composer was really deserved. —Gay could play on the flute, and was therefore enabled to adapt so happily some of the airs in the Beggar's Opera. —Milton, Gray, and Mason were exquisite judges of this

The Duke of Marlborough was long in correspondence with the Pretender. He sent him several sums, and particularly five thousand pounds at the time of his expedition against Scotland, by Robin Arbuthnot, then a banker at Boulogne. Lord Sunderland had strong dealings too, and even Lord Godolphin.—*P.*

Lord Sunderland used to betray all the whig-schemes to Harley; and the Duchess of Marlborough has got a letter of his, from some of Lord Oxford's people, which is a very full proof of it.—She has read it to me.—*P.*

The Duchess of Marlborough has a large and very material collection of papers; but I fear she burns such as will not make for those she loved:—that was not the case with Lord Sunderland.—*P.*

Lord Oxford was not latterly in the Pretender's interest*. He may have put on the appearance of being so, to some great men; but he betrayed them, by making his peace

enchanting science, and two or three of our living poets of eminence, remarkable as great masters of versification, are also excellent musicians.—*Editor.*

* The following singular variation exists in the first memorandum of this conversation. "Lord Oxford was latterly in the Pretender's interest, but not Lord B.—*Bromley*, &c." The blanks and initials of names in this and three preceding articles are filled up from those original notes; and the three following articles are derived from them.—*Editor.*

with the present family without their knowledge.—*P.*

[Several great whigs were for bringing in the Pretender about the year 1714. The Duke of Marlborough was to advance thirty thousand pounds for that expedition; and my uncle, Robin Arbuthnot, actually returned ten thousand pounds of it for him.—*Miss Arbuthnot.*

Lord Peterborough was well inclined, and 'twas a great mistake then, not to make him general of that expedition. He was the fittest man in the world for it, as he loved difficulties, and was famous for doing great things with little means.—"That spirit, I hope, is pretty well worn out now?"—I don't know.—Every body is for their own interest; and if there was any likelihood of succeeding, it is possible the great men would be for it now: perhaps more than they were then.—*Pope.*

'Tis no matter what the world says of us.—If a man is sensible that he has always acted for the good of his country, he may always lay down his head with pleasure on his pillow: and this is the great satisfaction that I enjoy, and have always enjoyed, amidst all that has been said against me.—*Lord Bolingbroke. May* 1744 *.]

* The three last articles are added from Mr. Spence's Papers.

I had once thoughts of completing my ethic work in four books.—The first, you know, is on the Nature of Man.—The second, would have been on Knowledge and its limits;—here would have come in an Essay on Education; part of which I have inserted in the Dunciad. —The third, was to have treated of Government; both ecclesiastical and civil—and this was what chiefly stopped my going on. I could not have said what *I would* have said, without provoking every church on the face of the earth: and I did not care for living always in boiling water.—This part would come into my Brutus, which is all planned already; and even some of the most material speeches written in prose.—The fourth, would have been on Morality; in eight or nine of the most concerning branches of it: four of which would have been the two extremes to each of the Cardinal Virtues.—*P.*

Facts in Antient History, are not very instructive now; the principles of acting vary so often and so greatly.—The actions of a great man were quite different, even in Scipio's and Julius Cæsar's times.—*P.*

We have had a new set of motives and principles all over Europe, since the Pyrennean treaty; so that the only part even of our own

history, necessary to be thoroughly studied now, does not go a great way back.—This is the opinion of Lord Bolingbroke, who knows more of Europe, than perhaps all Europe put together at present.—*P.*

"I really think there is something in that great man (Lord Bolingbroke) which looks as if he was placed here by mistake."—There is so; and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to our world to carry him home; as a coach comes to one's door, for other visitors.—*P.*

I used formerly to like Mr. Addison's Letter from Italy extremely, and still like it the most of all his poems: even more than his Campaign.—*P.*

I have followed the significance of the numbers, and the adapting them to the sense, much more even than Dryden; and much oftener than any one minds it. Particularly in the translations of Homer, where 'twas most necessary to do so: and in the Dunciad, often, and indeed in all my poems.—*P.*

The great rule of verse is to be musical; this other is only a secondary consideration, and should not jar too much with the former. —I remember two lines I wrote, when I was a

boy, that were very faulty this way. 'Twas on something that I was to describe as passing away as quick as thought:—

"So swift,—this moment here, the next 'tis gone,
So imperceptible the motion."

POPE.

"I did not use to like that verse in the Iliad:—

"He lies a lifeless load along the land,"

perhaps from its having a liquid in almost every word in it."—Ay, but that does not make it run on like a river-verse: it only weakens it. 'Tis as the thing described; nerveless and yet stiff.—*P.*

Lord Bolingbroke, in every thing, has been acting for the good of the public, for these twenty-five years; and without any view to his own interest.—Where he could get nothing by it, he has laid out much more money than those who were principally concerned, and could better afford it*.—*P.*

On somebody's coming to see him in his illness who said, "they heard he was going to

* In the single point of intelligence in the affair of Dunkirk, and about that time, he was at the expense of four thousand pounds: When the other principal men that I could name, who could better afford it, did not expend above five hundred pounds.—*P.* He had been speaking of Sir William Windham and Pulteney.—*Spence, from Papers.*

put his faith in a new physician," he said: "No, I have not laid aside my old physician and given myself up to a new one; any more than I have renounced the errors of our church, and taken up with those of yours."—*P.*

When General Oglethorpe was conversing with a sensible old native of Georgia about prayer; the latter said, that "they never asked any thing of God, but left it to him to do what he thought best for them: that the asking for any particular blessing, looked to him like directing God; and if so, must be a very wicked thing. That, for his part, he thought every thing that happened in the world was as it should be: that God, of himself, would do for every one, what was consistent with the good of the whole; and that our duty to him, was to be content with whatever happened in general, and thankful for all the good that happened to us in particular."—*Mr. Cheselden.*

"Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am dying."—*P.* [This was said on his sending about some of his Ethic Epistles, as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.—I replied, "I really had that thought several times, when I was last at Twickenham with you; and was apt, now and then, to look upon myself like Phædo."—That might be;

(said he) but you must not expect me now to say any thing like Socrates.—*Spence.*]

One of the things that I have always most wondered at, is that there should be any such thing as human vanity.—If I had any, I had enough to mortify it, a few days ago; for I lost my mind for a whole day.—*P.* [This was said on the 10th of May; and the day he spoke of was the Sunday before, May the 6th. A day or two after he complained of that odd phenomenon, (as he called it) of seeing every thing in the room as through a curtain.—On the 14th he complained of seeing false colours on objects.]—*Spence.*

The 15th, on Mr. Lyttleton's coming in to see him, he said; "Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms!"—[This was just after Dr. T. had been telling him, that he was glad to find that he breathed so much easier; that his pulse was very good; and several other encouraging things.]—*Spence.*

The thing that I suffer most from, is, that I *find* I cannot think.—*P.*

He said to me, "What's that?" pointing into the air, with a very steady regard; and then looked down on me, and said, with a smile of great pleasure and with the greatest softness, "'Twas a vision."—*Spence, (from Papers).*

I had got the Regent's edition of the

Longus's Daphnis and Chloe in my hand to read while he was dozing. "They are very innocent loves, like those of Adam and Eve in Milton: (said he) I wonder how a man of so infected a mind as the Regent, could have any taste for such a book"—*P.*

The greatest hero is nothing under a certain state of the nerves.—His mind is like a fine ring of bells, jangled and out of tune.—*Lord Bolingbroke.* [He himself has been in the vapours this last month, though he always used to laugh at it before: and that made him awake to this reflection.—*Hooke* *.]

There is so much trouble in coming into the world, and so much more, as well as meanness in going out of it; that 'tis hardly worth while to be here at all!—*Lord B.* [His Lordship's melancholy attitude on the morning of the 21st was remarkable, leaning against Mr. Pope's chair; and crying over him for a considerable time, with more concern than can be expressed.]—*Spence.*

[On the 27th, speaking of his having so little to leave, he quoted two of his own verses very properly, on his whole life having been divided between carelessness and care.—*Hooke.* It was on this same day that he requested to be brought to the table where we were sitting at

* From Papers.

dinner; his appearance was such, that we all thought him dying. Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot involuntarily exclaimed; "Lord, have mercy upon us! this is quite an Egyptian feast."—*Spence, (from Papers.)*

"O great God! what is man?" said Lord B. looking on Mr. Pope and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs.

Upon Mr. Cheselden saying, "there is no hope for him here; our only hope for him must be—." Lord Bolingbroke said,—"Pshaw!—we can only reason from what is, we can reason on actualities, but not on possibilities."

When I was telling his Lordship, that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly either of his present or his absent friends: and that this was so surprising, that it seemed to me as if his humanity had outlasted his understanding.—Lord B. said;—"It has so!"—and then added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind!"—"I have known him these thirty years: and value myself more for that man's love, than——." [Sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears.—*Spence.*]

A short time before his death, Mr. Pope said, "I am so certain of the soul's being im-

mortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition."

When Mr. Hooke asked him, whether he would not die as his father and mother had done; and whether he should not send for a priest?—He said, "I do not suppose that is essential, but it will look right: and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it*."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments; he said: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

[When Mr. Hooke whispered this to Lord Bolingbroke, at table, he said aloud; "Why, to be sure, that is the whole duty of man."—*From Papers.*]

Mr. Pope died the 30th of May (1744) in the evening; but they did not know the exact time: for his departure was so easy, that it was imperceptible even to the standers by.—MAY OUR END BE LIKE HIS!

* Hooke told Warburton 'that the priest whom he had provided to do the last office to the dying man, came out from him, penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent, resigned and wrapt up in the love of God and man.'—The priest had scarce departed, (says Warton) when Bolingbroke, coming over from Battersea, flew into a great fit of passion and indignation, on the occasion of his being called in.—*Editor.*

END OF THE EIGHTH SECTION.

SUPPLEMENTAL ANECDOTES,

FROM

MR. SPENCE'S PAPERS.

SUPPLEMENTAL ANECDOTES,

FROM MR. SPENCE'S PAPERS.

SIR Isaac Newton, though he scarce ever spoke ill of any man, could hardly avoid showing his contempt for your virtuoso collectors and antiquarians.—Speaking of Lord Pembroke once, he said, "let him have but a stone doll and he is satisfied. I can't imagine the utility of such studies: all their pursuits are below nature."—*Fr. Chute.*

I have heard Sir Richard Steele say, that though he had a greater share in the Tatlers, than in the Spectators; he thought the news article, in the first of these, was what contributed much to their success.—He confessed that he was much hurt, that Addison should direct his papers in the Spectator to be printed off again in his works. It looked as if he was too much concerned for his own fame, to think of the injury he should do the pecuniary interests of

an indigent friend: particularly as in the Spectator itself, they were sufficiently ascertained to be his by the mark CLIO.—He confirmed, in some degree, the character Pope gives of Addison: from what Sir Richard dropt, in various conversations, it seems to have been but too true.—*Fr. Chute.*

The Duchess of Portsmouth said to the King (William) "Le Prétendant est en Ecosse."—To which he replied: "Eh bien, il ne trouvera pas le Roi Jacques ici."—Another lady, that stood by, wishing he was hanged.—"Pourquoi? (said the king), vous a-t-il fait du mal? pour moi, je le plains."—*Fr. Chute.*

Lord Cowper once declared to me, that he owed all the reasoning he was master of, to reading Chillingworth.—*Fr. Chute.*

Fenton has another play on the stocks.—He was angry before Broome. They two had resolved on translating the Odyssey; Mr. Pope hearing of it, immediately said that he would make a third. At last he came to be principal in the work. Fenton had two hundred and forty pounds of him, and Broome six hundred. —Broome asked five, and upon Mr. Pope's saying that was too little, and Broome naming seven; "Well then, (says Pope,) let's split the difference, there's six hundred for you." Broome and Fenton intend a joint work, (some-

thing serious) and to advertise at the end of it, or to specify in the preface, exactly what share they had in the translation. They had neither of them any hand in the little pamphlets, &c. of the last year or two: but Mr. Blount used to send Broome all the little things as they came out.—*Mr. Blount of Twickenham, and of Clare Hall, Cambridge.*

Mr. Pope is a whig, and would be a Protestant, if his mother were dead.—*Mr. Blount.*

A serene melancholy, the most noble and most agreeable situation of the mind.—Revenge is only continued anger.—*Thomson.*

[He laughed very heartily when we read the passage relating to Caroline: and that other of the glory of our nation.—His fine love-piece before, not a marriage piece.—*Spence.*]

Thomson and Mallet were both educated at the university of Edinburgh. Thomson came up to town without any certain view: Mallet got him into a nobleman's family as tutor; he did not like that affair; left it in about three quarters of a year, and came down to Mallet at Twiford. There he wrote single winter pieces; they at last thought it might make a poem. It was at first refused by the printer; but received by another. Mallet wrote the Dedication to the Speaker.—Dodington sent his services to Thomson by Dr. Young; and

desired to see him; that was thought hint enough for another dedication to him: and this was his first introduction to that acquaintance. They make him promises, but he has nothing substantial as yet.—Thomson's father was a presbyterian parson.—*Mallet.*

The Duke of Montague has an hospital for old cows and horses; none of his tenants near Boughton dare kill a broken-winded horse: they must bring them all to the *reservoir.*—The Duke keeps a lap-dog, the ugliest creature he could meet with: he is always fond of the most hideous, and says he was at first kind to them, because nobody else would be. —*Dr. Clarke.*

A great man (Dean Lockier) would not for several years keep any animal about him: He was afraid it would take up too much of his love. He had formerly kept a dog fourteen years, and was ashamed to say how much he was grieved for the loss of it.—*Dr. C.*

Each step higher in the world, brings more dependance and more trouble upon a man. I have heard the Bishop of Winchester often say the same.—*Dr. N——, Dean of Winton.* [Both the dean and the bishop, however, still endeavour to rise as much as any men.—*Spence.*]

"How could the Duke of York make my mother a papist?" said the Princess Mary to Dr. Burnet.—"The Duke caught a man a bed with her, (said the Doctor), and then had power to make her do any thing."—The Prince, who sat by the fire, said, "Pray, madam, ask the Doctor a few more questions."—*Dean of Winton.*

Bishop Ken went to Rome with Dr. Walton: part of his design was to inquire into the Romish religion, and if he found it sound, to profess it and continue at Rome. He returned about 1675, after six years stay abroad. In King James's reign, upon his complimenting him on some passages in his writings for their nearness of opinions, he told the King, what little reason he had to do so: that he had been once inclined to *his* religion, but that the New Testament, and his journey to Rome, had quite cured him.—The Bishop's persuading Zulestien, the morning they were going for the hunting in Westphalia, to marry the maid of honour he had debauched, was the cause of his disgrace with the Prince of Orange.—*Mr. Cheyne.*

Upon some lady complaining of the sufferings of women; Dr. Arbuthnot said, "Yes, the ladies suffer greatly in some particulars, but there is not one of you that undergo the tor-

ture of being shaved three times a week."—*Mallet.*

Monsieur de Montesquieu, the author of the Persian Letters, is now with Lord Waldegrave, and is to come to England with him: He says there are no men of true sense born any where but in England.—*Mr. Brandreth.*

Monsieur de Voltaire says, that "the English plays are like the English puddings: nobody has any taste for them but themselves."—*Fanshaw.*

A common phrase for snuff among the Italians is, *Hilarità del Naso.*—Prince Eugene used to take vast quantities of it, out of his tin pocket, when he had given any orders and was most solicitous how to proceed—it helps meditation mightily.—*Mr. Baillardeau.*

Lang did the eighth or tenth book of the Odyssey, and Mr. Pope gave him a twenty-two guinea medal for it.—*Wilson, of Baliol College.*

There are no two things so much alike in nature as two kings.—There are none but the very first, and very last of men that are particularly miserable; and even in them, it is, if well considered, frequently of their own seeking or by their own fault.—*Dr. King, of St. Mary Hall.*

It is necessary, in many cases at least, to

feign a warmth for party: where the mob are to be the judges. They have the fairest chance for the majority, who have the most enthusiasm on their side. You may lose your cause by resolving to appear calm and reasonable.

Dr. Collet upon mistaking ψυχη αυλος in his author for αυλος, wrote in his notes, fifteen reasons to prove why the soul was like a flute.—*Derham, of St. John's.*

Farquhar died young: he improved in each play; his last was the best. Had he lived, he would probably have made a very good writer that way.—*Oldisworth.*

Creech* translated most of Lucretius in

* From a letter of Dr. Ar. Charlett, in Ballard's Collection, quoted by Thomas Warton in his life of Bathurst, the cause of poor Creech's death is thus stated. "There was a fellow-collegian, of whom Creech frequently borrowed money; but that repeating his applications too often, he met one day with a cold reception, and in a fit of gloomy disgust retired, and in three days was found hanging in his study."—In a letter of Bishop Tanner's to Dr. Charlett, cited by Mr. Malone from the same collection, it appears that he was probably insane: the passage is as follows, "I found out Mr. Creech yesterday, at Jacob Tonson's. He complained to me of a fever, that he had had upon him ever since his coming to town; which, and his want of habit, has hindered him from waiting on Dr. Wake; though I believe it will not be hard to prove that he has been abroad every day. But I am very glad to hear that he is *come to his senses again*, and wish he may not *relapse*. I always

walking round the parks: fifty lines, perhaps, at a time, which he used to write down when he came to his chamber, and correct afterwards at leisure.—*Mr. Pitt, from his father, who translated the Plague of Athens in the Poem.*

I saw Mr. Dryden when I was about twelve years of age:—this bust is like him.—I remember his face well; for I looked upon him, even then, with the greatest veneration, and observed him very particularly.—*Mr. Pope. This was not written down until* 1730, *but certain.*

I was acquainted with old men when I was young; which has brought some habits upon me that are troublesome.—*Pope.*

The Book of Job is, perhaps, the first dramatic piece that ever was written. It is evidently a tragedy, and the design of it is to show *cur malis bone, et bonis male!* Taken with that single precaution, it is very easily understood all through. The performance is very well for a young man. *Bishop Hare, from Dr. Conybeare.* [The Bishop says, he

feared that *he would be mad at last:* and the only way to prevent it, will be to help him to such preferment as his great merit deserves; for notwithstanding his failings, I can't choose but respect him, out of regard to his learning." *MSS. Ballard, in Bibl. Bodl.* vol. iv. p. 26.—*Editor.*

would engage to prove it very plainly to have been written a little before Ezekiel's time.]

Lord Cowper, on his death bed, ordered that his son should never travel; (it is by the absolute desire of the queen that he does). He ordered this from a good deal of observation on its effects; he had found that there was little to be hoped, and much to be feared, from travelling. Atwell, who is the young lord's tutor abroad, gives but a very discouraging account of it too in his letters; and seems to think, that people are sent out too young, and are too hasty to find any great good from it.—*Dr. Conybeare.*

Dr. Plot was very credulous, and took up with any stories for his History of Oxfordshire.—A gentleman of Worcestershire was likely to be put into the margin, as having one leg rough and the other smooth, had he not discovered the cheat to him out of compassion; one of his legs had been shaved.—*Mr. Hudson.*

In the Iliad you are fully engaged in the part you are reading: in the Odyssey you are always wishing for the event; the latter is masterly in raising that appetite which is particular to romance: the other is full in each part:—one, always affords the pleasure of expectation;—the other, of fruition.—*Dr. Young.*

The splendid fault of Lord Bacon and Malebranche is being too beautiful and too entertaining, in points that require reasoning alone.—There should be one character preserved in style, as much as in painting. In a picture, though each figure is dressed differently, and in so different colours, that they shall be *all* used variously in the piece; yet there is such a general air that at a distance you perceive it to be one representation, the tints are so well managed.—*Dr. Y.*

Cicero has not full justice done him: he suffers with us by our comparing him with Demosthenes; who is more strong and less diffused, and so more agreeable to our present taste. Had Cicero lived in Demosthenes' time and country, he would have followed his manner, and *vice versa*.—Nearly the same may be said of Horace and Juvenal.—I believe it is true that Dryden gives the preference so much to Juvenal, because he had been just translating him.—*Dr. Y.* 'Tis provoking that Dryden should give the preference to Persius too, for the same reason.—*Mr. Reynel.*

I think there are a great many fine copies of verses in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.—*Dr. Y.* [He mentioned only Bathurst and Hannes.]

Swift, Steele, and Addison, are all great masters of humour. Swift had a mixture of

insolence in his conversation.—Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world: even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased.—Addison was not free with his superiors.—He was rather mute in society on some occasions; but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble stream of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him. —I like his Campaign, though so many speak against it: he was undoubtedly a very good poet; but, after all, what will carry him down to posterity, must be his prose writings.—The love part in Cato was certainly given to the taste of the times; it is extremely cold and stiff: I believe he was so taken up with his chief character, which he has finished in so masterly a manner, that he neglected the subordinate parts.—*Dr. Y.*

The portrait Mr. Pope has of Wycherley, was drawn when he was very old: As Sir Godfrey Kneller said, he would make a very fine head without a wig; it was drawn at first with his little straggling grey hair: he could not bear it when done, and Sir Godfrey was obliged to draw a wig to it.—*Mr. Saville.*

The genteel manner of my Lord Oxford's present to Mr. Pope, is well worth recording.

—He seemed to have forgot some money due for subscriptions he had procured to the Homer (the amount about thirty guineas), some time after he sent a gold cup, with the following inscription: *Edv: Comes Oxon. Alex^ro. Pope in memoriam Patris.* The cup was worth about one hundred and fifty guineas; and he said he did not know the sum exactly, but thought it might be about what he owed him. The earl, his father, had never made Mr. Pope any present for his dedication: and Mr. Pope said he was perfectly right in not doing it, so that he is a man above presents in the common way.—Dean Swift's little silver cup had the following inscription.—*Jonathan Swift Alex^ro. Pope: Pignus Amicitiæ exiguum ingentis.*

Mr. Pope said one day to Mr. Saville: "If I was to begin the world again, and knew just what I do now, I would never write a verse."

I have seen, of Mr. Pope's drawing, a grave old Chaucer, from Occleve; a Betterton; a Lucius Verus, large profile; two Turkish heads; a Janizary from the life; Antinous; and St. John praying.—*Spence.*

After Mr. Pope was known to Wycherley, and began to be talked of in town, he had several poems to correct, though so young. His father begged him not to do it, "You'll

do nothing (said he), but get enemies by it."—He did not care for the office, but often could not well avoid it.—*Mr. Mannick.*

When the Prince of Orange was landing at Portsmouth he began to harangue the populace, and said, "We are come for your good, for all your goods."—*Mr. Hooke.*

Mr. Warburton is the greatest general critic I ever knew, the most capable of seeing through all the possibilities of things.—*Pope.*

You have heard of the Kit Kat Club. The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt *, Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkley were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem

* This society is said to have first met at an obscure house in Shire-Lane, and consisted of thirty-nine distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the protestant succession in the House of Hanover: among whom were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, and (after the accession of George the First), the Duke of Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Hallifax, and Somers. The club is supposed to have derived its name from Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, who kept the house where they dined, and excelled in making mutton-pies, which always formed a part of their bill of fare; these pies, on account of their excellence, were called Kit Kats.—The summer meetings were sometimes held at the Upper Flask, on Hampstead Heath.—*Editor.*

on the top of *his* chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said that a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart.—The paper was all in Lord Hallifax's hand writing, of a subscription of four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709. Soon after that they broke up.—Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Manwaring, Stepney, Walpole, and Pultney were of it: so was Lord Dorset, and the present Duke. Manwaring, whom we hear nothing of now*, was the ruling man in all conversations, indeed what he wrote had very little merit in it.—Lord Stanhope, and the Earl of Essex were also members. Jacob has his own, and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave him his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms.—*Mr. Pope*, 1730.

Mr. Pope said, "The story invented by Cibber was an absolute lie, as to the main point. He was invited by Lord W. to pass

* There is a note by Mr. Spence on this passage, evidently written at the same time, which appears almost prophetic.—"Whether this may not be the case with Lord Bolingbroke, when he has been gone as long?"—It has been the case with that great demagogue, and Spence's surmise is verified.—*Editor.*

an evening with him; and was carried by him, with Cibber and another, to a bagnio; but nothing happened of the kind that Cibber mentions, to the best of my memory, and I had so few things of that kind ever on my hands, that I should have scarce forgot so material a circumstance.—*P.*

I could give a more particular account of Mr. Pope's health than perhaps any man. Cibber's slander (of a carnosity), is false. He had been gay, but left that way of life upon his acquaintance with Mrs. B.—*Mr. Cheselden.*

The Critique on the Pastorals in the Guardian, was written by Mr. Pope himself, and commends Philips in such points as Mr. P. exceeds him in evidently, or else commends him falsely, as for making his flowers all blow at one season.—Addison, and that party, then had a great desire of running Pope down.—Mr. Pope was sorry that his verses on Addison ever got abroad, they occasioned him a good deal of trouble.—*Lang.*

What a run had Cowley's verses for about thirty years, the editions are innumerable.—There has been no edition now for this long time. He is no master of versification.—Thomson's Winter is a huddled composition, and oftentimes not quite intelligible, yet he discovers the true spirit of poetry in him.—There

are but three poets who have any constant great run of popularity now, Pope, Pryor, and Addison.—*Mr. Harte.*

The first volume of Robinson Crusoe was very popular, the proprietors cleared above a thousand pounds by it; and though the second sold off about two editions, yet the booksellers would have given two hundred pounds that it had never been printed, the first would have been so much more saleable without it.—*Mr. H.*

Lord Oxford was no great scholar, and very ignorant of Greek, yet he took great delight in repeating hard Greek verses, and in talking a man down.—Philips, being apprized of his weakness, after a bottle or two got the better of him, and my lord loved him the better for it ever after.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

The Duchess of Kendal often complained that her greatest difficulty was to find employment for the king's idle hours.—Mad. de Maintenon made the same complaint in regard to Louis the Fourteenth.—*Lord Bathurst.*

Some wicked wag had a stone engraved with rude unintelligible characters, corroded with vinegar, and buried at Rome. At a proper interval of time, he took care to have the place dug on some pretended occasion by several workmen; and when the stone was found

it was carried in triumph to the Pope. Kircher was sent for, who examined it, and said he might in time discover the meaning of the hieroglyphical characters upon it. In the sequel he wrote a whole volume upon it, and explained it notably. The Pope was let into the whole secret, and poor Kircher sufficiently ridiculed. The Jesuits endeavoured to buy up the whole impression of the book, but some of them had got abroad, and are sometimes even now to be met with.—*Mr. Gibbs.*

I have read most of the Italian dramatic compositions of any note, but am no great admirer of their theatre; neither is that kind of reading the properest for getting an insight into the beauties of their delightful language. Boccaccio, Bembo, and Monsignor della Casa ought to be your particular study; but by all means avoid Bentivoglio, his language is altogether frenchified, by his residence at Brussels and Paris: and, though beautiful in its kind, yet far inferior to the others, who are all of the true Tuscan dialect. After the three above mentioned, Guicciardini's History, and then their poets, who are full of beauties, but mixed with a terrible contrast of *concetti* and epigrammatic points.—Dante, Petrarca, and Ariosto, themselves are full of surprisingly great and little things.—*Ramsay.*

The paintings of the antients are excellent for design, in the *basso relievo* way, but deficient in colouring. Their want of knowledge of *chiaro-oscuro*, and of variety in their colours, made them inferior in those respects: their design is juster, but often too stiff.—Raphael made his drapery too stiff, by imitating the antient sculpture, and Bernini, latterly, made the drapery of his statues too large, heavy, and unbecoming, by endeavouring to imitate the modern painters, particularly Rubens, in stone.—*Mr. Knapton, at Rome.*

The Marquis of Blandford was not overwise; he was subject to great fits of laughter at the veriest trifles. Once, upon Mr. R's filliping a piece of bread into a blind fiddler's face, it held him in an excessive fit for half an hour; which returned whenever the thing was only mentioned afterwards.—*Mr. Richardson.*

There are two volumes in folio of King James's Memoirs in the library of the Scots college at Paris. The Marquis of Blandford, and three other gentlemen, stole the reading of one of them.—*Mr. Penton.*

Mr. Hooke used to say there were three reasons why a man would choose to live in England: liberty, liberty, liberty!

As it was a great while before the general Index to the Translation of Catrou and

Rouille's Roman History could be published, Mr. Hooke thought of affixing the contents to each volume as they came out. He at first intended only to have translated their summary: but found that so faulty, that he was forced to correct and add to it often. This carried him so far, that his contents began to look like a history; and led him at last to the design of writing his Roman history, which will be in two volumes in quarto.—*Mr. Hooke.*

Mr. Hooke read some speeches of his Roman History to the Speaker Onslow, (who piqued himself too upon reading,) and begged him to give his opinion of the work; the Speaker answered in a passion, "he could not tell what to think of it, it might be nonsense, for aught he knew; for that his manner of reading had bewitched him."—*Richardson.*

A man who would be well acquainted with the Jewish Antiquities, should read the *Cabala Reserata*, *Basnage*, and the *Mœurs des Israelites*, by *Fleury*. He named Cumberland for the precepts of Noah; Spenser, though mistaken in the origin of sacrifices, exceeding good; and Selden *de Legibus Hebræorum*, all useful to this end.—*Ramsay.*

Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the Poems

of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank-verse. Philips never spoke 'till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then could do it in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's: and a gentleman in company ended the dispute, by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by?—Jacob immediately named Milton's Paradise Lost.—*Dr. Leigh, who had it from the gentleman who was present.*

Reynolds of Exeter, when at Eton, dreamed that his father was dead, and that he was walking in the meadows very melancholy; when a strange woman came up to him, who told him that she was his mother, who died soon after he was born.—She said to him, "Yes, your father is dead, and your mother-in-law has had too much influence over him: he has left all his property to the younger sons; but there is an estate which he had no right to leave away from you: the writings are in Mr. . . . . 's hands, go to him, and you may recover it."—Reynolds having no news from home of this kind, soon forgot his dream. About a year after, he goes down to his friends, and finds his father very well; but he had been, at the very time of Reynolds's dream, extremely ill, and recovered beyond expecta-

tion.—The friends, to whom he related his dream, when he described to them the person of the woman who appeared to him, said they who had been well acquainted with her, could not have described his mother's person more exactly. About a year after, his father fell ill again, died, and left all to his younger children. —Upon this Reynolds's dream came again into his mind: He goes to the gentleman named to him by his mother in that vision, and finds that it is exactly as he had been told, recovers the estate mentioned, and enjoys it at this day. —*The Dean of Christchurch*, 1726.

"Is Barclay's book in as great repute with you as it used to be?"—Yes.—"Is not the design of it to restore the religion of nature?"—Yes.—"Does he mean only right reason, by the spirit, the word, and the light within us?" —No.—He means the influence of the Deity upon our minds: not right reason, but reason led aright.—Exactly squaring with the original religion; and the most antient opinion of our being guided and acted upon always by the Deity.—*Mrs. Drummond*. March* 3 *and* 5, 1746.

* Mrs. Drummond was a very celebrated person in her time, and is alluded to in the following passage of Pope's Epilogue to his Satires:

"A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,—yea, in life."

"Where could one meet with the laws of Pennsylvania?"—They are not printed; but thou mayst meet with them at the Board of Ordnance, where the original draught is kept.—"Is not your government here much like that of Pennsylvania?"—Exactly the same, allowing for our being dispersed here, and being gathered into a body there.—*Mrs. D.*

One of our teachers is going to publish a new translation of the Bible; from which we expect a good deal: he has laboured long for the original languages.—*Mrs. D.*

I accompanied Mrs. Drummond to their meeting; she behaved with the greatest steadiness and seriousness. No whining when she spoke, and scarce any action. Very good language; particularly full of metaphors, but pretty and well managed ones: rather a general discourse, than any one subject pursued: and accordingly the proposition was made, not at the beginning, but at the conclusion.—"That we may all endeavour to amend our lives, and to be always ready for this great change; is the earnest desire of my heart, and the design of my present exhortation."—Then another preached; and then she made a prayer (at which they all stood up, with their hats off) with good language, and with a good deal of devotion: and, among other things, beg-

ged, "that God would enlighten the eyes of those who were at all inclined to see the truth; and bring them fully and heartily to embrace it."—She sat at the head of the elders, in the highest line: there was a row, under all, of women preachers: (three only spoke while I was there; and those all women.) There was above half an hour's silence in the beginning: for that "deep attention, &c." which she spoke of. The people on the speaking benches seemed more particularly moved, both then and afterwards. Some of them had a great deal of tranquillity in their looks, some were quite impassioned, some looked sullen; but the more general air, especially in the congregation, was that of drowsiness. One of the women on the preachers' seat, had a constant gentle agitation of the head. Another, who seemed extremely pretty when she came in, grew quite ugly before I came out. Her colour, which was very fresh at first, sunk gradually till she was quite pale; her lips grew livid; her look wan, and somewhat ghastly; her eyes lost all their lustre; and the air of her face all its pleasingness. So that quakerism is by no means a proper religion for the pretty women of this world; at least if they think of sitting on the bench of the preachers; or should affect to appear strongly moved, with

the supposed influences which they sit to receive in their congregations.—*Spence.*

The false leaf of the Dunciad sent to Cibber, as stolen from the printer's by a friend, mentions the story about Mr. Pope in Cibber's letter, and insinuates that Gay was of the party, and that Cibber, breaking in upon Mr. Gay's privacy, found him in company with his own daughter, and therefore pulled him away. —*Cibber, Jan.* 10, 1748.

Mr. Pope brought some of the "What d'ye call it," in his own hand writing to Cibber, the part about the miscarriage in particular, but not much beside. When it was read to the players, Mr. Pope read it, though Gay was by.—Gay always used to read his own plays. After this, upon seeing a knife with the name of J. Gay upon it, Cibber said; "What, does Mr. Pope make knives too?"—*C.*

Cibber confirmed to me Mr. Addison's character of bearing no rival, and enduring none but flatterers. And said that he translated the greater part of the first book of the Iliad, published as Tickel's, and put it forth with a design to have overset Pope's.—*Spence.*

"I am for the church, though I don't go to church," (said he), to illustrate his loving virtue in a play, &c. though he did not practise it.—*Cibber.*

On hearing the "Fair Foundling" read, he excused himself for finding such little faults, because there were no great ones in it: he called it immoderately good, and said he had not seen so good a play these fifteen years. —*C.*

Sir John Vanbrugh left only a sketch of the "Journey to London;" how much Cibber did appears by the *ébauche* printed.—*C.*

Mr. West told me his piece on the Resurrection, was written down only for his own satisfaction: he had no design of making a book of it; and thought it would have been only a sheet or two.—Dr. Shaw wrote to Mr. Lyttleton, to let him know that the university were inclined to give him and Mr. West the Doctorate. Mr. Lyttleton, as his name was not to his piece, excused himself; West had not the same excuse, so they sent him his diploma for it.—Mr. West has translated three or four Odes of Pindar, beside the twelve he is publishing.—Pindar is not so irregular, nor so abrupt as he has been generally imagined. Most of his hymns were sung in processions or triumphs; and catch at the actions performed on parts of the ground they passed by, &c. —His first Pythian, the best of them all: he is a very moral poet.—Mr. West seems inclined to more serious studies; and quoted

Horace's "*Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile* NUGIS"—with a stronger accent.

Doctor Swift gave Mr. Coote, a gentleman of very good character and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Mr. Pope, couched in the following terms.—"Dear Pope, Though the little fellow that brings this, be a justice of peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons; yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."—*Mr. Jones, of Welwyn.*

It was the Marquis of Wharton who first got Addison a seat in the House of Commons; and soon after carried him down with him to Winchelsea. Addison was charmed with his son, (afterwards Duke of Wharton), not only as his patron's son, but for the uncommon degree of genius that appeared in him. He used to converse and walk often with him. One day the little lord led him to see some of their fine running-horses; there were very high gates to the fields, and at the first of them, his young friend fumbled in his pockets, and seemed vastly concerned that he could not find the key. Addison said 'twas no matter, he could easily climb over it. As he said this, he began mounting the bars, and when he was on the very top of the gate, the little lord whips out his key and sets the gate a swinging, and

so for some time kept the great man in that ridiculous situation.—*Dr. Young.*

At that time of life when the Duke of Wharton's most vehement ambition was to shine in the House as an orator, he found he had almost forgotten his Latin, and that it was necessary, with his present views, to recover it. He therefore desired Dr. Young to go to Winchenden with him; where they did nothing but read Tully, and talk Latin for six weeks:—At the end of which, the duke talked Latin like that of Tully. The doctor on some other occasions, as well as this, called him a truly prodigious genius.—*Dr. Y.*

William Harrison, the son of Dr. Harrison, master of St. Cross near Winchester: was educated at the college there, and succeeded to New College Oxford. He was so very ready at that extempore sort of versification *

* He had a sweetness of versification in these even beyond that of Ovid. Dr. Young remembered some lines on a woman debauched by presents, who repented afterwards, and died of grief.

——————— Tarpææ Virginis instar,
Obruitur donis accumulata suis.

Oldisworth had great fluency; and would repeat twenty or thirty verses at a heat; but they were not remembered generally, as Harrison's were.—*Spence.* Mr. Harrison was author of the Medicine, a Tale in No. 2 of the Original Tatler, and of some poems which may be found in Dods-

much used in Winchester school, as to improve and influence the manner of it in his time and for years after.—He wrote a satire on the ladies of Winchester, whilst at school, and his Woodstock soon after; on which Addison said, "this young man, in his very first attempt, has exceeded most of the best writers of the age."—Addison recommended him to be tutor to a young nobleman, and it was soon after that he said to him; "we who have gone through a good school education, may easily enough get to be good classical scholars; but there is one thing I would now advise you to, —read a good History of England, that you may know the affairs of your own country;" and he immediately began to follow this piece of good advice. Addison recommended him to Lord Strafford as Secretary to the Plenipo-

ley's and Nichol's collections. Swift seems to have been very partial to this amiable young man, and says of him, in a letter to Stella, dated Oct. 13, 1710.—There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two from the university, one Harrison, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature."—When Steele discontinued the Tatlers, Swift advised Harrison to continue them, promising him assistance. Harrison published about fifty-two numbers, and had the aid of Congreve, St. John, and Henley; these papers were collected, and entitled a fifth volume of the Tatler, but are for the most part very inferior to the papers of Addison and Steele.

tentiaries * for the treaty of peace at Utrecht. When he came over with the Barrier Treaty

* The income of the secretaryship was to have been one thousand pounds a year, but Harrison received nothing, and when he returned to England was three hundred pounds in debt, and without a shilling. In a letter to Stella (Jan. 31, 1712), Swift says, "Harrison was with me this morning, we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodgings, I found a coach waiting for him. I chid him for it; but he whispered me, it was impossible for him to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay for it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach."—In the journal to Stella, the illness and death of poor Harrison are recorded in terms which do much honour to the heart of Swift.—February 12, 1712-13. "I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me that poor little Harrison was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day.—I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for an hundred pounds from the treasurer to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on the lungs, but I hope will do well." —13th, "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother

he went to court very richly dressed, on a birth-night within a month after his return: caught a violent cold there, which brought on a fever that carried him off. He was a little brisk man, quick, and passionate; rather foppish in his appearance, a pretty look and quick eye. His family were all handsome.—*Dr. Y.*

On my saying that old Cato in Cicero's delightful Treatise on Old Age, mentioned planting as the greatest pleasure for it.—Dr. Young observed that he thought he could mention a greater:—the looking back on a life well spent.—*Spence.*

and sister attend him, and he wants nothing."—14th, "I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me, his master was dead an hour before. Think what a grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord Treasurer, nor any where else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature!"—15th, "At ten this night I was at poor Harrison's funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke, and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed."—*Editor.*

Tonson and Lintot were both candidates for printing some work of Dr. Young's.—He answered both their letters in the same morning, and in his hurry misdirected them.—When Lintot opened that which came to him, he found it begin, "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel, that, &c."——It must have been very amusing to have seen him in his rage, he was a great sputtering fellow.—*Dr. Young.*

Lord Bolingbroke's father said to him on his being made a lord, "Ah, Harry, I ever said you would be hanged, but now I find you will be beheaded."—*Dr. Y.*

I'll send you my bill of fare said Lord B. when trying to persuade Dr. Swift to dine with him.—"Send me your bill of company," was Swift's answer to him.—*Dr. Y.*

Colonel Brett was a particular handsome man. The Countess of Rivers looking out of her window on a great disturbance in the street, saw the colonel assaulted by some bailiffs, who were going to arrest him. She paid his debt, released him from their pursuit, and soon after married him. When she died, she left him more than he expected; with which he bought an estate in the country, built a very handsome house upon it, and furnished it in the highest taste. Went down to see the

finishing of it, returned to London in hot weather, and in too much hurry; got a fever by it, and died.—Nobody had a better taste of what would please the town; and his opinion was much regarded by the actors and dramatic poets.—*Dr. Y.*

Mr. Pope desired Dr. Young to forward five guineas to poor Savage, when he was in Newgate for the death of Sinclair; the doctor was so good as to carry it himself: and Mr. Pope afterwards told him that if Savage should be in want of necessaries, he had five more ready for his service.—*Dr. Y.*

"Why do you refuse the wine to the laity?" —Why, in process of time it was found that there were several inconveniences in allowing it to them, (spilling the wine giving some offence, &c.) which our Saviour did not foresee, at the time of its institution; and so the church was forced to remedy it afterwards.—*The Curé * * *, at his Bastide near Nice.*

My grandfather Englefield, of White Knights, Oxfordshire, was a great lover of poetry and poets. He was acquainted with Mr. Pope, and admired him highly. It was at his house that I first used to see Mr. Pope.—"It was after his Essay on Criticism was published?" —O yes, sir.—I was then a very little girl, my uncle used to say much of him, but I did not attend to it at that time.—"Had he not a

great deal of life and vivacity in his conversation then?"—Yes, it was quite surprising.—Mr. Pope used always to speak of his father as the best of men. He was a merchant that dealt in Hollands; and left off business when King William came in: he was then worth ten thousand pounds, but did not leave so much to his son.—*Mrs. Blount* *.

Every body thought Mr. Pope worth a great deal more than he left behind him. What was over, after paying legacies, &c. did not amount to two thousand pounds, (beside the thousand pounds left to her, and mentioned in the will). He did not know any thing of the value of money; and his greatest delight was in doing good offices for his friends. I used to know, by his particular vivacity, and the pleasure that appeared in his face, when he came to town on such errands, or when he was employed on them, which was very often.—You knew his mother, and how good a woman she was.—*Mrs. B.*

I had never read his will; but he mentioned

* This is the celebrated favourite of Pope, *Martha Blount;* she is called *Mrs.* here, though unmarried, according to the custom at that period.—*Editor.* [Mr. Pope had about three or four thousand pounds from his father, as I have heard him say. He had two or three thousand pounds out on annuities, for his life, with friends. My first acquaintance with him was after he had begun the Iliad.]—*Mrs. Blount, from MS. B.*

to me the part relating to Mr. Allen, and I advised him to omit it, but could not prevail on him to do so. I have a letter of his by me on that subject.—I sent it to Mr. Hooke.—*Mrs. B.*

I have heard him speak of some work of Lord Bolingbroke's, which that lord designed to suppress: he spoke of it as too valuable to the world to be so used; and said he would not suffer it to be lost to it.—She had immediately the same thought relating to that affair, that I had: and said "she could take her oath that it was done out of his excessive esteem for the writer and his abilities; but what signifies my words, or thoughts of that matter? —Mr. Pope was apt to be duped into too high, or too good an opinion of people, from the goodness of his own heart, and his general humanity."—*Mrs. Blount, May* 18, 1749.

[May 27, 1749. I read over the parts of the conversations that related to Mr. Pope's life and character to Mrs. Blount, and had several things confirmed, and some few corrected and altered in the book itself.—*Spence.*] Speaking of the Allens, she said: "They had often invited me to their house; and as I went to Bristol with Lady [Gerard] for some time, while Mr. Pope was with them, I took that opportunity of paying the visit they had desired.—I soon observed a strangeness of be-

haviour in them. They used Mr. Pope very rudely; and Mr. Warburton with double complaisance, (to make their ill-usage of the other more apparent;) me they used very oddly, in a stiff, and over-civil manner.—I asked Mr. Pope, after I had been there three or four days, whether he had observed their usage of him.—He said he had taken no notice of it; but a day or two afterward he said, "that the people had got some odd thing or other in their heads."—This oddness continued (or rather increased) as long as we staid. Some time after, Mr. Allen came to London; and I asked Mr. Pope whether he had ever inquired into the cause of their behaviour. He had not; and I urged him to clear it up. In urging this, I used the word *satisfaction*. Mr. Hooke, who was by, took this in the genteel sense of the word, and imagined I would have had Mr. Pope fight Mr. Allen: which I declare was not the least in my thoughts.—It was this which Mr. H. gave as the cause of his estrangement from Mrs. Blount, to herself. All she wanted to know was, why they were so used *.—*Mrs. B.*

* Ruffhead states that, "About a year before Mr. Pope's death, this lady, at the desire of Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, paid a visit at Prior Park, where she behaved in so arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occasioned an irreconcileable breach between her and some part of Mr. Allen's family. As Mr. Pope's extreme friendship and affection

I have a letter of Lord Bolingbroke's by me, in which he speaks of Mr. Pope as one of the greatest and the best of men.—*Mrs. B.*

for Mrs. Blount made him consult her in all his concerns, so when he was about making his last will, he advised with her on the occasion; and she declared to him, she would not accept the large provision made by it for herself, unless he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account: and Mr. Pope, with the greatest reluctance, complied with the infirmity of such a vindictive spirit.—It is certain that Mr. Pope, in this, as in the case of Lord Bolingbroke, deserved pity instead of blame. For though he had the strongest friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind the most innocent and pure, notwithstanding what malignant or mirthful people might suggest to the contrary, either in jest or earnest. But no excuse can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuse of the influence she had over him; or for the indifference and neglect she showed to him throughout his whole last illness."—Dr. Warton and Dr. Johnson state the cause of the quarrel to have been, Mr. Allen's refusal to lend Mrs. Blount his coach to carry her to mass at Bath, during his mayoralty.—From the above account, and the letters of Pope to Mrs. Blount on this occasion, it appears most probable that the quarrel lay between Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Blount. These letters, which throw much light on the mysterious connexion between the poet and his mistress, are printed in the tenth volume of Mr. Bowles's edition.—Though Pope determined on never setting foot more in Mr. Allen's house, he kept up a friendly intercourse to the time of his death, and besides the pettish legacy, left him his library.—"Mr. Allen accepted the legacy, as Mrs. Blount was the residuary legatee, but gave it to the Bath Hospital; observing, that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that if to one hundred and fifty pounds, he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer the truth."—*Editor.*

SUPPLEMENTAL ANECDOTES.

FROM

FIRST MEMORANDUM BOOK FOR 1755.

THE reading of novels and eastern tales, &c. like drinking of drams.—Wine tastes like water after the latter; and the daily occurrences of life seem quite tasteless and insipid after being deeply engaged in the former.—*Spence.*

The necessity of reading books obvious; for among the Turks, where reading is but little in use, they are obliged to use opiates to make them less sensible of the tedium of listless leisure.—*Spence.*

The brighter evergreens, which are the shades in summer, are the lights in winter.—How much worse those two forward urns look, than the two next, because they have no foliage to back them.—When the whole plan of a garden is visible at one glance of the eye, it takes away even the hope of variety.—*Mr. Southcote.*

Benevolence is more of a passion, than a virtue in me; and ought to be watched almost as much as a vice; to keep it either from impertinence or impropriety.—*Spence.*

Facardin's garden, in Count Hamilton's tale, a good deal like the description of Alcinous's, in Maundrel's Travels, p. 39.—The gardens of Damascus were numerous and well watered, p. 122, 128, 130. Maundrel was on Mount Lebanon, and mentions a tree of twelve yards six inches in girth, p. 142.—*Spence.*

Sir Isaac Newton's house at Coldsworth is a handsome structure.—His study boarded round, and all jutting out. We were in the room where he was born. Both of as melancholy and dismal an air as ever I saw. Mr. Percival, his tenant, who still lives there, says he was a man of very few words; that he would sometimes be silent and thoughtful for above a quarter of an hour together, and look all the while almost as if he was saying his prayers: but that when he did speak, it was always very much to the purpose.—*May* 14, 1755.—*Spence.*

The pretty close, with the winding stream and spring, which we passed, is called Bucely. —The river Witham has its source (at a town of the same name), about two miles S.W. of Coldsworth: it is fed by a number of springs

from Sir Isaac's hill; and meanders on (by Mr. Cholmondeley's and the Poltons) to Grantham; and goes by Lincoln and Boston into the sea. You pass close by one of these springs as you go to the house where Sir Isaac was born; with two or three ash trees, and hawthorns, about the head of it. [I would place rock work and seats there, with the following inscription: "S. SUMMO IN TERRIS INTELLIGENTIÆ FONTI QUI PAULO SUPRA HAS SCATURIGINES EXORTUS EST SUB FORMA HOMINIS NOMINE ISAACUS NEWTON."] There are some of the family buried in the church yard.—"In memory of John Newton, sen. 1725, æt. 53; and John Newton, jun. 1737, æt. 30." The latter of these, perhaps, the cousin to whom he left his estate there; and who run so entirely out of it, that he would have come to the parish, had he not died in so good time as he did.—Dial on the little arbour by the church yard; "Sic transit gloria mundi." —Applied every thing there to Sir Isaac.—*Spence.*

Dr. Warburton compared Jackson, the metaphysical part of whose works were written by Clarke; and Waterland, who borrowed so largely from Bull; to the two broom-sellers: one stole his materials, the other stole brooms ready made.

He had once a very full and free conversation with Mr. Pope, about changing his religion *: the persecution allowed and followed so much by the church of Rome, he owned looked like the sign of a false church.—The Dr. said; "Why then should you not conform with the religion of your country?"—He seemed, in himself, not averse to it, and replied, "there were but two reasons that kept him from it: one, that the doing so would make him a great many enemies; and the other, that it would do nobody else any good."—*Dr. Warburton.*

Mr. Pope was offered a very considerable sum by the Duchess of Marlborough if he would have inserted a good character of the duke;—and he absolutely refused it.—Read his character of the Duchess of Marlborough to her, as that of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she spoke of it afterwards, and said she knew very well whom he meant.—*Dr. W.*

In the Satire on Women there was a character of the old Duchess of Marlborough, under the name of Orsini, written before Mr.

* Mr. Pope, in his answer to the Bishop of Rochester, says, "that when he was a boy he read over the controversy of James the Second's time; that his father had them all, and that they were the only books he had in the country; and that the effect of it was, that he was a Papist or a Protestant by turns, according to what book he read last."—*Sp.*

Pope was so familiar with her, and very severe. —*Mrs. Arbuthnot*, 1744.

There are several lines of Mr. Pope's in Gardiner's translation of Rapin's Poem on Gardens: and many of Dryden's in Sir W. Soames's translation of Boileau's Art of Poetry. —*Dr. W.*

Speaking of my attachment to Mr. Pope, the Dr. said, "he deserved all that love from you; for I am sure that he loved you very much: and I have heard him say so often and with great warmth."—*Dr. W.*

He mentioned Mr. Pope's being so busied a few days before we lost him, in drawing up arguments for the immortality of the soul. (In a fit of delirium, he rose at four o'clock, and was found in his library writing; he had said something about generous wines helping it; whereas spirituous liquors served only to mortalize it.)—*Dr. W. from Hooke.*

Hooke endeavoured to make a Roman Catholic of the Duchess of Marlborough: (he thought she was going off, and would be willing to catch at any twig), and that was the occasion of her breaking with him. After all, he himself is only an odd sort of Catholic, in his own (mystic) way *.—*Dr. W.*

* The Duchess of Marlborough was desirous of having an account of her public conduct given to the world. Hooke

The Duke of Marlborough's character, intended for the Fourth Epistle of the Essay on Man, I never transcribed but for one very great personage.—*Dr. W.*

Mr. Pope was very angry with the vicious part of mankind, but the best natured man otherwise, in the world.—*Dr. W.*

The Episode on his Dancing-Master, and

was recommended to her, by Mr. Pope and others, as a proper person to draw up this account under her own inspection; he performed this work so much to her grace's satisfaction, that she talked of rewarding him largely, but would do nothing till Mr. Pope came to her, whose company she then sought all opportunities to procure, and was uneasy to be without it. He was at this time with some friends, whom he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles distant. But at Mr. Hooke's earnest solicitation, when Mr. Pope found his presence so essentially concerned his friend's interest and future support, he broke through all his engagements, and in the depth of winter, and ill ways, flew to his assistance. On his coming, the duchess secured to Mr. Hooke five thousand pounds, and by that means attached him to her service. But soon after she took occasion, as was usual with her, to quarrel with him.

> "Her every turn by violence pursu'd
> Not more a storm her hate than gratitude."

Thus Mr. Hooke represented the matter.—The reason she gave of her sudden dislike to him, was his attempt to pervert her to Popery. This is not without probability: for he finding her grace without religion, (as appears from the "Account of her Conduct,") might think it an act of no common charity to give her his own.—*Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p.* 490. *Note.*

all the fragments of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, are destroyed.—*Dr. W.*

It is perhaps singularly remarkable in Mr. Pope, that his judgment was stronger than his imagination when he was young. (Witness his Windsor Forest, and Essay on Criticism, produced at that period.) His imagination stronger than his judgment when he grew old, and produced the Essay on Man.—This plainly shows that the interclouding of his mind, was wholly owing to the weakness of his body; (and is very agreeable to what we saw of him in his last month.)—It was very observable, during that time, that Mrs. Blount's coming in gave a new turn of spirits, or a temporary strength to him.—*Dr. W.*

Compassion (according to its very name), is nothing but a passion; and may lead one to do what is wrong, as much as aversion, hatred, or anger.—*Spence.*

SECOND MEMORANDUM BOOK, 1756.

THE Duchess of Portsmouth, when she was in England in 1699, told Lord Chancellor Cowper, that Charles the Second was poisoned at her house, by one of her footmen, in a dish of chocolate.—*Dean Cowper.*

When Sir Isaac Newton was asked about the continuance of the rising of South Sea stock?—He answered, "that he could not calculate the madness of the people."—*Lord Radnor.*

A friend once said to him, "Sir Isaac, what is your opinion of poetry?"—His answer was; "I'll tell you that of Barrow;—he said, that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense."—*Lord R.*

By a very obvious and natural mistake in spelling, councillors become concealers; lawyers, are liars; and justices, just-asses.—*Mr. Robins.*

The following inscription is on a church at Vicenza, dedicated to the Virgin Mary:—"Salve Mater Pietatis; et totius Trinitatis nobile Triclinium."—*Mr. Massingberd.* [This was confirmed by Dr. Lowth. "The noble couch for all the trinity to recline upon."—Under the bust of the builder of a convent in Placentia, "Vir fuit ista domus quod conditor indicat ejus."]—*Spence.*

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey), you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea-man), but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man,

much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."—*Dr. Warburton.*

Pope was much shocked at overhearing Warburton and Hooke talking of Lord Bolingbroke's disbelief of the moral attributes of God. "You must be mistaken," said he. Pope afterwards talked with Lord B. about it, and he denied it all.—Sometime after Pope told his friends of it with great joy, and said, "I told you, I was sure, you must be mistaken *."—*Dr. W.* (He mentioned this as a proof of Mr. Pope's excessive friendliness to Bolingbroke.)

Lord B * * * * was overcome with terrors and excessive passion in his last illness.—After one of his fits of passion, he was overheard by Sir Henry Mildmay, complaining to himself and saying, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?"—*Dr. W.*

When the Prince of Wales was at Mr. Allen's, near Bath, on seeing a picture of Mr. Pope, he mentioned the circumstance of his printing those pieces of Lord Bolingbroke, and said he supposed he was not in any fault in doing it.—Dr. Warburton, who was present, showed, in part, that he was not;—what he

* This is related in somewhat different terms in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 219.—*Editor.*

said was strengthened by Mr. Allen, and allowed to be just by Lord Bathurst, who came with the prince.—In the original copy of those pieces, there were some things very severe on the king; which Mr. Pope, in concert with Lord B., omitted when they were printed: but he omitted nothing but what was agreed to, and inserted nothing.—*Dr. W.*

Socinus and Crellius were very good men, and meant well; the late recovery of reasoning then, made them carry it too far: but the modern Socinians, I fear, are not Christians; and pay only that sort of respect to Christ, which they might to Socrates.—*Dr. W.*

Lord Bolingbroke's "Occasional Writer," (the first stroke in his long continued pursuit against Walpole) is one of the best things he ever wrote.—*Dr. W.*

Christianity seems to have received more hurt from its *friends* than from its *enemies.* By their making things parts of it, which are not so; or talking of things as very material to it, which are very little so.—*Dr. W.*

A very wise man will always have sense enough to see he is a great deal of a fool; but a *very fool* always looks upon himself as a very wise man. (Madmen, Idiots, and nineteen-twentieths of the rest?)

When a thing is near one, and one wants to

know what it is, it looks indistinct enough to be painful to one, even at a hundred yards distance. When a prospect extends very widely, there are objects that are pleasing even for being indistinct, perhaps one hundred miles off.—*Spence.*

> "Why she and Phryne all the auction buys:
> Phryne expects a general excise."

This was said of Lady Mary Wortley, and Miss Skirret. The note upon Justinian and Leonora meant at her. And the story to Lady Bath, turns upon her so strongly, without her perceiving it.—*Dr. W.*

The happiness of life is so nice a thing, that, like the sensitive plant, it shrinks away even upon thinking of it.—*Spence.*

How much Dryden was in the wrong in thinking the Black Prince's recovery of Castile for Pedro the Cruel, from Henry the Liberal, a fine subject for an Epic poem. The passage of the Pyrenees, and the battle of Najarra, are the only material subjects in it. Was he for Pedro, as Carte is, because he was a *jure divino* tyrant?—*Spence.*

It is an excellent rule! "That when a person does not understand Greek, he should search for the etymology of a word in some language which he does understand." Thus

some of the Popish priests, learned in Latin, derive the word heretic, from *erro* and *recto*, because he errs from what is right! Others from the word *ereiscor*, a word in the civil law for dividing: and others again from *adhæreo*, or adhering, because a heretic adheres obstinately to his error. See Geddes's Tracts, vol. i. p. 391.—*Spence.*

Could Montaigne's Essays give a hint to our Tatler? He begins several of them with a quotation from the Classics, and chats on at his ease. A couple of good Tatlers takeable from chap. 19, lib. i. "on Death."—*Spence.*

What a singular book is "The business of the Saints in Heaven," by Father Lewis Henriquez: printed at Salamanca in 1631. He attempts to prove, in the twenty-second chapter, "That every saint shall have his particular house in heaven; and Christ a most magnificent palace! That there shall be large streets, and great piazza's &c."—He says, in the twenty-fourth chapter, "That there shall be a sovereign pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the blest; that there shall be pleasant baths, and that they shall bathe themselves in each others sight. That they shall swim like fishes; and sing as melodiously as nightingales, &c."—He affirms, in the forty-seventh chapter, "That the men

and women shall delight themselves in masquerades, feasts, and ballads:"—and in the fifty-eighth, "That the angels shall put on women's habits, and appear to the saints in the dress of ladies, with curls and locks, waistcoats and fardingales, &c." See the "*Moral practice of the Jesuits,*" by the doctors of Sorbonne; it has been translated into English, and published in 1671.—*Spence.*

As a probable falsehood is fitter for the drama than an improbable fact. So the appearance to the eye, is to be more followed in gardening than the reality of forms, where advantage is to be had by so doing.—*Spence.*

THIRD MEMORANDUM BOOK, 1757.

THAT education, and that politeness, are good for nothing, which do not make a man more knowing, and more pleasing.—*Spence.*

When Dioclesian had quitted the Imperial purple for some time, and they came to petition him to resume it, (on account of the necessities of the state:) "You could not have asked such a thing of me," said he, "had you seen the delightful plantations I have made about my villa, and the fine melons that I have now

ripening *." See Montaigne, lib. i. cap. 42.—*Spence.*

Zaleucus ordered that none but scoundrels should wear Milesian stuffs, &c., instead of making a law directly against them. Diod. Sic. lib. xii. cap. 20.—*Spence.*

If a common man should lose his capacity of judging and thinking, he would lose a thing of very little extent, and if the wisest of men were to lose his, he would lose a thing of no great extent. A finishing stroke of the palsy should be looked upon, by a good man, as a *coup de grace*, that relieves him from the wearisomeness and tortures of a long death-bed sickness.—*Spence.*

Voltaire, like the French in general, showed the greatest complaisance outwardly, and had the greatest contempt for us inwardly. He consulted Dr. Young about his Essay in English, and begged him to correct any gross faults he might find in it. The Doctor set very honestly to work, marked the passages most liable to censure; and when he went to

According to Mr. Gibbon, Dioclesian gave the following memorable answer to Maximilian, who invited him to re-assume the reins of government: "If I could show you the cabbages I planted with my own hands at Salona, I should be no longer urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."—*Editor.*

explain himself about them, Voltaire could not avoid bursting out a laughing in his face.—*Dr. Young.*—[It was on the occasion of Voltaire's criticism on the episode of Death and Sin, that Dr. Young spoke that couplet to him—

> "Thou'rt so ingenious, profligate, and thin,
> That thou thyself art Milton's death and sin."

Voltaire's objection to that fine episode was, that death and sin were non-existents.—*Sp.*]

Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser, and very vain.—In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Julius Cæsar was? He was answered, that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin-faced.—"Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress; and five feet seven inches high:" an exact description of Philips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said; "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet

five inches high; not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding-sleeves."—*Dr. Young.*

Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers; until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The duchess showed me a diamond necklace, (which Lady Di. used afterwards to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle.—*Dr. Young.*

Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Mr. Pope: when he at last did so, Mr. P. said that the two hours were wholly taken up by his lordship, in debating and settling, how the first verse in the Æneid was to be pronounced: and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero! This is what is meant in the two lines inserted in the Dunciad, on those learned topics.—*Dr. Warburton.*

FOURTH MEMORANDUM BOOK. 1758.

Old Cibber's brother, at Winchester College, in Doctor Young's time, was reckoned ingenious

as well as loose, his conduct was so immoral that even Colley used to reprove him.—His varying at school,

Quam pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier *hic est;*
Hic mihi, quam mœste vox sonat *ille fuit.*"

He was a vile rake afterwards, and in the greatest distress; Colley used to reprove him for it. He told Dr. Sim. Burton, on a visit, "that he did not know any sin he had not been guilty of but one, which was avarice; and if the doctor would give him a guinea, he would do his utmost to be guilty of that too.—*Dr. Young.*

As to please in the world, people don't mind what is right, but what is in fashion; so in Gardening, to please in laying out a friend's grounds, one must not mind what the place requires, so much as how to adapt the parts, as well as one can, to what he wants.—*Spence.*

There was a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall, that arrogantly called itself "The World." Lord Stanhope, then (now Lord Chesterfield) Lord Herbert, &c. &c. were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member after dinner; once when Dr. Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond: Lord

Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ."—
Dr. Young.

The title of my poem (Night Thoughts) not affected; for I never compose but at night, except sometimes when I am on horseback.—*Dr. Young.*

"*Quid dices de me quando reverteris in patriam tuam?*" said Dr. King to a Swede who had resided in Oxford some time for his studies (with an air of anxious and proud expectation)—"*Dicam, Insignissime Vir,—te esse magnum Grammaticum,*" said the Swede. The doctor turned away quite mortified and chop-fallen.——*Mr. H(ooke,) Jun.*

END OF SUPPLEMENTAL ANECDOTES.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 7, *Southcote.*—This anecdote is related in different terms in Ruffhead's life of Pope, p. 509.

P. 18, *Wycherley, &c.*—In a letter to Mr. Blount, dated 21 January, 1718, Pope hints at this anecdote, and makes the following addition:

"The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to his bed-side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her:—'My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again:' I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed his, even in this last compliment, though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms."

P. 34, *Dr. Clarke.*—In a letter of Ramsay's to the younger Racine, is the following very curious passage, which has been already pointed out by Dr. Joseph Warton, Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 180.

"M. Le Chevalier Newton, grand géométre et nullement métaphysicien, étoit persuadé de la vérité de la religion: mais il voulut raffiner sur d'anciennes erreurs Orientales, et renouvella l'Arianisme par l'organe de son fameux disciple et interprête, M. Clarke; qui m'avoua quelque tems avant que de mourir, après plusieurs conférences que j'avois eues avec lui, combien il se repentoient d'avoir fait imprimer son ouvrage. Je fus témoin, il y a douze ans, à Londres, des derniers sentimens de ce modeste et vertueux Docteur." *Œuvres de L. Racine.* tom. i. p. 233.

P. 114-15, *Garth, &c.*—Of Garth, Pope says in his letters: "The best natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life with irreligion. You must have heard many tales upon this subject: but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."—It was finely said of Garth, that no physician knew his art more, nor his trade less.

P. 139, *Parnell, &c.*—Ruffhead, on the authority of Warburton, has given a different account of the cause which led to Parnell's intemperance:

"When Parnell had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by the assistance of Pope, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was *popular preaching:* he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob places of Southwark and London, when the queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when famed preaching was the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course."

P. 258, *Rowe.*—Mrs. Oldfield used to say: "The best school she had ever known, was only hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies."

APPENDIX.

LETTERS

CHIEFLY OF

EMINENT PERSONS

TO

MR. SPENCE,

&c.

Appendix.

LETTERS TO MR. SPENCE, ETC.

No. I.

MR. POPE TO MR. SPENCE *.

Twitenham, Oct. 7th.

DEAR SIR

I HEARTILY thank you for the very kind Letter, and kind Entertainment, which gave me a greater pleasure than I almost ever received in any Entertainment; it was so easy, and so warm an one. I left you all with regrett: pray tell Mr. Hay so, and Mr. Ayscough: I conclude Mr. Murray is gone from you—You'll oblige me in sending those Letters, not that I'll take from you any one testimony of my Regard and Love for you, wch you think worth the keeping. You shall have a fair acc^t^ of 'em when you come this way: but the sooner I have them the better, by a safe hand.—My health is pretty well restored,

* This is the only letter of Pope among Mr. Spence's Papers, and it will account for the absence of others. After Pope had found his letters a marketable commodity, he got all he could back from his correspondents.—The date of the year is omitted, as is almost always the case in Pope's letters; but I should judge this letter to have been written about the year 1735.—*Editor.*

I know is the news you'l best like from this place; and the rest is only to repeat that sincere truth you have heard so often, and shall hear while I live, that I am most affectionately Yours.

A. POPE.

Mr. Spence.

No. II.

FROM MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

THO' eternally plagued with composing sermons for myself, and differences for my Parishioners, and with Parish treats, and choosing Church-wardens; I have stole a minute, you see, to thank you for your kind letter; Methinks 'tis a long time Jo, since we have heard from one another before; I don't know which of the two is in fault, but I hope we shall both mend for the future.—If you are in earnest when you commend my translation, I have reason to be proud indeed!—And I *must* own that it is something the better for your perusal and advice; had you been so kind as to have read and remarked on the whole Translation, I should have been better satisfied with it. But as it is I have met with encouragement (I don't mean money) for this slight performance. I am glad to find, by another part of your letter, that you have made so great a progress in Astronomy of late, and I'll assure you—— Odso! I am afraid I shall want room for the following Prologue for the Blandford Strollers, which I writ about a month ago.

Genteels! of old the Prologue led the way,
To lead, defend, and usher in the play;
As saucy footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my Lord's approach;

But though they speak your Entertainment near,
Most Prologues speed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener cloy, than whet the appetite.
As for our play—it is not worth our cares,
Our Prologue craves your mercy for the play'rs;
That is—Your money; for by Heav'n I swear,
White gloves and House rent are excessive dear.
Since here are none but friends,—the truth to own;
Though in a coach our company came down,
Yet, I most shrewdly fear, they must depart
Ev'n in their old original a cart*.
With pride inverted and fantastic pow'r,
We strut the fancied sovereigns of an hour.
While duns our Emperors and Heroes fear
And Cleomenes starves in earnest *here*.
The mightiest Kings and Queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteenpence a day.
Our Cyrus has been forc'd to pawn his coat,
And all our Cæsars cant command a groat.
Our Scipios Anthonys and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.
To aggravate the case, we have not one
Of all the new refinements of the Town.
No moving statue, no lewd harlequins;
No pasteboard play'rs, no Actors in machines;
No rosin to make lightning; ('twould exhaust us
To buy a Devil and a Doctor Faustus;)
No millers, Windmills, Dragons, Conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears.
No paper seas, no thunder from the skies;
No witches to descend, no stage to rise;
Scarce *one* for *us* the Actors.—We can set
Nothing before you but mere sense and wit;

* Which proved true, for they went away in one yesterd

A bare downright old fashion'd English feast,
Such as a Briton only can digest;
Such as your homely fathers used to love,
Who only came to *hear* and to *improve*.
Humbly content and pleased with what was drest
When Shakspeare, Lee, and Dryden ranged the feast.

I am Dear Jo. Yours very truly

CH. PITT.

No. III.

FROM MR. R. DOWNES*.

L. Derry Jan. 24. 172$\frac{8}{9}$.

DEAR JOS:

YOURS of the 17 of Dec^{r}: I have now before me, which had been sooner answer'd, had I returned sooner from a Tour I have been lately making among my Acquaintance in this part of the World. I rece^{d}: it the Day before I set out upon this Expedition, but as I intended that should be very short, I ventur'd to defer writing to you till my return. The sollicitations of my Friends and an Inclination to rambling, has kept me out much longer, than I proposed, and is the true reason of my dear Jos:'s not hearing from me. Your easiness under the Disappointments, which my Schemes of sending money to you have met with is no small Addition to the Obligation I have long

* My old friend, Bob Downes, is at present Dean of Derry in Ireland.—My other great friend, Mr. Smyth, (who paid me that unlucky visit at Lyons, when I was with Lord Middlesex), is perhaps not unlikely to be Bishop't in the same country.——

Mr. Spence to his Mother, Nov. 4, 1741.

been under to you: It is with great Grief I must tell you, that your last Disappointment was owing to the Death of the dear [friend] to whom I directed you to apply. He died about the beginning of Decr: of a [cruel] consumptive Disorder, which had oppress'd him for some Months, and incapacitated him for Business of any kind. The Nature of his distemper laid us under some apprehensions of Danger, but never lead us to think that he was so near his end. Since this unhappy accident I have communicated that Affair to my Brother Tom, at whose return to Oxŏn, which will be some time in the Summer, I will certainly send you what money is due for Interest, and (if I can possibly), the Principal, but however I would not have you depend upon the latter because it is more than I can *absolutely* engage to perform, unless your Occasions should call for it, and then I will infallibly have it paid however I come by it. The Acct you give of the State of Religion in Oxŏn, is really a melancholy one. Stevens of Trinity, whose Person I do not know, I remember to have heard mention'd as an ingenious Man, and particularly noted for his Knowledge in the Mathematicks. I have often thought, that the Study of the Mathematicks however usefull and necessary in Natural Knowledge, yet when enter'd too deeply into, is of no very great Sĕrvice to Religion. For tho', when moderately pursued, it may indeed be of use in forming a clear Head and distinct Judgement, yet there is this evil attends a too close Application to them; that the Mind being, by long use, accustomed to close with none but demonstrative Truths, does not easily rest in any thing which falls short of Demonstration. So that when the Truths of reveal'd Religion come under its scrutiny, however clear they may be from their own proper Arguments, yet the Mind is dissatisfied, and rejects them for want of that kind of Evidence which it has been accustomed to, but which they neither pretend

to, nor indeed are capable of. Whether this be the true reason of the thing I cannot say, but if I am singular in my Opinion I have this to say for myself, that experience has of late been pretty much of my side as to the matter of Fact, that Men of Mathematical Heads, and your great Masters of Demonstration, have been among the foremost, who have run into the Principles of Deism. The other Person you speak of, Caber, I do not know; Young Dodwell I have had some Acquaintance with, and am the more sorry to hear that he is among the infected; you do not say whether he was expell'd or not. I should be glad to know in your next what were the real or pretended Grounds of those Persons, whom you mention, being against the Programma. Because it is possible they may be able to give better Reasons for their dissenting, than the ill-natur'd World will be ready to give for them. Tom joins with me in humble Service to you, Coxed, Coker, and all Friends. He seems to think Mr. Coker's Memory wants a jog to put him in Mind of writing to him according to promise, which he desires you to do. My hearty Service to honest Jack Briscoe, and wherever else you think it will be acceptable. I have reserv'd to the last what was uppermost in my Thoughts, I mean to congratulate you on a Paragraph I lately rec^{d}: in a Letter from Merton. ——"Your Friend Spence has read his first Lecture which was universally admir'd for its Learning and Elegance—. Even Hutchinson of Hart-Hall said.—it was well enough." ——If you would but cram it into a sheet of Paper, and send it hither directed to me, you would make me more than ever,

Mr. Professor's

most oblig'd and Affec^{te}

R. DOWNES.

No. IV.

FROM DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

DEAR S^r^.

I PROMISED my Friend Mr. Tompson* who is now finishing his Subscription in Oxford, all the advantages I could give him; for wch reason I beg leave to introduce him to so valuable an acquaintance as Y^rs^. W^ch^ freedom I hope You will pardon in

Dear Sir

Y^r^ most obedient

and faithfull Servt.

E. YOUNG.

April the first 1729.

No. V.

FROM MR. STEPHEN DUCK.

*Octob^r^* 29th 1735.

DEAR S^r^.

I HOPE this will find You much better than I am at present, for I have a violent pain in my back, which makes me incapable of doing any thing besides writing and reading; and indeed I have now pretty good employment in that, having begun printing my poems. I hope I have been tolerable happy in correcting those places which You kindly remark'd, when here, and have made some other little alterations (which appear'd to me) for the better. I have been at Twickenham, but had not the pleasure to see Mr. Pope, He being in London. I hear

* *i.e.* James Thomson, Author of the Seasons.

the pirated Edition of His Works are stop'd; at least I cannot have it in Town; And our Scheme at Curls is spoil'd. Just after I came home from Oxford, I was sat in my Conjurer's Cave, when I was surpriz'd with two Persons, who came in, and Calling me by Name, ask'd how my subscription went on? As well, said I, as I cou'd wish, considering the season of the Year. Immediately one of the person's (who had a more than ordinary ill Aspect) answer'd, that if I did not get a licence, my book would be pirated in a week after 'twas publish'd. I answer'd, that I did not seē how even a licence would secure a Man's property now, when Printers and Booksellers, in defiance of all justice and honesty, pirated every thing they could lay hands on; I added that I had been inform'd Mr. Pope's works which he sold to Gilliver, had not escap'd this fate. As I mention'd Yo^r. Friend Mr. Pope; the Gentleman put on a more terrible Countenance, and, with a particular emotion, told me that I "talk'd quite out of my province; and that I knew no-"thing of Pope or Gilliver either, and that Gilliver had "no more to do with Mr. Pope's Works, than he himself, "or any other person." He then told me, with an air of insolence, that his Name was Curl, and should be very glad to see me in Covent Garden. I beg pardon for troubling You so long about this worthless subject, but when I am writing to You, I think I am talking to a friend, whose good nature will pardon all freedoms. I am

Dear S^r.

Yo^r. most oblig'd
most grateful
humble Servt

S. DUCK.

My Wife desires her humble Service, and I beg mine to Yo^r. Mother and Sister when you write.

No. VI.

FROM MR. A. SMYTH*.

D^r JO:

I ALWAYS thought myself happy in your correspondence, and you are resolv'd every letter you write, to confirm me in that opinion; If I were to chuse a correspondent, I cou'd wish for nothing more, than one who wou'd always please me with the length of his letters, and that cou'd be satisfied with the shortness of mine: you speak the true language of a polite Toper, that gives his friend leave to drink as *little* as he pleases, provided he will let *him* drink as *much*. you are so kind as to say you'll be contented wth a line and a half a quarter, so I shall do my utmost to "Strain from hard bound brains six lines a year," but as *your* head is not so costive, I shall expect to find your paper much more plentifully furnish'd, and a great deal oftener: if you think it unreasonable in me to expect a Talent from you for my Mite, I shall defend myself by pleading Poverty. I suppose by this time you are no stranger to the affair that happen'd the 30th of January in Suffolk-street, and that it is no longer a secret that Lord Middlesex, Ld Harcourt, Mr. Strode and Mr. Denny were unfortunately of the company. The affair has been grossly misrepresented all over the Town and in most of the publick papers; and if ever you hear it mentiou'd in Company, in justice to the Gentlemen's characters I hope

* Mr. Spence writes to his Mother from Florence, Oct. 12, 1732.—"I found here a most particular friend of mine from Oxford, Mr. Smyth, son to the late Bishop of Limerick. I don't know whether I ever mentioned his name to you; he was the friend that Bob Downes sent me from Ireland to Oxford, and one of the best tempered men in the world."

you will vindicate 'em and take it upon my honour that what I write is true; there was no Calf's head expos'd at the window, and afterwards thrown in the fire, no Napkins dipt in Claret to represent blood, nor nothing that cou'd give any colour to such reports. The meeting (at least with regard to our friends) was intirely accidental, the only reason for it's being on that day was because it was an idle day in the houses of parliament, they had a bonfire 'tis true, but that was not resolv'd upon nor thought of till they were all drunk; and then they were led into it by having seen another in the street. The only healths they drank to the populace, were the Royal Family, Liberty and Property, and the present Administration, which last not happening to be very popular was the only cause of the Riot, I'll tell you the other particulars when I see you in Town, in the mean time I am

Y^rs^ most affec^ly^.

A. SMYTH.

M^r^. Strode desires his best respects to you. Tuesday.

No. VII.

FROM THE SAME.

D^r^. JO:

If I was surpris'd at receiving a letter from you so soon after your former, I'm sure it was very agreeably; tho' I can't say I desire a pleasure of that nature any more, for I hope to receive letters from you so frequently, as to make it familiar to me to expect very quick successions of 'em. As to the affair you mention I am too well

acquainted wth it. If I had not had friends concern'd in it, I shou'd not probably have known so much of the matter; I am very much troubled about it, not so much for what was really done, as for the light, that the illnature and love of telling strange news has made the generality of people represent it in. I wrote you some account of it last post; but for fear you shou'd not have receiv'd the letter, I shall write it to you again: the affair in short stands thus. Some friends agreed to dine together last thursday at a Tavern, not because it was the 30th of Jan^y^, but because it was an idle day at Westminster; when they were pretty well heated wth liquor, one of the company happen'd to look out of the window and see a few shavings lighted in the street, this put him in mind of a bonfire, and he immediatly propos'd it to the company to have one before their door. As the proposal had something of jollity in it, and they were well warm'd wth Champagne, they all readily agreed to it; so there were some fagots order'd directly. They were no sooner lighted, but a great mob was gather'd about 'em, among whom there appear'd some gentlemen animating 'em and giving 'em money to insult the gentlemen in the Tavern. When the mob was rais'd under the window, the company order'd 'em some beer; and appear'd at the windows wth their glasses in their hands drinking to 'em several healths as the King and Royal Family, Liberty and Property &c, after every one of wch there was a general shout of the people. At last, one of 'em unluckily propos'd the present administration, this rais'd a few faint claps but a general hiss; some of the company were sober enough to know that the anger of a mob wou'd not end there, and so they immediatly shut down their windows, wch was no sooner done but the mob furiously attack'd the house wth stones and brickbats broke all the windows to pieces and wou'd probably have broke open the house if the Guards from

S^{t}. James's had not come to the relief of the gentlemen. As for a Calf's head being expos'd at the window, and their having drank damnation to the race of the Stuarts, wth other idle reports of the like nature, there is not a syllable of truth in 'em. When the affair was first told the King he was in a very great passion, not knowing when a mob was once risen, where their fury wou'd end; but since the matter has been fairly represented to him, and all things are now quiet, he looks upon it, as every other person of sense does, as a drunken frolick. The Company were Ld Middlesex, L^{d}. Harcourt, L^{d}. Boyne, Ld J^{n} Murray, M^{r}. Strode, M^{r}. Sherly, S^{r}. James Gray, and Mr. Denny; this is the whole number tho' several others are nam'd. The Characters and principles of these gentlemen secure 'em sufficiently (among those that know em) from any suspicion of a premeditated design to insult the memory of K. Charles, but still there are a great number of people to whom they won't have an opportunity of clearing themselves. The other circumstances of this unlucky affair I shall tell you when I see you. this is enough to make you less concern'd about it, and to enable you to answer the calumnies of ill-natur'd people. you may depend upon my word for the truth of it. I am sorry you are detain'd longer at Oxford; I hope you will make amends by the frequency of your letters for the loss I have of your conversation.

I am my dear Spence's

Sincere friend and Ser^{t}.

London Bond Street
Feb. 6th

A. SMYTH.

No. VIII.

FROM LORD MIDDLESEX.

Whitehall, Feb. ye 9th. 1735.

DEAR SPANCO

I DON'T in the least doubt but long before this time, the noise of the riot on the 30 of Jan: has reach'd you at Oxford, and tho' there has been as many lies and false reports rais'd upon the occasion in this good City, as any reasonable man could expect, yet I fancy even those may be improv'd or encreas'd before they come to you. Now that you may be able to defend your Friends (as I don't in the least doubt you have an inclination to do) I'll send you the matter of fact literally and truly as it happen'd, upon my honour. Eight of us happen'd to meet together at dinner the 30th of January it might have been the 10th of June or any other day in the year, but the mixture of Company has convinc'd most reasonable people by this time that it was not a design'd or premeditated affair. We met, then as I told you before, by chance upon this day, and after dinner having drank very plentifully, especially some of the company, some of us going to the window unluckily saw a little nasty fire made by some Boys in the street, of straw I think it was, and immediately cry'd out, dam it, why should not we have a Bonfire as well as any body else. Up comes the Drawer, 'dam you you Rascal get us a Bonfire.' Upon which the imprudent puppy runs down, and without making any difficulty, (which he might have done by a thousand excuses, and which if he had in all probability some of us would have come more to our senses,) sends for the faggots and in an instant Behold a large fire blazing before the door. Upon which some of us wiser, or rather

soberer, than the rest, bethinking themselves then for the first time what day it was, and fearing the consequences a Bonfire on that day might have, propos'd drinking Loyall and popular Healths to the Mob (out of the Window) which by this time was very great, in order to convince them we did not intend it as a ridicule upon the day. The Healths that were drank out of the Window were these and these only. The King Queen and Royal Family, the Protestant succession, Liberty and Property, the present Administration. Upon which the first stone was flung, and then began our siege; which for the time it lasted was at least as furious as that of Philipsbourg. it was more than an hour before we got any assistance, the more sober part of us during this had a fine time of it; fighting, to prevent fighting; in danger of being knock'd o' the head by the stones that came in at the windows; in danger of being run thro' by our mad Friends, who sword in hand swore they would go out, tho' they first made their way thro' us. At length the Justice, attended with a strong Body of Guards, came and dispers'd the populace. The Person who first stir'd up the mob is known, he first gave 'em mony and then harangu'd them in a most violent manner, I don't know if he did not fling the first stone himself. He is an Irishman and a Priest, belonging to Imberti the Venetian Envoy. this is the whole story from which so many Calves heads, Bloody napkins, and the Lord knows what has been made, it has been the talk of the Town and the Country, and Small beer and Bread and Cheese to my friends the Garretters in Grub street for these few days past. I, as well as all your friends, hope to see you soon in Town. After so much prose I can't help ending with a few Verses.

O had I liv'd in merry Charles's days,
When dull the wise were call'd, and Wit had praise,

When deepest Politicks could never pass
For ought, but surer tokens of an Ass.
When not the Frolicks of one drunken night
Could touch your Honour, make your Fame less bright
Tho' mob-form'd Scandal rag'd, and Papal spight.

MIDDLESEX.

No. IX.

The three following Letters of Mr. Spence to his Mother, are inserted, on account of the amusing particulars contained in them. *Editor.*

TO MRS. SPENCE. (1.)

Turin, Decr 2, 1739.

DEAR MOTHER

Soon after I came to this place, as I was walking one Evening under the Porticos of the Street of the Po, I saw an Inscription over a great Gate; which, as I am a very curious Traveller, you may be sure I did not miss reading. I found by it, that the House belong'd to a sett of Strollers, and that the Inscription was a Bill of the Play they were to act that Evening. You may imagine how surpris'd I was to find it conceiv'd in the following words: "Here under the Portico's of the Charitable Hospital for such as have the Venereal Disease, will be represented this Evening, *The Damned Soul:* wth proper Decorations." As this seem'd to be one of the greatest Curiosities I cou'd possibly meet with in my Travels, I immediately paid my three-pence; was shew'd in with great civility: and took my seat among a number of people, who seem'd to expect the Tragedy of the Night with great Seriousness.

At length the Curtain drew up; and discover'd the

Damn'd Soul, all alone, with a melancholy Aspect. She was (for what reason I dont know) drest like a fine Lady; in a gown of Flame-colour'd Satin. She held a white Handkerchief in her hand, which she apply'd often to her eyes; and in this attitude, with a Lamentable Voice, began a Prayer (to the Holy and ever Blessed Trinity) to enable her to speak her part well: afterwards she address'd herself to all the good Christians in the Room; beg'd them to attend carefully to what she had to say: and heartily wish'd they wou'd be the better for it: She then gave an account of her Life; and, by her own confession, appear'd to have been a very naughty woman in her time.

This was the First Scene. At the Second, a back curtain was drawn; and gave us a sight of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin: amidst the Clouds. The poor Soul address'd herself to our Saviour first, who rattled her extreamly: and was indeed all the while very severe. All she desired was to be sent to Purgatory, instead of going to Hell: and she at last beg'd very hard to be sent into the Fire of the former, for as many years as there are drops of water in the Sea. As no favour was shown her on that side, she turn'd to the Virgin and beg'd her to intercede for her. The Virgin was a very decent Woman: and answer'd her gravely, but steadily; "That she had anger'd her Son so much, that she cou'd do nothing for her:" and on this, they both went away together.

The Third Scene consisted of three little Angels, and the Damn'd Soul. She had no better luck wth them: nor with St. John the Baptist, and all the Saints in the Fourth: so, in the Fifth, she was left to two Devils; seemingly to do what they wou'd with her. One of these Devils was very ill-natur'd and fierce to her; the other, was of the droll kind; and for a Devil, I can't say but what he was good-natur'd enough: tho' he delighted in vexing the poor Lady rather too much.

In the Sixth Scene, matters began to mend a little. St. John the Baptist (who had been with our Saviour I believe behind the Scenes) told her, if she wou'd continue her Entreaties, there was yet some Hope for her. She on this again besought our Saviour and the Virgin to have compassion on her: the Virgin was melted with her Tears, and desir'd her Son to have pity on her; on which it was granted, that she shou'd go into the Fire, only for sixteen or seventeen hundred Thousand years; and she was very thankful for the mildness of the Sentence.

The Seventh (and last) Scene, was a Contest between the two Infernal Devils abovementioned, and her Guardian Angel. They came in again; one grinning, and the other open-mouth'd to devour her. The Angel told them, that they shou'd get about their business. He, with some difficulty, at last drove them off the Stage; and handed off the good Lady; in assuring her that all w^d^ be very well, after some hundreds of thousands of years, with her.

All this while, in spite of the excellence of the Actors, the greatest part of the Entertainment to me was the countenances of the people in the Pitt and Boxes. When the Devils were like to carry her off, every body was in the utmost consternation; and when St. John spoke so obligingly to her, they were ready to cry out for Joy. When the Virgin appear'd on the Stage, every body lookd respectfull; and on several words spoke by the Actors, they pull'd off their Hats, and cross'd themselves. What can you think of a People, where their very Farces are Religious, and where they are so Religiously receiv'd? May you be the better for reading of it, as I was for seeing it!

There was but one thing that offended me. All the Actors, except the Devils, were Women: and the person who represented the most venerable character in the whole Play, just after the Representation, came into the

Pitt; and fell a kissing a Barber of her Acquaintance, before she had chang'd her Dress. She did me the honour to speak to me too; but I wou'd have nothing to say to her.

It was from such a Play as this (call'd Adam and Eve) that Milton, when he was in Italy, is said to have taken the First Hint for his Divine Poem of Paradise Lost. What Small Beginnings are there sometimes to the Greatest Things! I am ever (with all Services to all Friends)

Your Dutiful and Affection^{te}.

J. SPENCE.

TO MRS. SPENCE. (2.)

Turin, Augt: 17, 1740.

DEAR MOTHER

I HAVE been a little journey out of Town, since I wrote my last. My Lord Lincoln took a ride out with the Prince of Carignan, to a Nobleman's about 24 miles off, to be at a Ball: the next day I heard he had sprain'd his foot, and was in a great deal of pain. So I took a Chaise immediately, and carried a very famous old Surgeon wth me, recommended by our Minister here; to see whether there was any greater harm than was imagin'd: and I hope my L^{d} is in a way of being well soon.

My old Surgeon I found to be the oddest Figure, and one of the oddest men, that ever I met with, in my life. He is a Mountaineer; born amidst the Alps; and as *learned as the people generally are among wild moun-

* "'Tis not Learning that does any good. A man may read Post Books for ever, without knowing a Road. One must have travel'd 'em, to know anything of them. I practise: and let the others read, in Gods name," says M: Claude.

tains. He is a short man, fat, and clumsy: with a great pair of Dutch Trowsers to his posteriors; and with a face, that does not at all yield, for breadth, or swarthiness, to the place above mention'd. His face was overrun with beard; for he said he was obligd to go to Mass, and so had not time to be shav'd. In his face, or his upper breech, whichever you please to call it, were a pair of little merry eyes; deep in his head; but yet with a droll gay air in them: and the two little caves that go down to them are wrinkled all the way up to his forehead and his temple. Whenever he laughs, (which is very often,) all these wrinkles are in motion together; and make one of the most diverting sights that can be imagin'd. When we were a little seated together, and jolted into our proper places by the Chaise; "Is it a long time, Master Claude, (says I) that you have been in this sort of Business?" Yes, says he, I have been in it for several Generations. Upon this I thought myself with the Travelling Jew; and bless'd Heaven for bringing me acquainted with a man, that I had so long wish'd to meet with. "For several Generations, Master Claude? I don't understand you." Why, Sir, says he, our Family have always been Barber-Surgeons; from Father to Son, without any Interruption for these 28 Generations; my Son, who is a promising Youth and is scarce Fifty yet, is the 29th. I am but Seventy five; and I have had this plaguy Gout these twelve years. Will you be so good as to let me replace my foot again; for that last jolt has quite put me out of order. "And how old was your Father, Master Claude, when he dy'd?" Ah, poor man, he died at a Hundred and Three: but 'twas by a fall from his horse, in going to visit a Patient. He was hurried out of the world: Rest his soul!—"At this rate, the First Surgeon in your Family, might have been Surgeon to Noah, and the good people in the Ark."—This set all his wrinkles

in motion. Oh no, (says he,) we are not of so great Antiquity as that comes to: at least, our Accounts don't reach up so far—"Have you a History then of the 27 Surgeons, your Predecessors?"—Have I, says he! yes that I have; and I wou'd rather lose my legs, than lose it. But that does not go so far as I cou'd wish: the furthest thing back, of a remarkable thing, that I find in it, is that the Fifth Surgeon of our Family shav'd Hannibal, the night he lay at Laneburg, in his Passage over the Alps: I wish he had cut his throat! for he did a deal of mischief here at Turin.—"And did he shave ever a one of his Elephants, Master Claude?"—Not that I know of, says he; but our Day-Book says, that this same Hannibal had to do with the Devil; that he put life into Castles; and made the Castles walk over the Mountains with him against the Romans: and he says, in a note on the side, that he heard afterwards, that these Castles fought like mad things; and that any one of them that had not kill'd his Hundred of Romans, was very little regarded in the Army. He then took out a Prayer Book; and pray'd aloud, as he had done at every Cross, or old Statue, we had pass'd by the road side.—"I don't see a Virgin Mary; why are you praying, Master Claude?"—I'm saying a Devotion, to pray poor Hannibal's Soul out of Purgatory, (says he;) he was a great Thief and Murtherer; and may very probably be there still; but he paid my Ancestors well; and so I am bound to pray for him. You see that House there! twas built by a Savoyard: he put his Collar bone out, and I set it. Lord have mercy upon poor Hannibal! Will you have another pinch of Snuff? this Snuff box was giv'n me by the Marechal de Crequi—"You have travel'd then?"—Ay, S^r, no body is regarded in our Country, unless they have roll'd over the world. I liv'd 20 year in France and Germany; I was Barber Surgeon to the Marechal; and was with him when

he receiv'd his death's wound—"And is it true that the Ball that kill'd him, was directed *to the Marechal de Crequi?*"—No, Sr, says he, that I can assure you it was not; for 'twas these fingers took it out of his body.—Just as he said this, we came to our Journey's end; as I am, at the end of my Letter.

No. XI.

TO MRS. SPENCE. (3.)

Turin, Augt : 25, 1740.

DEAR MOTHER

If the History of Florio was too Melancholy for you (as I fear it was) I am now going to give you an account of some people that may be too mysterious for you: such as some persons will scarce believe ever were, or ever will be, in the world: however one of them, I have very lately met with; and I must give you an account of him whilst tis fresh in my Memory.

Have you ever heard of the people, call'd Adepts? They are a sett of Philosophers, superiour to whatever appear'd among the Greeks and Romans. The three great points they drive at, is to be free from Poverty, Distempers, and Death: and if you will believe them, they have found out one Secret that is capable of freeing them from all three? There are never more than twelve of these men in the whole world at a time; and we have the happiness of having one of the twelve at this time at Turin. I am very well acquainted with him; and have often talkd with him of their Secrets, as far as he is allow'd to talk to a comon mortal of them.

His name is Andrey: a Frenchman; of a Genteel Air; but with a certain Gravity in his face, that I never saw in any Frenchman before. The first time I was in com-

pany with him, as I found he had been a great Traveller, I ask'd him whether he had ever been in England, and how he lik'd the Country? He said that he had, and that he lik'd it more than any Country he had ever been in. The last time I was in England, added he, there were Eleven Philosophers there. I told him I hop'd there might be more than Eleven in England. He smiled a little and said; S^r, I dont talk of common Philosophers; I talk of Adepts; and of them I saw in England, what I never saw anywhere else; there were Eleven at Table; I made the Twelfth: and when we came to compare our Ages all together, they made somewhat upward of Four Thousand Years. I wonder'd to hear a grave man talk so strangely, and askd him, as seriously as I cou'd, how old he might be himself. He said, that he was not quite 200; but that he was one of the youngest at the Table. He said that the Secret of carrying on their lives as long as they pleasd was known to all of them; and that some of them perhaps might remove out of this world, but that he did not think any one of them would dye: for if they did not like this Globe, they had nothing to do but to go into another, whenever they pleased. How soon that might be, he did not know, but St John and the Travelling Jew, he said, had staid in it above 17 hundred years; and some of his Friends perhaps might stay as long. He said the Great Elixir, of wch he had some in his pocket, made him look no older than Forty; that he was afraid of no distemper, for that would cure him immediately; nor of Want, because t'wou'd make him as much Gold as he pleas'd. He said many other things as strange, and as surprizing, as what I have told you.

I was talking of him and his Gold-making to our Minister here: who, upon this told me a very odd story, which he had from Marechal Rhebender, General of the King of Sardinia's Forces at present. The General (who

comes from those parts) says, that when Gustavus Adolphus was going to make War with the Emperour, he found himself at a loss for money sufficient for so great an Undertaking. He was very melancholy upon it, and every thing was at a stand: when one morning a very old man came to his Court, and told the Gentleman of the Bedchamber in Waiting, that he wanted to speak to the King. The Gentleman desired his name; he refused to tell it; but said he must speak to the King, and that it was on Business of the utmost importance to his Majesty's Affairs. Gustavus, who was incapable of fear, order'd him to be admitted. When they were alone, the Old Man told him, that he knew what straits he was in for money; and that he was come to furnish him with as much as he shou'd want. He then desird him to send for a Crucible full of Mercury; he took out a white Powder, and put in only ab^{t} the quantity of a pinch of snuff. He then desir'd him to set by the Crucible, till the next morning; gave him a large bundle of the White Powder: and departed. When Gustavus call'd for the Crucible, the next morning, 'twas all full of one solid piece of Gold. He coin'd this into Ducats; and on the Coin, in memory of the Fact, was struck the Chymical Marks for Mercury and Sulphur. Rhebender had several of them thus markt, and gave one of them to our Minister who told me the story.

No. XII.

FROM HORACE WALPOLE.

Florence Feb 21. 1741 *N. S.*

SIR

NOT having Time last Post, I beg'd Mr Mann to thank you for the obliging Paragraph for me in your Letter to Him. But as I desire a nearer correspondance with you

than by third hands, I assure you in my own proper person, that I shall have great pleasure on our meeting in England to renew an Acquaintance which I began with so much pleasure in Italy. I will not reckon you among my modern Friends, but in the first article of Virtû: you have given me so many new Lights into a Science that I love so much, that I shall always be proud to own you as my master in the Antique, and will never let any thing break in upon my Reverence for you, but a warmth and freedom that will flow from my Friendship, and which will not be contained within the circle of a severe Awe.

As I shall always be attentive to give you any satisfaction that lies in my power, I take the first opportunity of sending you two little Poems, both by a Hand that I know you esteem the most: if you have not seen them, you will thank me for lines of Mr. Pope; if you have, why I did not know it *.

I dont know whether Lord Lincoln has receiv'd any orders to return home: I had a letter from one of my Brothers last post, to tell me from Sir Robert that He wou'd have me leave Italy as soon as possible, least I shou'd be shut up unawares by the arrival of the Spanish Troops; and that I might pass some time in France if I had a mind. I own I don't conceive how it is possible these Troops shou'd arrive without its being known some time before. And as to the Great Duke's Dominions, one can alway be out of them in ten hours or less. If Lord Lincoln has not received the same orders, I shall beleive what I now think, that I am wanted for some other Reason. I beg my Kind Love to Lord Lincoln, and that Mr. Spence will believe me

His sincere Humble Sery^t.

HOR. WALPOLE.

* These were Pope's Verses on his Grotto, and Epitaph on Himself.

No. XIII.

FROM L^{D} ORFORD, TO COL: CHURCHILL.

Fro' Houghton; June 24, 1743.

DEAR CHARLES

I HAVE now wrote to Captn Jackson, to give Ld Tyrawley a Ticket, as you desired; and am glad to oblige him with it. This place affords no News; no subjects of Amusement, or Entertainment, to fine men. Men of Wit and Pleasure about town understand not the language, nor taste the pleasures, of the inanimate World. My Flatterers here are all Mutes. The Oaks, the Beeches, the Chesnuts seem to contend which shall best please the Lord of the Manour. They cannot deceive; they will not lye. I, in sincerity, admire them; and have as many beauties about me as fill up all my hours of dangling, and no disgrace attends me from 67 years of age. Within doors, we come a little nearer to real Life; and admire, upon the almost-speaking Canvas, all the Airs and Graces which the proudest of the Town Ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied; because they gratify me with all I wish and all I want; and expect nothing in return which I cannot give. If these, Dear Charles, are any temptations; I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the Scene has sometimes its recommendation; and from Country Fare you may, possibly, return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainments of a refined life. Since I wrote what is above, we have been surpris'd with the good News from abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it; for it is truly matter of infinite Joy, because of infinite consequence. I am truly,

Dear Charles,

Yours most affectionately,

ORFORD.

No. XIV.

FROM MR. W. CARR.

REV^{d}: S^{r}.

As you lay me under no restriction wth. respect to time; I waited for the most convenient opportunity of informing my self of the particular circumstances that attended *the Drowning and Revival of the Man at S^{t}: Neots.* It was in the Year 1741 that the Accident happen'd to one John Saunders, a Taylor in that Town, at that time ab^{t}. 19 Years of Age: who, in washing himself, slipt into a hole above 12 feet deep; where he ascended and descended three several times before he cou'd be laid hold on, and remain'd each time for above a minute under water, when at length he was taken out dead to all appearance. He was carry'd from the River upon mens shoulders wth. his Head inclin'd, and then laid over Chairs in the same position; but notwithstanding voided no water, tho' swell'd as big as a Porpoise. It was propos'd by some of the Faculty then present to bleed him; but this was strongly objected to by D^{r}. Quinton, who instead thereof prescrib'd a Pipe of Tobacco; wch. being blown up that part that generally follows for its share, immediately produc'd a violent vomiting; during wch the Body being continually rub'd wth. warm cloths, there soon appear'd such Signs of Life as encourag'd them to proceed in the aforemention'd application, wch. by degrees produc'd Sense and Motion. He lay for above a fortnight in a very weak condition, but by the use of Cordials and other Restoratives, soon became worth a hundred drown'd men, and *is now living at Bonhurst in Bedford*^{r}. When come to himself, he was examin'd, but c^{d}:

give no account of the least Sensation of either Pleasure or Pain, from the time he went under water to the time he recover'd his Speech, when he found himself very sick; *the Interval of wch. was ab^t^.* 12 *Hours.* The Person who gave me this information, is the Landlord of the Cross Keys in S^t^: Neots, who being an Eye-witness of the whole Proceeding, and a man of credit and veracity; you may I believe, depend upon this account's being authentick. I shall be extremely glad if it proves in the least satisfactory, or if by this or any thing else, it lay in my power to acknowledge the obligations confer'd on

Rev^d^: S^r^:

Y^r^: most obed^t^.

very humb. Servt.

W^M^: CARR.

Kimbolton Octob: 17th. 1745

P: S. His Grace and Family are all very well.

No. XV.

FROM MR. N. HERBERT.

DEAR SPENCE

As it is post Night I will not delay a moment answering Your Letter and wish I could give Dr Armstrong information adequate to the pleasure his request has given me, for it is what I have many years wanted, some person or persons equal to the task, to try experiments in order to see how far they might improve the practice of their foreign predecessors upon this subject. I am sorry I can say foreign for speaking in general I may, notwith-

standing the repeated incitements in the Newspapers and publishing Pamphlets upon the subject with directions. We frequently hear of persons lost, especially in the swimming and sliding seasons, without the least attempt to recover 'em, I hope this negligence proceeds from infidelity and not inhumanity; but to my subject. In order to incourage the Dr. you mention, I shall refer him to two now living of his own Profession, and both eminent in it. Dr Mead in his Mechanical Account of Poisons is very earnest in perswasives to this practice and expressive in directions and Dr Shaw told me, He himself brought a person to life that had been under water near 3 Hours, by only blowing Tobacco into his Nostrils from an inverted pipe What first led me to try experiments upon this subject was reading in Chambers's Dict: a Quotation from Peclin. de Aer et Aliment: def. c. 10. Wherein He mentions a Gardener who was saved after being 16 Hours under Water and that the Queen of France settled a Pension upon him afterwards for Life, and adds he was then living when he wrote his Book, I forgot to tell you I know a Colonel now in the Army Who told me he was recovered himself by this method when he was drown'd as he was swimming when abroad. ——I have not had the opportunity of trying the experiment upon human bodies above 5 times and all of them in this Town, where it is almost impossible to put it in practice without molestation from the ignorant populace. A large Pamphlet was publish'd with directions some years ago, but as I cannot readily find it. I do not know for whom 'tis printed. but I have another Book entitled the uncertainty of the signs of Death at the end of which are near 20 pages upon the subject of Drowning this book is printed for M. Cooper at the Globe in Pater Noster Row in the year 1746.——To conclude at present I heartily wish Dr Armstrong success in his ex-

periments and should be as glad to know the result of them, I have some Agents with whom I have left directions near the sea shore but cannot find They have as yet try'd any experiments

Yours &c

N. HERBERT.

Feb: 22.

No. XVI.

FROM MR. HERBERT.

July 1st 1746
Leiston near Saxmundham in Suffolk.

DEAR SPENCE

As You rather discouraged me from writing by ingenuously owning You would be slow in answering I have deferr'd till now putting pen to paper to enquire after your health in town, or informing you of ours in the country; but I hope to find, by your speedy answer to this, that your opinion is changed upon this head, and that you intend to be a punctual Correspondent to your friend, who is always glad to hear from you. But least your tender conscience should tell you; it is a crime to say one thing and do another, I beg to remind you from Scripture, how much more commendable that man was, who went, tho' he say'd he would not go, than He, who say'd he would go, and went not, the latter broke his word, which is always detestable, the former was better than his word, which has always been thought to deserve the highest commendation. How this argument may operate upon you, time will shew; and here I shall leave it. to proceed to give you some account of our manner of living here, the Place itself is much pleasanter than I expected, our situation is about two miles from the sea. When I am in the Cupola, where I sit often, I can see

the Ships with a naked eye, but have borrow'd a reflecting telescope, to bring them nearer, and behold them more distinctly, yesterday a very large Fleet of Colliers went by. Which some months ago a timorous mind would have magnified into a French Squadron; but thank God those fears are over, and I found no more warmth or emotion in me at this sight, than naturally arose from thinking what fine fires would be made of the Freight in the Frosty weather. And this idea let me tell you, was not difficult to raise, for the weather here is extreamly Cold; at least seems so to my thin carcase; and I believe would to yours, even cover'd with two coats; if you are still as I left you in the Phrase of Persius, *trama figuræ*, tho' I hope to find you on my return as Horace phrases it, *Epicuri de grege Porcus*. I had the other morning an opportunity of beholding another of Agur's wonders, (for the way of a ship in the sea is one) which was the way of a serpent not according to the text, on a Rock, but on a Dunghill. My Coachman kill'd six of them successively, the sight put me in mind of the Picture of Apollo killing the Python. So of my Coachman I may say, as says Lady Froth in the Comedy.—I amuse myself sometimes like the Roman Emperor by picking up cockle shells on the sea shore, and had an opportunity of experiencing, the remedy Demosthenes try'd on himself for Stammering, upon my Girl, who was with me, tho' I did not let her know what I was at, for I had nothing to do but talk to her and she answer'd me of course, and I observed she spoke much plainer the next day. This is a shorter way (as we are but a little distance from the sea) than the method I told you I had so often try'd effectually. We are to go to Alburge tomorrow to see a Battery that is erected lately there of six or eight Guns. Who knows but I may find a drowned object to try my experiment upon, I *long to succeed in it, but* be

gin to despair, having twice fail'd, and all that I have got by it, is the fame of having lost my senses, and being call'd a Quack. But as I love to make the best of every thing, I comfort myself with thinking (as the man did who broke his legs and blest his stars that it was not his neck.) that if I am mad I am no fool nor ever can be one, if there is any truth in old sayings. Thus I get clear of the first imputation, by the help of my own language but am oblig'd, to rid myself of the other to have recourse to the Latin tongue, by proving that the word Quack, like the word Tyrant, tho' now it has a bad sense annext to it, had formerly a good one, and that the person who gave rise to this name was an adept in Physick and not superficially knowing in that science as we think the person to be, to whom this denomination is by the world apply'd. The Proof I mention is in Busbequius, who speaks of his Physician *Gulielmum Quackquelbenum.* (who had like to have kill'd a Basha; for he expressly says that providence saved him, when he was thought past recovery). Quære, may not a note for *the Charliad* be drawn from hence, for the etomology of the word Quack. I am sure you will be prejudiced in favour of this Gentleman when you recollect he was as knowing in Medals as in Physick, for we find him studying that science at Belgrade with his Master, in quo studio (as he says of him) ad meum sensum mire factum. I think it is time to finish, but must first desire you would *tell Mr. Dodsley I received his* Pamphlet, but desire he would be sure that he does not send me above two ounces, the last being markt more on the cover tho' they did not make me pay for it. If more in future let him send it under two covers.

Yours etc.

N. HERBERT.

No. XVII.

FROM THE REV. GLOSTER RIDLEY.

DEAR MR. PROFESSOR,

I HAVE a thousand Thanks to return you for the thousand Entertainments you gave me at Oxford, among these more particularly for Bacchus and Ariadne; so many feet of Guido's designing, and Jacomo Frey's Engraving will make no little ornament in my Nutshell at Poplar; but I am still more indebted to you for that manly and sensible Poem The Judgment of Hercules, I think Mr. Lowth for his own sake should publish it, for there is no doubt but the Copies will multiply and at last perhaps a very incorrect one steal into print. One Line I own pretty much entangled me in reading, the last but one in the 3d. Stanza, and which, as I am no Critic, and a Stranger to the Idioms of Language, I am not yet quite satisfied in:

Graceful, yet each with different Grace they move.

I am more likely to be mistaken in objecting to it, than Mr. Lowth in writing it; but as it is new to me, at least hitherto unobserved, I should be glad to have an authority or two pointed at. Another Favour I am to thank you for, is a Sight of the Samothracian Mysteries, which gave me that kind of pleasure that I receive from seeing a fine House; I was wonderfully pleased all the while I was conducted thro' the several apartments, but was hurried too fast from one to another to form an Idea of the whole, or indeed any thing distinctly of the particulars. However I shall transcribe a passage or two, which if I mistake not will supply you with a little Furniture that you thought you wanted. Armachanus noster (juxta

Chronologos antiquissimps) Ægialei initium regnandi posuit A.M. 1915, et probabile est spartim ibi vixisse Pelasgos aliquam multos priusquam inceperit, monarchia Ægialei, adeo ut Isis sua mysteria Cabirica Pelasgo tradidit paulò (circa 40 annos) ante initium Ægialei. Et sane Sparsi hujusmodi homines faciliùs reciperent externum Osiridis imperium, ejusque sacra, quam unitri sub noto monarchā. Hæc aútem benè congruunt cum dictis Herodoti affirmantis, "omnes Græcos, immo ipsos Samothraces a Pelasgis accepisse orgia, sen mysteria Cabirica." Euterpe. c. 51. Cumberland's Origines gentium, in Appendice de Cabiris. pag: 362, 363. In the next place Reland gives you choice of Etymologies. the 1. from an Hebrew word that may be wrote thus, *Chabirim*, Socii, juncti, which hits your mysterious union very well. Or else from another which will do for your θεοι μεγαλοι, χρεσοι, δυνατοι from *Cabirim*, magni, potentes, &c. Or lastly from *Kebirim* quasi Dij Sepultorum, which we won't admit of because it would knock you quite on the head, and only serve the purpose of a parcel of foolish fellows, who pretend to say these Cabiri were Axieros, Axiokersa, Axiokersos and Casmillus, or in more intelligible words, Ceres, Pluto, Proserpine and Mercury, and into these names, Bochart, according to his usual way of unridd'ling, pretends to translate those heathenish syllables. If you please to amuse yourself with these polite and entertaining Gentlemen you may look for Hadriani Relandi Dissertationum Miscellanearum Pars prima . . . cujus quinta dissertatio est, de Diis Cabiris. And in Bochart's Canaan, lib. 1. cap. 12. With these Belles Esprits—rest you merry! I wish you good success, but I can find no authority either for the number, or the particular Deities; or rather, I find authorities against you. But these Treatises refer'd to, will acquaint you with them, and was it not for your drudgery of going thro'

'em, I could wish to see their sense filter'd down thro' your refiners, and their Ore (if any to be found) stampt at your Mint. You may see by this Sentence that I have just been dabbling in them, it will therefore be a very seasonable service to give you a release. I therefore haste to give you Mrs. Ridley's thanks with mine for your late favours, and am

Dear Jo!

Your affectionate Fr[d]. and H. S.

GL: RIDLEY.

No. XVIII.

FROM THE REV. GLOSTER RIDLEY *.

DEAR JO!

I HEREWITH send you a Letter I have just received from Mr. Wooddeson with some Corrections, which I hope will come time enough for Mr. Dodsley before the Pin and Needle be printed off. You will be so good to fix upon which is best. You'll see what a strange whim he entertains about your Book, conceives that when he is dying he shall think of nothing else but who to leave it to.

I likewise send you a leaf or two of the old papers which I mentioned to you, found among some of my

* This Letter contained stanzas written on old paper with discoloured ink, intended as a trial of Mr. Spence's Antiquarian skill; it will be seen in the sequel, by another letter, that Mr. Ridley had borrowed Spenser's Faerie Queene of Mr. Spence, and in reading it, tried his hand at imitating the style.—This gave rise to his pleasing poem of Psyche, or the Great Metamorphosis, of which these stanzas afterwards formed a part.—*Editor.*

Uncle's Cart Loads left behind him: the Title to the Bundle, in which these were, promised Verses of Ben Johnson and others found among my Grandfather's Verses and Papers. But most of these are scatter'd, or mislaid, or lost. Such of the papers (in this Bundle) as have dates to them are from 1612 to 1632. near which time I suppose those without date are to be placed, as far as can be guess'd from the hands and kind of paper. Perhaps they came from Ireland, as they were join'd with a Letter from the L^d^. Lieut^t^. Strafford to King Ch: 1. I send you the venerable Originals, supposing that these old, tatter'd, loose leaves are every whit as precious as the Verses themselves; which, I apprehend, if transcribed fair, upon a sheet of modern white paper, would, to a true Antiquarian, lose all their beauty, like Dr. Woodwards Shield new scoured. It is quite a melancholy thing to see, that time, or tumbling about, has tore off the only significant corner that they had, I mean that, where the Author's name seems to have been written. I will not risque my judgment in Criticism so far as to venture to determine who it was; and therefore content myself with calling it *an Imitation of Spencer*. The Metre and Language are something like his. And a very ridiculous Line in the 3^d^. Stanza, seriously in the praise of Tobacco, to me who am a Modern, and no Smoaker, sounds as disgustful as Homer's Asses and Hogherds: yet as far as I know, it might not be so harsh, when Tobacco was all in Fashion, nor indelicate in a Dependant on S^r^. Walter Raleigh, the Discoverer of it. For these Reasons I call it an Imitation of Spencer. But as for Spirit, Genius, Fire, Imagination, Manner, Style, Plot, Conduct, &c...&c...&c..... which you deep Critics love to talk about, tho' nobody understands what you say, but yourselves, I am able to form no judgment about: and I do not blame my ever honoured Tutor neither; it is

sheer natural Infirmity. Those points I leave to your Sagacity: the result, I dare say, will be to think, with me, that it is only an Imitation: and that by an ill hand. You'll determine it from the want of that Genius, Fire &c . . . . above mention'd; I, from points more level with my understanding; Such as, 1. I take the Paper to be at least 14 years later than Spencer's death. 2. He would hardly himself say, Written by Edmond Spencer. 3. There are several uncouth Words, which I can't find in the Glossary of Spencer; such as, Suite, heeld, fellones, amane, and some others. 4^{thly}. If that be not owing to my unacquaintedness with the Language, there appears to me an affectation of obsolete Words. Who the Imitator was I do not pretend to guess, for there is nothing to guide me but the Corner of a C, or E, or G, or O, or Q. As for C, it is not old enough to be Chaucer's. If E, I have flung out Edmund Spencer. G, O, or Q, may be George Sandys, Ogilby, or Quarls, and I should think it likely to be a Composition of one of them if the Chronology of the paper will not fling them out.

The Conclusion of the Canto, if it be in my possession, is not yet come to hand; and you, I dare say, will have enough of these Hobgoblin Lines, without giving me the trouble to endeavour recovering the rest. I shall soon beat up your Quarters, being impatient till I get your Book from Dodsley's. Our compliments (as the Phrase is at present altogether) wait on You, M^{rs}. Spence, and M^{rs}. Collier from my Aunt, M^{rs}. Ridley, and

Dear Jo!

Your most oblig'd and affectionate

GLO. RIDLEY.

P. S. I most heartily thank you for your most obliging Present, your Book; it is a Present that I value, more than I will tell you of.

Poplar. Feb. 20. 1746.

No. XIX.

FROM THE REV. GLOSTER RIDLEY.*

DEAR JO!

You two Professors do me great Honour in bestowing your Criticisms on my little Reptile; a meer piece of chance work without a Plan, intended only, in grateful return for the pleasure you gave me in lending me Spenser, to play the fool with you. With this view only (and no other Plan had I) I dash'd down Stanza after Stanza till I got about 18, and then sent you the *opus interruptum* in hopes that you would have grieved for the loss of the rest. But reading them over two or three times, I was foolish enough to be engaged by them to go on, and finish it as you have it, and now for your Objections, some of which I admit as perfectly just, and others I think I can defend.

"Imprimis, you seem to me to introduce Psyche under "the form of a Caterpiller at first, from St: 7. and yet you "seem to change her into a Caterpiller, as a punishment "for her Disobedience."—Guilty, my Lord! When I first began I conceived her entirely as a Caterpiller, and never dream'd of changing her, nor cared a farthing what became of her: But when I went on, that Objection occurred; however I was willing to hope that she might pass for a Fay at first, who instead of being fair or black, was green and gold &c.... and therefore in her Metamorphosis say, that her make was new moulded, her colours only left; supposing it necessary that something sh[d] remain, to shew she was, in a Caterpiller, the same that was Psyche before. And to take away, or lessen the Prejudice, against such a kind of Belle, I had inserted a Stanza after the 8[th]. in w[ch] I compared her with our old

Pict Grandmothers. But that stanza happening to be at least as dull as any of the rest, I left it out, imagining it interrupted the narrative too long. If leaving out the 7th. and 8th. St: would remove your objection, there would be a double advantage in it, as it would make the length of the whole something more conscionable: but I am afraid half the 6th will be left without a meaning too.—However, that's no new thing with me.

"2do. If she could talk when she was only a Caterpiller, why should she be surprised at a Snake's speaking?" You find that I hoped you would have been so good as to let her pass for a Fay when I made her surprized at the Snake's speaking.

"3tio. Is it Spenser's way to repeat whole Speeches, in the manner of Homer? If not, had not you better omit the 30th and 31st St: or contract them into one?"—There is not one Instance all through the Fairy Queen to justify me: and I told myself of it before; whether the answer that satisfied me will do the same by you I can't say. It is necessary for Anteros to know what was said: and those Lines were Scripture to Psyche which she repeats with a religious Exactness. With which the Freethinking Devil makes himself merry.

"4to. Is puissant (St: 5.) used as 3 syllables by Spenser?" Yes.

> Then got he Bow and Shafts of Gold and Lead,
> In which so fell and puissant he grew,
> That Jove himself his power began to dread.

Spoken of Cupid, in Colin Clout come home again. And Puissance I remember is used somewhere in the first Book, and I believe 1st Canto, as 3 syllables: but almost every where else only as 2.

"5to. Is *new Worlds* clear enough?"—I dare say not, because you ask the Question. Do alter it, for the Duce take me if I know how to do it.

"6to. Have you writ Ferm or Form?"—Ferm.

"7mo. Would not pass do better than leap? Stan. 19.9." —Pass is already in the same Line.

"8vo. Is it raught or sought in St: 14.1?"—raught, Spenser's uniform prætoritum of the verb reach,; as we still form taught of teach.

"9no. Should not you point out, that it is the Celestial Venus, St: 39?" J, who happened to be in the Garden when she came, knew it was the Celestial Venus: but I had forgot that it was not so plain to any body else. The kindness of coming to seek her (Psyche) is a circumstance I would preserve if I could—Suppose it be—The Heav'nly Queen who sought her with her Son——or any other way you think proper.

The grand Objection is the first, which is an Error in the first Concoction, and I am afraid whoever reads it, if any body will have patience to do so, will in spite of my Teeth take Psyche for a Caterpiller, when I now intend she should be as charming a Girl as ever was seen. And the moral intended in St: 49. is, that the extent and Capacity of the Soul is diminish'd, from what it was, even as a Caterpiller is less than a man; but some faint and dim resemblance continues in its colours or faculties.

I shall be glad to see the Fardel whenever you will combine together to slip out. Be sure you let me know 2 or 3 days before, that if I am engaged and can not put it off, I may save you the trouble of coming by returning an answer. Next Thursday or this day sen'night, April 2d, I am engaged. And every Friday in Lent I catechise in the afternoon.

I am,

Dear Jo: with Compliments

Yours affectionately

GLO: RIDLEY.

Poplar March 26. 1747.

No. XX.

FROM MR. ROLLE.

Monkton Aug: 15th 1747.

DEAR JO

I HAD the pleasure of yours some days since, and am surpriz'd at what you say in the close of it, that you are setting out for Birchanger, without by mistake you mean G. Horwood. For God's sake what *is it you go to Birchanger* to see? your Plantation? a Low, Lean Switch or two, and which If I had not too great a regard for Scripture to make use of it on so low an occasion, I shou'd not scruple to Term, a Reed shaken with the wind. My Rabbits whom you talk so debasingly of, I wou'd undertake were they in your neighbourhood wou'd be so many wild Boors of the Forest to root em up, tis well for the Trees they are at 200 miles distance, *Fortunatæ quod non Armenta &c.*!

My Mother's Story which you desire to have related for Mrs. Spence's sake, is briefly this. On the Eve of Last Midsummer was twelvemonth Susan Turner too inquisitive about Futurity, watch'd near the Church Porch of the parish of Monkekinton, to see who went thro' the said Porch into the Church, which it seems was a certain token of their mortality the year following: as our parish is but small, she wisely foretold but few deaths; and as predictions with probability on their side are most likely to be fulfill'd; of the 4 persons she pretended to have seen, two were expiring at the time and died that very night, and the two remaining, one of which was my mother were by far the Eldest people in the Parish: However they are I thank God still both alive, and my mother, however a pretty deal shock'd last year with the Prophecy, is at present very well

and like to live in spite of it; indeed she hath now fairly outliv'd the force and date of it, and I hope two such disappointments will be a discouragement to a practice, which hath been known sometimes to give people a great deal of real uneasiness.

No. XXI.

FROM MR. WHEELER.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MAN OF ROSS.

DEAR SIR

BEFORE I can have any pretence to ask any favour of You, I must grant one you have so long ask'd of me: I mean some faint Idea of Mr. Keirl, better known in the World by the Man of Ross: A Title of Distinction I believe he well deserv'd, having not left his fellow behind him in that Town———An acquaintance of mine tells me he knew him personally—That he was a very sober, temperate, regular, humane, generous, religious, sensible Man—extremely plain in his dress—and gentlemanlike in his behaviour—respected and caress'd by all who knew him; and applied to by rich and poor for his direction and Advice.—He was remarkably Hospitable—kept a plain plentiful table; Thursday was a Public Day, for the Neighbours, his Tenants, and the Poor.—Tho' he was passionately fond of Architecture, yet he was contented to live in an Old House; it was large enough, and that was the particular he regarded most. He kept very good hours, and was abed betimes, except his friends, who knew his Passion, enter'd upon the subject of Building, when they had a mind to have an hour or two extraordinary

with him. I've heard, to encourage a Gentleman who wanted a better House, he wou'd offer to advance a moderate Sum of Money, provided he shou'd plan and supervise the Building. I'm told his taste was often gratify'd without any expence, for no Gentleman wou'd fix on any Plan, before it had receiv'd the Approbation of Mr. Keirl. He was in Herefordshire, what Mr. Prowse is in the County of Somerset.

He had a singular taste for Prospects: and by a vast plantation of Elms, which he has dispos'd of in a fine manner, he has made one of the most entertaining Scenes the County of Hereford affords——His point of View is on an Eminence which he has wall'd in and dispos'd of into walks; the Spot is about 6 or 8 acres. Thro' the midst of the Valley below, runs the Wye, which seems in no hurry to leave the Country, but, like a Hare thats unwilling to leave her habitation, makes a hundred turns and doubles; He has beautified the Churchyard with fine plantations—and the extraordinary growth of ev'ry thing he set, gives him the reputation to this day, of having had a lucky hand. The inside of the Church has shar'd his generosity too in a gallery and Pulpit. After all that he has done for the Church and Parson, wou'd it not vex one if some avaritious or necessitous incumbent shou'd cut down these fine Elms, which are for the most part planted in the Church Yard and Glebe?

Though he was a friend to all mankind, yet there was one set of men, he tried to ruin, the Attorneys in his neighbourhood. It was very rare that any difference terminated in a Lawsuit. He was general Referee; which paid no small compliment to his Abilities and Integrity——I have been told his Public Charities kept pace with his private benefactions—But which of the Almshouses was most favour'd by him at Ross I am at too great a distance to learn. He was a considerable contributor to a long

handsome Causeway which leads to the Town; which with the stately Avenues of Elms planted by it, gives the Traveller a very favourable prejudice to the place.—At Christmas he distributed a great deal of Money and provisions to the poor, to make them share in the cheerfulness and jollity of the season. All this and much more he did tho' his income was no more than 600£ a year. 200 of it lay about Ross.—He died a Bachelor: and left his Estate to Mr. Vandr. Keirl, who was bred a Confectioner at London—It was often suspected in his Neighbourhood, that he was a natural Son of the Old Gentlemans—His heir was an extravagant debauch'd young fellow—much in debt before his accession to the Estate; and the same temper continuing after his coming into possession, soon reduc'd his Income.—He left 2 Sons and a Daughter. The Second Son, tho' without a fortune, lives in the same House, in which the Man of Ross liv'd, and keeps open house for all comers—It is I think reckon'd the best Inn in Town.

These are the few hints I cou'd collect of the man of Ross; I wish I cou'd help you to materials sufficient, to give his Picture at full length to the World——For I think he was a Credit to the Age and Place he liv'd in.

And now, Sir, to the favour I have to beg of you: Mr. Archdeacon Shakerley the Bearer of this, is upon the point of beginning the Tour of France and Italy; and to make it to good advantage wou'd gladly receive your Instructions and Recommendations: In which latter you may say as many fine things of him as you please: for he is in good truth, a worthy, sensible amiable man. He is besides all this, one of the dearest friends I have in the World.—— If he had met with you in Town sometime ago, as I intended he shou'd, by delivering a Letter to you, you wou'd have in all probability made the same report of him to me ——And if he stays long enough to be acquainted with

you, I make not the least doubt of the thanks of Both, for the mutual Acquisition you have made———

I am, dear Sir, in great haste

Yours most affectionately

R. WHEELER.

25 *Feb*^{y}. 1748.

No. XXII.

FROM MR. R. DODSLEY.

Pall Mall Octr. 22^{d} 1748

DEAR SIR

WHILE you are planting the Groves, directing the Walks, and forming the Bowers that are in all probability to afford you a Retreat for the whole of your future Life; you seem like a man arriv'd at the end of his Labours, and just beginning to enjoy the fruits of them. If I did not love you, I should certainly envy; but as it is, I heartily rejoice; and only wish I was with you to partake of the Pleasure, which I am sensible you must at present enjoy. But here am I, ty'd down to the World, immerst in Business, with very little Prospect of ever being able to disengage myself. 'Tis true, my Business is of such a Nature, and so agreeable to the Turn of my Mind, that I have often very great Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. I don't know but I may sometimes be as much entertain'd in planning a Book, as you are in laying out the Plan of a Garden. Yet I don't know how it is, I cannot help languishing after that Leisure which perhaps if it was in my possession I should not be able to enjoy. I am afraid the Man who would truly relish and enjoy Retirement, must

be previously furnish'd with a large and various Stock of Ideas, which he must be capable of turning over in his own Mind, of comparing, varying, and contemplating upon with Pleasure; he must so thoroughly have seen the World as to cure him of being over fond of it; and he must have so much good Sense and Virtue in his own Breast, as to prevent him from being disgusted with his own Reflections, or uneasy in his own Company. I am sorry to feel myself not so well qualify'd for this sacred Leisure as I could wish, in any one respect; but glad I have a Friend from whose Example I cannot but hope I shall be able to improve.

No. XXIII.

FROM MR. R. DODSLEY.

June 19.

DEAR SIR

I SENT you last week by Thatcher's Barge all your Parcels, in which were included *two Epping Cheeses* which Mrs. Dodsley desires Mrs. Spence will be so good as to accept. I hope you have before now rec^{d} all *the cargo safe* exc^{t} the Gr H. I have this day sent the *Pope's Works* (which came from Mr. *Warburton)* down to Hungerford, to go by the same Conveyance. I am afraid my design *on the Banks of the Thames* will not proceed to Execution, the Landlord and I not having yet agreed. As the idle time of the year is now come on, I have begun it with the most idle of all Productions, a Love Song: I intend it for Mr. Tyers, to be sung at Vaux-hall. Pray tell me whether 'tis good for aught or not.

I wrote it, alas! not from any present feelings or sensations, but by recalling past Ideas to my mind; and there-

fore it may possibly want that passionate Tenderness requisite to the Subject: however I think it so much too young for me at present that I shall not let Mr Tyers or any body else know that it is mine.

MUTUAL LOVE.

A SONG.

WHENE'ER I meet my Cælia's Eyes,
Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
My Feet forget to move;
She too declines her lovely head,
Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread;
Sure this is Mutual Love!

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender Kiss,
Beneath the silent Grove:
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye;
Sure this is mutual Love!

And once, O once! the dearest Maid,
As on her Breast my Head was laid,
Some secret Impulse drove;
Me, me her gentle Arms carest,
And to her Bosom closely prest,
Sure this was mutual Love!

And now, transported with her Charms,
A soft Desire my Bosom warms
Forbidden Joys to prove:
Trembling for fear she should comply,
She from my Arms prepares to fly,
Though warm'd with mutual Love.

O stay! I cry'd—Let Hymen's Bands
This moment tye our willing Hands,
And all thy Fears remove:
She blush'd Consent with modest Grace,
And sweetly in her glowing Face,
I read her mutual Love.

No. XXIV.

FROM MR. ROBERT WOOD.

London September 25. 1749

DEAR SIR

I HOPE you'll excuse my breaking in upon your retirement with my impertinence; in short I cant help begging your assistance in a scheme I am about undertaking, which is thus, I set out in two days for Paris, and so on to Rome, to overtake there two Gentlemen (Mr. Bouvry and Mr. Dawkins) who have been mostly abroad for some years, and propose extending their ramble a little further; accordingly are to have a ship ready in Spring to set out from *Naples to make the tour of the Mediterranean;* we propose *visiting Athens* and the Greek Islands; some parts of Asia Minor, and Egypt, if possible Palmyra; and in general most of the Classical Countries within such a tour; without going much into the Inland parts. I have bought a Collection of the Greek and Latin Classics to come out in the ship (which we intend to have sent from hence) and such Instruments as are necessary for measures; we take from Italy a Person who draws well; I could not think of any body fitter than *Boura* at Turin who us'd to teach in the Academy;

as he takes views pretty well, is an Architect and Engeneer; I can't tell you what I would trouble you about better, than by telling you my plan of amusement; which is in general, to *compare the Antient with the present face of the Country;* the Greece of the Poets and historians, with the Greece we shall see; when I was last in those Countries I amus'd myself, (in rambling over the *Country about Ida, the Simois and Scamander, &c.)* in considering Homer, abstracted from his poeticall merit, as writing the Account of a Campaign; and making out a Plan of Troy and the environs from the Iliad, began to compare it as far, as I had time, with the present aspect of that Country; and found *so exact a resemblance* that I should be greatly tempted to pursue the same plan with more time and leisure; I mention this as what is to make my principal amusement, if your leisuré from any thing more important would allow you, could you now and then look into the classicks, to *give me any hints* I should be much oblig'd to you; if my going into those countries, can make me understand better or have a stronger relish for some of its antient writers, I shall think my time at least innocently spent, not without pleasure; if you at your leisure could favour me with a line under Cover to *Charles and Richard Selvin at Paris,* and at the same time give me any *particular commission for yourself you'll* much oblige

Your most Obed^{t}. humble Servt.

ROB^{T}. WOOD.

No. XXV.

FROM DR. ROBERT LOWTH.

Turin July. 11*th.* 1749.

DEAR MR. SPENCE

You know me so well, that you will rather be surpris'd at hearing from me at all, than wonder that 'tis so long first: besides I told you that I must have time to take a view of the place, before I could give you an acc*t*. of it and of your Friends. I must thank you in the first place for introducing me to Mr. *Dom-Ville*, who is a very worthy, sensible, and agreeable man. He was very glad to hear from you, and was extremely pleas'd with your Book which I gave him. He tells me he has not English enough to set down to read it through, without a great deal more leisure than he has at present: but he has been very busy in looking it over and consulting particular places by the Index and Plates. He desires you would accept of his Compliments, and many thanks for your Present. From what I have said you begin to be in pain for your Friend *Count Richa:* he died here three or four days before we came. He had been confined for some time; and as the beginning of his illness was attended with some very odd circumstances, I'll give you as good an acc*t*. of it as I have been able to get. Four or five Months ago the Princess of Carignan happened to observe that some of the China that stood in one of the Anti-Chambers was missing, and that it continued to decrease by degrees; she took notice of it, and enquiry was made about it among the servants: they could give no acc*t*. of it; but one of them to clear himself and his Comrades of Suspicion was resolv'd to watch it, and hid

himself in the room for that purpose. He was much surpris'd to see Count Richa, the first time he came to visit the Children as usual, as he return'd thro' the Room, go to the place where the China stood, choose out a piece or two of it, put it in his pocket, and carry it off. The Fellow did not care to risk his Credit against the Count's, by declaring immediately what he saw: he only said, he knew who had the China, and if they would send him in all the Messages to the houses about the town, he should soon be able to get very satisfactory intelligence of it. It was not long before he had an errand to Count Richa's, where he saw all the China that was missing openly displayed upon one of his Tables. When the story was known, ev'ry body look'd upon it as a plain Indication that the Count's head was disorder'd: however the Prince of Carignan immediately forbid him his house. The Count hardly appear'd abroad afterward: his illness soon took a different turn; his health decay'd apace, and at last he died of a Dropsy.—As to the rest things stand here pretty much I believe as you left them: our Governors are Count Salmure and the Chev^{r}. S^{t}. Sebastian. I long to find out some of your walks, which look very pretty from my back window: I have not been able to go out to the other side the Po above once or twice: there is no walking here at this time of the year: the heat now begins to be insufferable. Oh that somebody would set me this moment under one of your Trees at Byfleet!—Present my Respects to your Good Family. Let me hear from you.

Your's

R. LOWTH.

No. XXVI.

FROM DR. ROBERT LOWTH.

Naples March 1. 1750.

DEAR JO

I WAS afraid that something had happen'd to you, as it was so long before I heard from you. This is one of the very great inconveniences of being so punctual as you are: your friends are all alarm'd, whenever your Letters are a post or two later than ordinary; the uneasiness it gives them is well-founded, but had better be spared. Those that are so good as to be concern'd for me, I use more kindly; I teach them not to be in care about me, tho' they don't hear from me in a twelvemonth. I am very glad you are *got well again*, and I hope your exercise in the Country and your journeys between *your Villa and Town*, will perfectly establish your health. *I read the description of your Garden to Sig*r. *Domville; he found it to be the same in the main that you had talk'd over with him*, 8 *or* 10 *years ago:* I left him well at Turin about a Month since. He gave me some information with regard to those friends you enquir'd after: *Mr. Lanskarouwski is now in the Saxon Service; I think he made a Campaign or two in the beginning of the war in that of the King of Sardinia: Mr. D'Erlach died somewhere in Lombardy*, 6 *or* 7 *years ago, of the smallpox.* I must not forget your old flame, the *Princess of Carignan:* She has lost I believe *a good deal of her beauty, being now pale and very thin; but will always retain her agreeableness. She lay in, while we were at Turin; and has now about* 6 *Children.*

A good part of this day and yesterday I spent in the

company of your Friend *Sig^r. Camillo Paderni: he is settled at Portici* in the King's service, and is employed in making Drawings of the Antiquities found in Herculaneum, of which they are preparing to give the world a large account. He has been there upon this business above a year and half. He has receiv'd your Book from Mr. Nash, who was here lately. Sig^r. Camillo is very well with the King; has access to him at all times, and frequent conversations with him: *he has presented your Book* to His Majesty, as an example proper to be follow'd for the beauty of the Paper, Impression &c. in the work which they are now going to put to the press. *I hear no great account* of the abilities of the person that is compiling this work; besides that, he is old and infirm, and there is a great variety of matter, too much for any one person to undertake. *Your Friend's part, will I doubt not, be very well perform'd:* he shew'd us some of his drawings, particularly that of the Equestrian Statue; which is I believe by much the finest thing they have found; it was perfect, except one hand, and the two feet, which have been supplied. The Horse is much beyond that of M. Aurelius in the Capitol. This is of marble, and as big as the life only. The Inscription is: M. NONIO. M. F. BALBO. PR. PRO. COS. HERCVLANENSES. Among his drawings I could not help observing, as I had done in the original Paintings, two Female Centaurs, which are animals I was not before acquainted with. These are among the copies which he is taking in colours of the best of the paintings: they seem to me to flatter the originals. To tell you the truth, I don't vastly admire the Pictures in general: most of them are certainly very bad; some single figures are prettily enough design'd; the Chiron and Achilles has some Life and Expression, but is not well design'd in the whole; and is I think far from deserving the great commendation I have often heard of

it. *They have lately been digging in another part of the Herculaneum; but I don't* find they have had any great success. Sig^r. Camillo has been very obliging in accompanying us thro' the several lights of the place; and to day has been with us to the top of *Vesuvius*, which he had not seen before. He desires his Compliments to you. I should have told you before, as you desir'd particularly to be inform'd, that *he has long ago drop'd his design of publishing* a Collection of Basso Relievos. We have been here a week, and shall stay as much longer, to see the place and the neighbourhood. *We then return to Rome for two months:* we staid only one day there in coming, and took one great gape at some of the principal Buildings and Ruins. In our way we staid a week at Bologna, and work'd very hard all the while. We are forced to leave Venice quite out of our plan; we stay but a fortnight at Florence. *Pray sit down immediatly, and write me a Letter for Dr. Cocchi.* We are to be in England, the *end of June.* In the mean time, and ever believe me, Dear Jo,

Your's most affectionately

R. LOWTH.

Direct, recommandée à Monsr. Le Marquis Belloni à Rome.

I had almost forgot to tell that I asked Sig^r. Paderni what he *thought of the engravings in your Book: he commended them much in general, spoke in high terms of many of the small pieces, but did not seem to think so well of the large figures; I asked him particularly of the two Basso Relievos; he thought one much better perform'd than the other;* you will know which; I have forgot.

No. XXVII.

FROM STEPHEN DUCK.

Kew. Decem. 5. 1750

DEAR S^r^

I HAVE had thoughts many times of coming to see you, but the exceeding bad weather and some business have hinder'd me. However, if nothing extraordinary happens, I intend to convince you that I am not merely a Summer Bird, by waiting on you in the very depth of winter, probably at the *latter end of next week*—The King (God eternally bless him) has kindly given me occasion to buy a new Horse, by making me Chaplain to a Regiment of Dragoon Guards, which has fully made me amends for being broke. And the favour, I think, is doubled, because it was granted without any knowledge or solicitation of mine. But though the Government saves 60£ per Ann. by this, and though I think upon the whole, it is but a piece of justice (as I bought the former Chaplainship) yet it has moved the Envy of some persons, and made 'em strive to be witty upon my change of life, as perhaps you have seen in the Magazines—I dont think these Writers deserve any Answer, or if they do, I would give them only the following.

You think it (Censor) mighty strange
That born a Country Clown,
I should my first profession change,
And wear a Chaplain's Gown!

If Virtue honours the low Race
From which I was descended,
If Vices your high birth disgrace,
Who should be most commended.

Pray make my kind Complim^{ts}: to your good Mother and Cousin, and believe me to be, with great Truth,

Dear S^{r}.

Yo^{r} most affectionate
and faithful humble Servt.
S. DUCK.

No. XXVIII.

FROM STEPHEN DUCK.

ACCOUNT OF THE MAN OF ROSS.

Kew, Jan. 1st. 1751

DEAR S^{r}

THIS waits on you with my best wishes for a happy year to you and yours. May all your rational, animal, and vegetable families thrive and be healthy. I think this warm wet winter very favourable for your new plantations, your Trees will doubtless take root and flourish; tho' I fancy a little dry frosty weather would more contribute to the health of human creatures, at least I believe it would be better for my Constitution, for I impute *a bad Cold* that I have had since I saw you, to the very wet weather which we have had in these parts: and my feet have been very wet in my frequent ambulations to Twickenham, where I often improve the flavour of a glass of Wine with your health.—According to your desire, I have enquired of *Mrs. Shepherd* about the Man of Ross. The particulars which I have learned are not many, *nor very* important. *He was, it seems, a tall thin Man; sensible and well bred; and went so very plain in his Dress, that when he work'd in the fields with his own Labourers, (which he frequently did) he was not*

distinguished from them by anything more than a certain Dignity in his Air and Countenance, which always accompanied him. He kept two public Days in a Week; the Market Day, and Sunday. On the former, the Neighbouring Gentlemen and Farmers dined with him; and if they had any differences or disputes with one another, instead of going to Law, they appealed to the Man of Ross to decide and settle them. And his Decisions were generally final. On Sunday he feasted the poor people of the Parish at his House; and not only so, but would often send them home loaded with broken meat and jugs of beer. At these Entertainments he did not treat with wine, but good strong beer and Cyder. On these two Days, great plenty and generosity appeared; at other times, he lived frugal. He had, it seems, (like a worthy Gentleman of my acquaintance) *a most incorrigible passion for planting, insomuch that he embellished the Parish with many beautiful Groves of Trees; some of which were a Mile in length.* My Gossip has not informed me of any Mountain or Camp that he adorned with Pines, but She *says there is a large Common in the Neighbourhood of Ross, which at this day, rejoices under the Shadow of his Trees. In Works of this Nature he chiefly employed very old Men, such whose Age or infirmities rendered them incapable of doing such very hard labour, as the Farmers required their Servants' to do. With these old Men he would frequently work with a spade himself; pay them amply for their Labour; and often feed them at his own Table. This virtuous memorable Gentleman was once taken up for a High-wayman.* —but I have not room to tell You any more than that I am

D^r^ S^r^

Yo^r^. most affectionate &c.

S. DUCK.

No. XXIX.

FROM HORACE WALPOLE.

Arlington Street June 3[d] 1751

DEAR S[r]

I HAVE translated the lines and send them to you, but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than of shewing you how readily I complied with your request.

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

If she but moves or looks, Her Step, her Face
By stealth adopt unmeditated Grace *.

* Mr. Spence appears to have applied to other friends, beside Mr. Walpole, for a translation of these lines, and to have translated them himself; I find the following among his Papers.—*Editor.*

Whate'er she does, where'er she bends her course,
Grace guides her steps, and gives her beauty force.
J. R.

Whate'er she does, where'er she moves, a Grace,
Slides in to give it form, and marks the trace.
G. R.

A secret Grace attends her charms inbred,
Work in each action; in each footstep, tread.
B.

In ev'ry motion, action, look, and air,
A secret grace attends and forms the Fair.
S. D.

With every motion, every careless air,
Grace steals along, and forms my lovely fair.
J. S.

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as *move*, or *look; air* instead of *step*, and *adopts* instead of *adopt:* I don't know even whether I wou'd not read *steal and adopt*, instead *of by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original: But what signifies that, I am not obliged to be a Poet because Tibullus was one, nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not*. Adieu

Y^rs ever

H. WALPOLE.

* The following verses by Mr. Walpole, were enclosed in this letter.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE NEGLECTED COLUMN IN THE PLACE ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

ESCAP'd a race, whose vanity ne'er rais'd
A monument, but when themselves they prais'd,
Sacred to FREEDOM let this column rise,
Pure from false trophies and inscriptive lies:
Let no enslaver of his country here
In impudent relievo dare appear:
No Pontiff by a ruin'd nation's good
Lusting to aggrandize his bastard brood;
Be here no Clement, Alexander seen,
No pois'ning Cardinal, or pois'ning Queen;
No Cosmo, or the Bigot-Duke, or he
Great from the wounds of dying Liberty:
No Lorrainer—One flatt'ring Arch suffice
To sum his virtues and his victories:
Beneath his influence, how commerce thriv'd,
And at his smile, how drooping Art reviv'd;
Let it relate, e'er since his rule begun,
Not what he has,—but what he shou'd have done.
Level'd with Freedom let this pillar mourn;
Nor rise till the bright blessing shall return;
Then tow'ring boldly to the skies proclaim,
Whate'er shall be the happy hero's name;
Who a new Brutus, shall his country free,
And, like a God, shall say, LET THERE BE LIBERTY!

P. S. was not Miltons paraphrase, "Grace was in all her steps &c," even an improvement on the original? It takes the thought, gives it a noble simplicity, and don't screw it up into so much prettiness.

No. XXX.

FROM MR. E. ROLLE.

You cant imagine, dear Jo, what a figure it gives one in Devonshire: where I now am, to receive a letter with that outlandish mark upon it: I am vastly obliged to the good old lady for having our correspondence so much at heart and to yourself for so readily complying with her. An Epitome of Oxford do you call what you have with you? I could hardly have thought Alma Mater had so many children abroad, take all Europe together; dont so many English faces tempt you sometimes to an English conversation? I can hardly conceive a dozen true Britons abroad together, without Their allowing themselves now and then an hour's chat in a language they are at no pain to talk in: is it not *timide verba intermissa, &c* you must certainly relapse sometimes by stealth into a few snatches of English: I am with Mr. Rolle now, who desires his services to you. The sight of your letter reviv'd in him for a time his old affection for travelling, his last resolves were to spend a month or two next spring in France, and he hath promis'd I should be with him: *Est il possible*, I should be able to think with the least probability of a thing I never durst do more than admire before! As incredible things have happened, and perhaps some years since you as little thought of it yourself. What think you of the old gypsy? the seeing one of that order lately, put me in mind of the inter-

course you had with one at Oxford once, dont you remember she foretold your going abroad precisely: one would almost really be inclin'd to think they did not always talk at hazard, for my part I dont think it unlikely I shall live to see you Mediagoras (was not that the hard word she gave your preferment?) You wont be so unmercifull as to expect any account of new books from hence, where the talk never rises above the common country topics, and where I never see a book beyond two or three little travelling Authors, I brought with me, wrote every one of 'em the t'other side of Anno Dom:—I forgot to mention in my last, that of the 200£ per An: left to the University 20£ pr. an: is added to the Poet: Prof. I dont suppose it will be any advantage to it in your time. Tho I dont know whether the estate hangs upon more than one life. —New Coll: a month since was worth four G: Com: and Sr Wm Fitch under Mr Price, Mr Brideoake hath one Gentleman C: and the others are with Mr. Morrison, he will in all probability be well stock'd soon, he is in favour with Dr. Burton, and the Warden tis thought rather in his interest. There were rooms taken for two more, and it does not seem unlikely from such a sudden flow, that we should have our share again:—

Farewell, Dear Jo,

y^{rs} affec:

E: ROLLE.

Aug: 12

No. XXXI.

FROM MR. EDWD ROLLE.

Mayence July 12th 53

MY DEAR JO.

I HAD the pleasure of two Letters from you at Venice, the last dated May the 9th. and *expected one at Frankfort*, I think in my last from Florence I told you how it might be directed to me there, but was disappointed of that and another, I hoped to meet with there from College, so that I am now a great deal behind-hand again with the world, and am like to be so for some time, without you will take pity on me, and as soon as you have this, write, and direct to me, with Mr. Walter, chez *Mons*r *Hope Banquier à Amsterdam:* I write you this from Mayence, for we left Frankfort yesterday and not before, tho I writ you, I thought we should do so above a fortnight ago, and I intended to have writ this to you upon our voyage down the Rhine, but God Almighty only knows why Mr. W. will stay here to day, by which means as here is nothing to see I have some hours to write letters in.

Dont think I am like to let you go off without being troubled with a long account of our Journey, which we travellers think others will concern themselves about as much as we ourselves do. We left Padua, and with it Italy and all virtù *Helas!* monday three weeks, and came thro Trent, Inspruc, Munic, Ausburg, Stutgard, Heidelberg to Frankfort last Saturday, a line of about 600 miles length. We were from monday in the afternoon to the tuesday sen'night in and among the Alps, a much greater length than thro' Savoy but the roads much better, tho the prospects, if you will except a little of Mt

Cenis, quite as savage and agreeable. You meet with too in this road, which I see you pish at so much, a great number of very good things, I mean by this the solid comforts of eating, drinking, and lying well; in this last respect indeed you are at least as *well again* off as in any country whatever, for you have a very soft bed above you as well as one below, and you stew in the finest manner in the world between down on all sides of you; none but Rabelais and the Germans seem to know the value of a Goose's neck! Then besides all this, the good women wherever you come are so obliging, I mean so willing to oblige, that they talk on to you an hour together before they find out that you dont understand 'em. In the Tyrol in particular where you meet every where with a kind of savage, or rather pastoral simplicity and good humour, and than which I'll be burnt alive if Arcadia was a bit better, with scarce a woman with a shoe or stocking, but except this, very comfortably drest, and with some of the most whimsical and Mary Queen of Scots' caps that ever were seen, I am mistaken indeed if you would not have been glad to have trac'd up with me the Adige to its source, where it could run through a quill, tho' it makes such a bluster afterwards. Indeed, indeed, Jo, I should like the Alps very much if it was not for the hills, or as Desdemona lov'd Othello, I should adore 'em, if they would not frighten one so with all their beauty and fierceness. Oh how I long to see you, and to despise you most infinitely for not having seen the German Alps and The Tyrol! On coming down mount Brenner, which is the mount Cenis of that country, I gather'd a cone for you, from such a Larch-tree as you never will be master of whilst you live, and there were groves indeed of 'em. I took my leave of the Alps (for poor things methought after all I was sorry to quit 'em) with a sigh, and a short copy of verses, which probably will be the last I shall ever compose, as I shall

hardly ever see the subject of 'em any more, and which if I live to see you and Mr. Duck again, I will shew you, for I dont design to fill my paper at present with foolish verses, which will do better and be somewhat more natural when we go up together to Spence's point, tho' this is, God bless it! but a poor image after all of mount Brenner &c.

I write this, as I said from Mayence, but shan't put it into the post till Cologn, which is in the post road to England: How shall I do to hear from you, if you should be gone from home on your *Villeggiatura*, and of course not have room to answer this in time? Dont fail, if you can write; for which reason I will give you the most certain acc^{t} of our motions I can, but after all uncertain, for Mr. W. will never determine beforehand, or say at least that he hath done so. But we shall get *to Spa probably on Sunday night the* 15th, stay, here some days; and by the end of the *month at farthest be at Amsterdam*, and thence go thro the Towns of Holland, to Brussels and to Calais, I hope by *the middle of next* month; if the letter should come a little too late, I will leave *word at Amsterdam for it to follow us.*

So far I writ of my Letter at Mayence, but design'd not to finish it, till I could do so from whence I direct this to you, viz. on the Rhine. I have been now one day upon it, and shall be one more at least, but most probably a third, to Cologn. You'll tell me you've been upon the Thames (The Thames I tell you is a puppy!) a Swan-hopping and eating cold pidgeon pye. But what is that to sailing down the Rhine, than which very few rivers in Europe draw a finer humid train after 'em, with sloping vineyards ever on each hand of you, having a pretty Town perpetually before you in view, before you have lost quite what you left behind you, having a large barge divided into 3 or 4 commodious apartments, eating cold roast mutton and cucumbers, and drinking some of the most wholesome wine in the

world, that which grows on the sides of every hill we pass by. But enough of this I must not insult too much. With all compliments as usual, my Dear Jo,

Y^rs ever affectionately

E: ROLLE.

P. S. Just this moment our good friend the Rhine receives the Moselle which runs into him, and whose assistance poor thing, be sure he wanted very much, to make himself great when he was a little Sea before, tis just like * * * * having estates left him, who had before 10,000 p^r an. And yet if you was to see one of those floats of Timber which I see just now, of a quarter a mile long (tis but a small one) with wooden houses on it, with windows hens and chickens, several families &c &c &c, you'd say after all, his affairs must be a little encumber'd, notwithstanding this fresh supply.

Cologn July 15th

No. XXXII.

FROM MR. THOS HOOKE.

DEAR SIR

It must be a great pleasure to you to be employ'd in the delightfull work of Gardening and especially for so excellent a friend. Yet give me leave to say it is no new profession you have taken up, but an old one, for if the human mind be a garden where "flowers and weeds promiscuous shoot" and which requires cultivation, you have been a Gardener a long time

You good Sr Beaumont! were by Heav'n design'd
T' adorn and cultivate the Human Mind:

To teach the Great, how Greatness to employ,
Beam like your noble Friend, the heart-felt joy!
With views divine their riches to dispense,
And win true Glory by Munificence:
The spotless Maid, preserv'd from cruel harms,
Warm'd by your precepts, seeks fair Virtue's charms.
You show not virtue with a frowning mien,
But simple as herself, and as your soul, serene.

I am extreamly glad my father is so well situated, and do assure you they shall have my consent to abate of their Platonism. I have ventur'd to direct this to you at the Earl of Lincoln's, tho' I dont know whether I ought to do so. I should be obliged to you if in your next that you favour me with, you would *send me a List* of some Books, which are both instructive and entertaining to the imagination, for I am in want of something for amusement this Winter, this being a place where I see very little company. But nothing can more enliven my solitude than the pleasure of receiving a Letter now and then from so good and kind a friend, whom I esteem and love very sincerely. I am

Dear Sir
Your most faithful
and obliged Servt
T. HOOKE.

Birkby Oct. 27. 1753.

P. S. I will not omit to tell you that my Wife coloured when she read in one of Sr Harry Beaumont Letters, that a woman's beauty seldom lasts beyond five and twenty, she being almost six and twenty.

No. XXXIII.

FROM MR. DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh Oct 15—54

SIR,

THE agreeable productions, with which you have entertained the Public, have long given me a desire of being known to you: But this desire has been much encreas'd by my finding you engage so warmly in protecting a Man of Merit, so helpless as Mr. Blacklocke, I hope you will indulge me in the *Liberty I have taken of writing to you.* I shall very willingly communicate all the particulars I know of him; tho' others, by their longer acquaintance with him, are better qualify'd for this undertaking.

The first time I had ever seen or heard of Mr. Blacklocke was about twelve years ago, when I met him in a visit to two young Ladies. They informed me of his Case as far as they cou'd in a conversation carried on in his presence. I soon found him to possess a *very delicate Taste, along with a passionate Love of Learning. Dr. Stevenson had, at that time taken him under his Protection; and he was perfecting himself in the Latin Tongue. I repeated to him Mr. Pope's Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady,* which I happen'd to have by heart: And though I be a very bad Reciter, I saw it affected him extremely. His eyes, indeed, the great Index of the Mind, cou'd express no Passion: *but his whole Body was thrown into Agitation:* That Poem was equally qualified, to touch the Delicacy of his Taste, and the Tenderness of his Feelings. I left the Town a few days after; and being long absent from Scotland, I neither saw nor heard of him for several years. At last an acquaint-

ance of mine told me of him, and said that he would have *waited on me, if his excessive Modesty had not prevented him.* He soon appeared what I have ever since found him, a very elegant Genius, of a most affectionate grateful disposition, a modest backward temper, accompanied with that delicate Pride, which so naturally *attends Virtue in Distress. His great Moderation and Frugality,* along with the Generosity of a few persons, particularly Dr. Stevenson and Provost Alexander, had hitherto enabled him to subsist. All his good qualities are diminished, or rather perhaps embellished by a great *want of Knowledge of the World.* Men of very benevolent or very malignant dispositions are apt to fall into this error; because they think all mankind like themselves: But I am sorry to say that the former are apt to be most egregiously mistaken.

I have asked him whether he retained any Idea of Light or colors. He assur'd me that there remain'd not the least traces of them. I found however, that all the Poets, even the most descriptive ones, such as Milton and Thomson; were read by him with Pleasure. Thomson is one of his favorites. I remembered a story in Locke of a blind man, who said that he knew very well what Scarlet was, it was like the sound of a Trumpet. I therefore ask'd him, whether he had not formed associations of that kind, and whether he did not connect color and sound together? He answered, that as he met so often both in Books and conversation, with the terms expressing colors, he had formed some false associations, which supported him when he read, wrote, or talk'd of colors: but that the associations were of the intellectual kind. The Illumination of the Sun, for Instance, he supposed to resemble the presence of a Friend; the cheerful color of Green, to be like an amiable sympathy, &c. It was not altogether easy for me to understand him: tho' I believe, in much of our own thinking there will be found

some species of association. 'Tis certain we always think in some language, viz. in that which is most familiar to us: And 'tis but too frequent *to substitute Words* instead of Ideas.

If you was acquainted with any Mystic, I fancy you wou'd think Mr. Blacklocke's Case less paradoxical. The Mystics certainly have associations by which their discourse, which seems Jargon to us, becomes intelligible to themselves. I believe they commonly substitute *the Feelings of a common Amour*, in the place of their heavenly sympathies: And if they be not belied the Type is very apt to engross their Hearts, and exclude the thing typify'd.

Apropos to this Passion, I once said to my friend, Mr. Blacklocke, that I was sure he did not treat Love as he did colors; he did not speak of it without feeling it. There appear'd too much reality in all his expressions to allow that to be suspected. Alas! said he, with a sigh, I could never bring my Heart to a proper Tranquillity on that head. Your Passion reply'd I, will always be better founded than ours, who have sight: We are so foolish as to allow ourselves to be captivated by exterior Beauty: Nothing but the Beauty of the Mind can affect you. Not altogether neither, said he: The sweetness of the Voice, has a mighty effect upon me: The symptoms of Youth too, which the Touch discovers have great Influence. And tho' such familiar approaches would be ill bred in others, the Girls of my acquaintance indulge me on account of my blindness, with the liberty of running over them with my hand. And I can by that means judge entirely of their shape. However, no doubt, Humor, and Temper and Sense and other Beauties of the Mind have an Influence *upon me as upon others.*

You may see from this conversation how difficult it is even for a blind man to be a perfect Platonic. But tho'

Mr. Blacklocke never *wants his Evanthe, who is the real object of his poetical addresses;* I am well assur'd that all his Passions have been perfectly consistent with the purest Virtue and Innocence. His Life indeed has been in all respects *perfectly irreproachable.*

He had got some rudiments of Latin in his Youth, but could not easily read a Latin Author, till he was near twenty, when Dr. Stevenson put him to a Grammar School in Edinburgh. He got a Boy to lead him, whom he found very docible; and he taught him Latin. This Boy accompany'd him to the Greek Class in the College, and they both learned Greek. Mr. Blacklocke understands that language perfectly, and has read with a very lively pleasure all the Greek Authors of taste. Mr. William Alexander, second son to our late Provost, and present Member, was so good as to teach him French; and he is quite Master of that language. He has a very tenacious Memory and a quick Apprehension. The young Students of the College were very desirous of his company, and he reap'd the advantage of their Eyes, and they of his Instructions. He is a very good Philosopher, and in general possesses all branches of Erudition, except the Mathematical. The Lad, who first attended him having left him; he has got another Boy, whom he is beginning to instruct, and he writes me, that he is extremely pleas'd with his docility. The Boy's Parents, who are people of substance, have put him into Mr. Blacklocke's service, chiefly on account of the virtuous and learned Education, which, *they know, he gives his Pupils.*

As you are so generous to interest yourself in this poor Man's case, who is so much an object both of admiration and compassion, I must inform you entirely of his situation. He has gained about 100 Guineas by this last Edition of his Poems, and this is the whole stock he has

in the World. He has also a Bursary, about six pounds a year. I begun a Subscription for supporting him during five years; and I made out twelve guineas a year among my acquaintance. That is a most terrible undertaking; and some unexpected refusals I met with, damp'd me, tho' they have not quite discouraged me from proceeding. We have the prospect of another Bursary of *ten pounds a Year in the gift of the Exchequer;* but to the shame of human Nature, we met with difficulties. Noblemen interpose with their Valet de Chamber's or Nurse's Sons, who they think wou'd be burthens on themselves. Cou'd we ensure but thirty pounds a year to this fine Genius, and Man of Virtue, he wou'd be easy and happy. For his wants are none but those which Nature has given him; tho' she has unhappily *loaded him with more than other men.*

His want of knowledge of the world, and the great delicacy of his Temper, render him unfit for managing Boys or teaching at School: He wou'd retain no authority. Had it not been for this defect, he cou'd have been made Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen.

Your Scheme of publishing his Poems by Subscription, I hope will turn to account. I think it impossible he cou'd want, were his case more generally known. I hope it will be so by your means. Sir George Lyttleton, who has so fine a Taste, and so much Benevolence of Temper, wou'd certainly, were the case laid before him in a just light, lend his assistance, or rather indeed quite overcome all difficulties. I know not, whether you have the Happiness of that Gentleman's acquaintance.

As you are a Lover of Letters, I shall inform you of a Piece of News, which will be agreeable to you: We may hope to see good Tragedies in the English Language. A young Man called Hume, a clergyman of this Country,

discovers a very fine Genius for that Species of Composition. Some Years ago, he wrote a Tragedy called Agis which some of the best Judges, such as the Duke of Argyle, Sir George Lyttleton, Mr. Pitt, very much approv'd of. I own that I could perceive fine strokes in that Tragedy, I never cou'd in general bring myself to like it: The Author, I thought, had corrupted his Taste, *by the Imitation of Shakspeare*, whom he ought only to have admired. But the same Author has compos'd a new Tragedy on a Subject of Invention; and here he appears a true Disciple of *Sophocles and Racine*. I hope in time he will vindicate the English Stage from the reproach of Barbarism.

I shall be very glad if the employing my Name in your Account of Mr. Blacklocke can be of any service.

I am Sir with great Regard

Your very obed^{t} Servt

DAVID HUME.

P. S. Mr. Blacklocke is very docible, and glad to receive corrections. I am only afraid he is too apt to have a deference for other people's Judgement. I did not see the last Edition till it was printed; but I have sent him some objections to passages, for which he was very thankful. I also desired him to retrench some Poems entirely; such as the Ode on Fortitude, and some others, which seemed to me inferior to the rest of the collection. You will very much oblige him, if you use the same freedom. I remark'd to him some Scotticisms; but you are better qualify'd for doing him that service. I have not seen any of his Essays; and am afraid his Prose is inferior to his Poetry. He will soon be in Town, when I shall be enabled to write you further particulars.

No. XXXIV.

FROM MR. ROBT. HILL.

REVd. Sr

By favour of a frank from the Revd Mr. Coxhead I sent my Duty and thanks to you and the Honble Mr. Herbert to Durham, if it got there before you began your Journey for London.

I made bold, Revd Sr, in that to acquaint you, that I last Summer made a critical Review of the Book of Job; which, as it contains 5 Sheets, is too large for a frank, but I have a Copy ready against the time we shall be so happy as to have a Visit of yours at Gt. Horwood. I have disposed of two Copies, one to the Revd. Mr. Burrell, and he has sent one to the Revd Mr. Bagshaw at Bromley, Kent, which, how he approves, I must patiently expect till he comes to his Living at Addington.

I have since, by reason of a flying Report, wrote the Inclosed*. I suppose it little better, if any, than a Tale of a Tub; however, if it makes you smile at my Ignorance, I hope your goodness will pardon the attempt, and my troubling you with so trivial an affair. I have nothing to add, but my duty and thanks to you, and all my Revd and worthy Benefactors. I hope Mr. Burrell is well, I have not seen him for 5 weeks, (the Times are so hard, provisions so dear, that we are almost starved for want of Sustenance and Business, and I should quite before this, if it was not for your goodness and the rest of my worthy Benefactors,) but I think to trouble him with a visit very shortly.

I am Revd. Sr.
Your most obliged,
humble Servt.
ROBT. HILL.

Bucks, Apr. 6, —57.

* An Enquiry into the Nature of Apparitions.

No. XXXV.

FROM THE REV. MR. JONES (OF WELLWYN).

Sep. 3, 1761.

DEAR AND ESTEEMD SIR,

I HAVE many times wondered why you never called upon us again at Wellwyn. Dr. Young, I am sure, would have been *glad to have seen you*, and will still be so, every time you pass through this little Hamlet. He told me lately, that if he could see you, he would, or at least can, furnish you with ample materials, nor do I doubt but they will be pertinent, *relating to the life of his late friend Mr. Richardson, the poetical prose-writer.* He expected to have been called to Kew this summer, and if he had been summoned, I intended immediately to write to you. If her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales should *still go thither, you will soon know*, and may have an opportunity of conversing with him there. *He sends* his Respects to You.

I have on a slip of paper noted down what occurred to me since I saw you, about your *ancestor Neville;* and also, what fell in my way to corroborate the account given you by Mr. Pope, relating to the case of *old Noll, and the probability of* his being the Person who came to inspect the corpse of Charles I. at Whitehall, and uttered, *Cruel Necessity*, &c. I am upon the whole inclined to think, that He must have been the Man.

If I can recover those short minutes, you shall have them on the opposite side; if not, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. But God knows how long I shall continue at *Wellwyn: For I have still many pressing* calls to return into Bedfordshire. Please to tell me

privately in a Letter, if you can (upon occasion) recommend a proper Successor.—I would have sent you this free postage, but am not sure that your friend *Mr. Herbert is still in Parliament.*

Believe me to be, Dear Sir,
Your very respectful
and affectionate Servant,
J. JONES.

No. XXXVI.

FROM LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG.

La Trappe, the 27th Oct. 1761.

DEAR DR.

You seem'd to like the Ode I sent you for your Amusement; I, now, send it you, as a Present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our Friendship shou'd be known, when we are gone, you will be pleas'd to leave this, among those of your own Papers, that may, possibly, see the Light, by a posthumous Publication.—God send us Health, while we stay, and an easy Journey.

My dear Dr. Young,
Yours, most cordially,
MELCOMBE.

LORD MELCOMBE TO HIS FRIEND, DR. YOUNG.

Kind companion of my youth,
Lov'd for Genius, Worth, and Truth,
Take what Friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling Heart,

Take the Muse's latest spark,
E'er we drop into the dark.

He, who Parts, and Virtue, gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and Virtue guides,
Where the Love of God presides.
There's a Gulph 'twixt us and God,
Let the gloomy Path be trod.

Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us brave the winds, and tides;
Safe thro' Seas of Doubts, and Fears,
Rides the Bark, which Virtue steers.

ODE.

Love thy Country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough, that when it fell,
Thou, it's ruin, didst not share.

2.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmov'd Indifference, view;
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze,
With unerring Virtue's clue.

3.

Void of strong Desires, and Fear,
Life's wide Ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little Bark to steer,
With the tide, but near the shore.

4.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds encrease
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

5.

Keep thy conscience from offence,
And tempestuous passions, free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be;

6.

Easy shall thy passage be,
Chearfull, thy allotted stay;
Short th' account twixt God and Thee;
Hope shall meet thee, on the way;

7.

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in;
Where, it's never-changing state
Full perfection shall begin.

No. XXXVII.

FROM SIR ALEX^{R}. DICK.

Prestonfield March 6, 1762.

DEAR SIR

THE last year did not close, without another obliging Letter from you to me, and it came just as we were eating our Christenmas Pyes—I had then just expended all my franks and our Members were all run to town, to

take care of the Nation, else you should have sooner heard, whether I was living or dead.—Without saying more about myself, know, *that my two little supporters* and I, enjoy at present, God be thank'd for it! very good health: after having got over a pretty severe winter, we are just peeping about the Garden for flowers; and my Daughters have brought in some violets, which as they came into my Parlour gave us all the joyfull smell of the spring—and set us again looking for the first swallow, which, if we can catch we shall send off, with a most affectionate message to you to Oatlands, where, we dare say, it will find you,—

—It is determin'd by my evil stars that I shall not get to town for this season to meet with you there, at Oatlands or Bifleet, these charming retirements, which naturally attract your attention; but, in the name of every thing that is good, I conjure you when you come to Durham to attend the Cathedral, (which I know is your turn this ensuing Summer,) that *you proceed further north again to give us your benediction at Prestonfield;* for all my people here say to one another, When shall we see again the man of God in our family? My *gardener James* says it always did him good to observe you take your regular walks in the garden, every day, and suggesting to me those excellent Improvements which he had often thought should be done himself; but could not tell the cause why, or ever so well express the reason of their being proper. At length he has overcome that woefull boxwood hedge which disgrac'd the little land before my house, on each side, and now *my small plantations of trees* are seen from top to bottom. The balefull yew with its bushy top and ugly waste, still remains to stare me in the face; and give opportunities to James to exclaim every day against it in your name, and to walk like an executioner with the axe in his hand to lay to the root

of the tree, but I stop him, telling him it is reserved to blaze in a Bonfire, or feu de joye, upon your arrival. Depend upon it, this yew will haunt you like a ghost, in your finest walks, when you come to Durham, if you dont revisit us here.—What do you think I am busied about now? first let me tell you in shortening the way to *Durham at least twenty miles, and co-operating* with many others, in getting a fine bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream, *and in making the ways* and paths elegant, peaceable, and pleasant, elegant I say, for you know 'tis part of my scheme for public Roads in countries, that the gentlemen of property should plant at proper places, and at proper distances, noble clumps of *trees of all sorts; to dignify* the look of the land.

In the second place, I have the vanity to rank myself amongst the list of Inventors: for, be it known unto you, and to all men whom it may concern, that my daughter and I have found out, (for we can do nothing without one another), a most surprizing tho' very common plant, which when I sent it in quantities to the paper mill produced 12 quire of this paper which you see here enclos'd: the plant is that green sort of filamentous stuff, called by Linnæus in Latin 'Byssus flamentis,' which you see on the ponds and lakes, in the heat of summer:—and is in immense quantities in my Loch of Dudingston. It is true; it is of a brown colour in the paper; but as you see likewise in the specimen of the dried fibrous plant, (of which my Daughter made a Hat, before it was sent to the paper mill,) it is much whiter; and we imagine can be bleach'd. Our friend Mr. Hamilton the Bookseller at Edinburgh; is greatly charm'd with this experiment; and has been very useful in making it at his paper mill. It bears writing, and notes of Musick, without blotting in the least, and I am convinc'd, had the ancients known it they would have preferr'd it to the papyrus of

Egypt.—I am just sending, by our new Member for Edinburgh, some sheets of it for Lord Bute, who is very curious in Botany, for which we made him lately an honorary fellow of our College of Physicians *here*. I agree with you extremly in thinking Mr. Hume's last performance a Masterpiece. *He pass'd* two days with me here *lately, and remember'd* you most sincerely with all good wishes. He made about fifteen hundred pounds, by his last two Volumes; and is really growing rich.—Dr. Robertson was t'other day put into the place of Principal, or head of the College *here;* which will tend greatly to forward good schemes for the Education of Youth.—

As to Mr. *Blacklocke,* I shall never lose sight of him, till his settlement be made complete; which is nearly like to be done.

Now My good Sir! have not I given you a large budget! Pay me in *kind,* for well you can; give me hopes of seeing you here. Receive the good wishes of all your friends, particularly *Lord Chief Baron* and *Mr. Hume, my two Daughters* and I, for my littlest one is as full of prattle as you could wish.

I conclude in wishing every good thing to attend you and your Noble friend at Oatlands. May you and he long live to enjoy those fine rural scenes; and may I live to see you often, at least once in two years, under my roof here.

I am yours, in the sincere and

best manner,

ALEXANDER DICK.

P. S. Are you not prodigiously astonish'd *with Fingal,* but of that amazing piece, it is impossible to say enough here.

P. S. Dear Sir *my loon is well* at Straburgh; and I dont hear he comes over yet, by his Letters to me.

No. XXXVIII.

FROM SIR ALEX^{R}. DICK.

June, 15.

EVERY possible degree of thanks from the hearts of every principal person in this little family, for your most kind, and hearty exclamation, upon receiving the news of our new system, is return'd, from us all: and in particular from me, to the best of friends; to the man of God whose blessings we receive, as beatitudes which we feel.

Now my Dear S^{r} I dare say you would wonder you had not receiv'd a letter from me sooner as you *gave me* a warm recommendation in favour of your worthy friend Mr. Ridley; whom, the moment I got your letter of May the third, and read his *proposals, I became most ambitious to serve.* And it was for these reasons alongst with another, which I believe will affect you a little, it has not been in my power to write you what I have done in that matter, till this very day, the first of June. *My Daughter and I, are sitting in your long room,* which I hope you will soon return to; I dictating, and she writing you, this dispatch. You must know that it was only yesterday I *left my bed, which* I had kept for eight days from a relapse of the *Epidemical fever,* by going too soon out to a publick meeting *on the county Roads;* after which it attacked me with triple force in the shape of a pleuretic fever; which requir'd powerfull bleedings, &c. and before I got *well,* which I thank Almighty God, I now am, reduc'd me to my marrow-bones, and to be ready to give you the oblations of my first fruits, which I date from *your chapel here.* This I know would affect you, and my daughter is very well pleased that is over,

and as she is very much interested in Mr. Ridley, bids me next proceed to that business. In short, I early sent before the general Assembly met, *for Mr. Kincaid his Majestys printer at Edinburgh to come* and dine with me, as he is the most considerable man of that profession, in the Bookselling way, that I knew; and who, with the large fortune he has made, has always shown himself the humane good man; as I knew he had sentiments, I let him into the state of Mr. Ridleys numerous family; He said he knew the *gentleman's excellent good character;* both as a writer, and a man, and did not doubt the general success of his work; but he mention'd freely that the bulk of the clergy of this country buy few books, except what they have absolute necessity for; however, he said, that *was nothing: that he* should not be discouraged, but would upon every occasion promote the subscription. He said *if some more of the proposals were sent down and left at his shop;* he would be glad to receive them under his trust; I told him the single one I had, I would only part with to him to show them; but that I wou'd write you what he was pleas'd to tell me in this matter. I desire the favour of you to *mark me for this* Subscription; *and be so good as pay Mr. Ridley the whole of it at once;* which I shall pay you back, either to your order, or at meeting in September, as you shall think proper. So far I had proceeded in what I had wrote the first day of June; but thinking it necessary to send likewise to *Mr. Hamilton bookseller,* whom I knew you had oblig'd when you were here last, and whom I suspected you had not writ to, upon this occasion. I therefore sent for him, while I continued confined to my chamber; and he not coming out till yesterday, you have my Letter of two dates, as this is the *sixth of June;* (dated from your chapel, which my Daughter calls the chapel of Ease, as I enjoy great tranquillity in it;) and tho' still in my night gown, am re-

covering strength daily, and receive company every afternoon at tea. What with good nursing from a most excellent wife, and from my daughter's musick, with which she entertains me; and little Annie's prattling, with which she diverts me; and from some works that are going on in the garden, particularly a new, neat little house, in the very spot where you fixd it; and some road work on the north side of the house, to take away all the earth, that lay heavy upon the foundations of the building, to fill up other hollows with which I hope you will be pleased, when you come here: I have a considerable circle of occupation from my windows. Also the preparing considerable quantities of the Byssus (a small specimen of which I inclose) for paper, much whiter than last year's, I have found out a considerable *use it will be to surgeons* to dress wounds and sores with, instead of sharpe, or scrap'd linen, for which they pay five shillings a pound.

Mr. Hamilton assur'd me that if you think proper to order any of your booksellers at Durham, who has subscription papers and proposals, to forward them to Mr. Hamilton, he will do *his utmost to serve Mr. Ridley, or any other of your friends.*—I have heard *from Dr. Armstrong* from Osnaburg, who is very well, but *longing for a peace,* and to be out of the way of greasy sauces and bad old hock: he promises to bring some of the olive branches with him to decorate my *house, and stay two or three months* with me, having half a guinea a day during his life; which is more than he ever expected, he says; and more than he needs. David Hume is well, as is Dr Robertson; and they will be both glad to see you when you come.—*How do you like Fingal, that astonishing fragment?* have you look'd into the *Criticism by Lord Kaims?* his Lordship wrote a great part of it in your chapel, when he was my guest, so that you are so far concern'd; and he and I would be glad of your opinion of

these three volumes. If you have not read them you shall read them here: and you shall see my Lord, either in your going or coming from Durham: for the *new bridge at Coldstream* proceeds, to make you nigher us by near thirty miles, and an easy new road.—*My Wife, my Daughter, and little one,* all in one society wish you well and soon here; my late fever disables me from visiting you this summer, as I intended.—I am with all truth and affection

D^r S^r.

Yours

ALEX^R DICK.

P. S. I have sent a sample of the Byssus, crop 1762 wch will make the paper much whiter than last.

No. XXXIX.

FROM SIR ALEX^R. DICK.

Prestonfield, Sepr. 4, 1762.

DEAR S^r.

YOUR letter from Sedgefield came to my hand by last post, the punctuality of your motions towards the North, and the good health, which I presume Heaven blesses you with, to accomplish those excellent ends you always have in view, gives me, and all my little family, infinite satisfaction, especially, as you promise to be our guest by the first of October.

It is pity you had not been here earlier in this good season we have had profusion of perfectly ripe apricots, peaches, plumbs, and figs, more so than in most years; but now I see this day such fine showers falling after so long and immense drowth, that I promise you a hearty welcome, to our genial roof, to your quiet

bed-chamber, and your long room, to your little Library which happily has, *John Major's history of Britain*, the book you want, and I think I may promise you welcome (from these showers) to a profusion of new verdure, which I see rising instantaneously, and I foresee will paint the amenity (which you lik'd so much in my place), with beautifull various tints, among the chequer'd shade of my fields, when the fall of the leaf next October approaches. I expect, *after the first Lightening, a deluge of fine mushrooms from* my sheep walks and lands; this I have learned from observation, since I saw you; and I happily found it confirmed, when I was reading the fourth Book of Plutarch's Symposiacs, to which I refer you, as a very singular and curious passage in antiquity about Lightening. This wonderful vegetable raised in a night, (I mean those of the best kind), by the power of lightening penetrating into the dry and warm surface of the earth, where pasture is; when a drissling show'r, which we know to be the conductor of this fire, suddenly operates upon the seed or spawn of the mushroom; really prepares for you, every morning a dish of (pardon me!) Celestial food! ambrosia, or whatever you please to call it.

I am raving about this! for nothing agrees so well with myself, (and I can recommend it to all my friends, who are marching towards, or have past their climacteric), as a small dish of these every morning before tea, prepared by my man James, toasting them well before the fire, and basting them with a little new-churn'd butter, and dashing them with some pepper and salt, very finely pounded. The nerves of the whole man feels the immediate benefit of this ætherial dish, if *taken fasting* before tea, and greatly improves the relish of fine tea, and wonderfully prevents the effect of shakings and palpitations, which many people find from a large use of that admirable liquid.

Dont mistake me, in thinking that all Funguses are good; many of them proceed from impure fire, and those we must avoid—and indeed they are insipid or of a noisome smell, tho' there are few proofs, if any, of their being poisonous; they commonly arise in the field from the putrefaction or dung of animals, or from rotten roots of old trees, and that impure fire, is contain'd in a phosphorous, which you know makes rotten wood shine in the dark.

I have a thousand new things to tell you. My Nieces the Miss Keiths, are here, and will be of our circle, when you come; we have had every now and then, letters from their papa, the Embassador in Russia; one lately brought me inclos'd a letter from the poor late Emperor's physician, Dr. Mounsey where he said, the Emperor had made choice of a few agreeable friends, and Mr. Keith was one, to pass a fortnight on a party of pleasure, at the charming country palace of Orangebaumb, but alas! in three days all his grandeur and joys were at an end! Heaven send us, as you wish peace, and Dr. Armstrong and I add our friend Keith back to us from that detestable court. Dr. Mounsey is on his way to Edinburgh, after 30 years absence in Russia. He resign'd his office since my letter from him. All blessings to Dr. Lowth and you.

Yours,

ALEXANDER DICK.

No. XL.

FROM SIR ALEX^{R}. DICK.

Prestonfield, August 25, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

ON this very 25th day of last month you wrote me from Byfleet a most affectionate congratulatory letter on the success I had with my four children after their being

inoculated with the small pox. Indeed it was an Event to me of the most interesting nature, and Heavens blessings to me (and I can not help saying to you as being one of our best friends,) on that occasion has been most powerfully and happily bestow'd, for which letter I return you my own and my family's, most hearty thanks. Every good thing has flow'd upon us since as their healths are perfectly good, and your prayers are always powerfull.

Your agreable jaunt to Clumbe park must have been perfectly to your taste, as I think I see how you wou'd eye each part, and then the whole, and catch now and then some new beauties, which had escaped my Lord or some of his ingenious friends with you. The short time I stay'd at Nottingham, when last there in the year 1760, I was much pleas'd with the general look of the country, but had not time to examine the particulars which gave rise to the amenity I discovered.

I give over hopes, of ever seeing *any thing of Dr. Armstrong but his Ghost!* He tantalized me with hopes of a visit, but Lord Granby wafted him away another way, so all I said, was pox take my Lord Granby! for which my nephew the Colonel, gave me a severe rebuke; as, says he, we dont know how soon, upon this change of the ministry, we may have a new war with France, in which case his health is precious. How cou'd it happen that the Dr. and you play'd so exactly Bo peep? He sent me a very good letter, with a Dutch physician, who call'd here last week to see the *progress of physick here,* which indeed is something surprizing.

Apropos your anxiety about your wonderfull ingenious friend Blacklock is most natural. I *call several times to see him, and find both himself and his worthy help-mate chearfull and happy* in their new habitation, and lately as I coud not get to see them my self, I sent my Wife, since

I got your Letter, to make more particular enquiries, and she reports to me that they *have got a certainty of* 7 *Boarders, and have place only for one more, which I hope the winter cannot fail to produce to them; at present in the house only* 3. The rent of the house is high, but it is commodious, and all the furniture new, and kept very neat. Your intended humanity to them will, I dare say, be very seasonable, and I presume will be the last they will need to set them well on their feet. I expect they will make me another visit before the *pleasant harvest weather we now have* is over, as I intended to regale him with the *sight of a copy of a Letter I have just now got from a relation of mine, brother to Mr. Archbald Gibson, Merchant in Dantzic; it is wrote in English, by the present King Stanislaus, of Poland, to that gentleman, who, it seems, had the trust of remitting his money and other concerns, which he carefully executed for him when he had his first education in England;* and with whom at the siege of Dantzick, his father, old Count Poniatowski, stay'd and had much aid and assistance from him. As it will please Mr. Blacklock much, I am sure it will please you. The copy follows: N. B. *Mr. Gibson had sent a Congratulatory Letter to the King on his Coronation.*

Warsaw, the 19 *Septr.* 1764.

"I have received your most friendly Letter of the 12th
" with a heart I dare say correspondent to the goodness
" and openess of yours. I remember you perfectly well
" and can assure you Sir that I preserve a particular liking
" to those whom my first infant looks have learned me to
" call friends and familiars to my parents. Inheritance is
" a sacred Title; I have a claim to you Sir, which I'll
" never let fall. May Heavenly goodness pour his Boun-
" tys upon you. May the Lord be pleased to bestow me

" often and largely opportunities and means to show by
" the most convincing proofs to you, to your family, and
" to the egregious Brittish nation, how dearly and high
" love and esteem you and them. This is, and will be the
" everlasting wish of your

most affectioned

(Signed) STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, KING.

" P. S. Long disuse has (I am afraid) spoil'd my
" English language, but I hope thro' all the philological
" faults, you will reed the truth of my affections."

If this friendly Letter from a crowned head to his friend can entertain your excellent patron, Lord Lincoln, or your worthy brother prebend, Dr. Lowth, you are at liberty to send them or any other you like, a Copy. *Mr. Keith says, the present King of Poland, the author of it, was his particular acquaintance when a subject, and was then worthy of the highest estimation, both for ability and goodness of heart.* Happy the people of Poland, had they but a good constitution of government!

I shall long *for next July*, which you mention; may Heaven bring us *both together at Durham in good health.* My Secretary is at the Earl of Balcarass's, in Fife, but is perfectly well, and long'd, by her last, *to hear of you. My wife, and all Mr. Keith's family, and I,* send you every good wish.

Yours always,

most affectionately,

ALEXANDER DICK.

No. XLI.

FROM DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

DEAR SIR,

WHILST I was searching our College Register in compliance with your request, we received that dreadful Blow of our poor Warden's death; with which I must own to you I was so struck and confounded, that it put all other thoughts quite out of my head. This was followed by some events very interesting to Us here; especially one, that was well worth attending to, which was the near prospect of having Dr. Lowth for our Warden. This he will explain to you. I mention these circumstances as having engrossed my attention, and having compelled me to do a thing which I entreat you to pardon, the neglecting to answer your very kind letter. You may depend on Master *Massingberd's* meeting with all the Tenderness and Care, it is in my power to bestow on Him; not only for his own sake, who appears by your account so well to deserve countenance and encouragement, but most certainly on account also of your warm recommendation. I have ever made it my business particularly to attend to Lads of that temper and turn, of which you describe him to be.

As soon as I can again get access to our Registers I shall proceed in my search about the entrances you mention: and in the mean time inform you, that Dr. Burton assures me, the whole of *Needs's* Story * was a Trick,

* Note on Dr. Warton's letter No. 41. *from Mr. Spence's papers.*

Dr. Burton thinks Needs's story an idle one. He was a loose,

concerted to impose on Dr. Fletcher. *Needs* was known to be *drunk* that *night*, and the Story was contrived to alarm his Masters with something *Extraordinary*, and by that means, turn off their attention to his fault. His character was that of a dissolute drunken boy; and Dr. Burton says, the very *first Punch* he ever tasted was of *Needs's* making *in Sixth Chamber*.—However the exact time in which he foretold He should die was in truth an extraordinary affair. He sat next to *Burton* (the Physician afterwards) in the Chapel when he sent for leave to go out—told Him *then* in the Chapel that he should die in a few Days, and that night *named the precise Day*, which happened accordingly.

Mr. Lowth desires me to inclose a packet to you—I wish our excellent friend, Mr. *Pitt's* pieces had appeared in better Company, and in a more honourable Collection. Mr. Lowth tells me you had thoughts of spending a few Days with Him at Winchester; which would have given

idle boy. His first account was, that K. Charles II. came to him with a pipe in his mouth, whilst he was at the *Foricas*, and told him, that the old chaplain, and the bishop of Winchester would die that year. He went afterwards on Midsummer-eve into the chapel porch, and there fell asleep. Whilst he was there, Charles Coker pull'd off his gown and waistcoat, and walked by him in his shirt to frighten him. This waked him, and he said, he should die, because he found he had been asleep; for it was believed, that whoever on Midsummer-eve should fall asleep in the church-porch, would die that year. Some time afterwards he was taken ill at chapel; and told Simon Burton, who sat next to him, that he should die by that day sen-night, or within about that time. He had a fever, and was delirious; but afterwards came to himself, and asked what day of the week it was; the nurse told him Friday, tho' it was Wednesday, on purpose to deceive him. He said, it could not be Friday, for that he was sure he should die on Thursday, as he really did.

much pleasure to many persons here, but to none more, than,

Dear Sir,

to your obliged and affectionate
humble Servant

JOS. WARTON.

Winchester, Commoners College,
Jan. 15, 1764.

P. S. Mr. Lowth has just sent me word that his packet is not ready.

No. XLII.

FROM MR. SPENCE TO DR. WARTON.

Jany 19*th*, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE had the pleasure of passing these Christmas Holydays with my dear little friend Charles Massingberd; and am half sorry to part with him, tho' he is to bring this to you. He has talked so much of your goodness to him, that he has often given me a great deal of pleasure; and indeed I never doubted of his doing justice to my recommendation, when he first waited on you. I rejoice to see in him all his usual good nature which he then had, together with the polish and improvements acquired since he has been with you, he has been the delight of the whole family, and we shall all miss him exceedingly.

I have been very busy for some time in preparing poor Mr. Holdsworth's notes and observations on Virgil, for the press; and they would have been printed in the sum-

mer that is coming on, had not I fortunately been promised a new set of his papers, from a relation of his at Dartmouth; which I hope to receive when I go from hence to London; where if you should be so good as to favour me with a line or two, they would find me, about a month hence, at Lord Lincoln's in the Exchequer.

Will you give me leave to remind you of the queries I formerly beg'd answers to, and to repeat me in a postscript. I suppose most of them may be answered by once tumbling over the College Register, and if any are difficult, I beg they may be looked on as not askt. I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble servant,

J. SPENCE.

In what year, and on what day did Dr. Mews, Bishop of Winchester, die?

On what day or about what time did Mr. Carman, Chaplain of Winchester College, die?

What the ages of Burton Senior, Coke Senior, Norden, Rymes, and Edmunds, on the College Books?

What the times of Edward Young, Edward Holdsworth, and William Harrison's entrance into the College, and leaving it?

DOBSON'S VERSION OF POPE.

HAVING found among Mr. Spence's papers a specimen of the translation of the Essay on Man into Latin verse by Dobson, mentioned at p. 179. I have subjoined it, to gratify the lover of modern Latin verse.—*Ed.*

Dobson had acquired great reputation by his translation of Prior's Solomon, the first book of which he finished when he was a scholar at Winchester College. He had not at that time, as he told me, (for I knew him well), read Lucretius, which would have given a richness and force to his verses; the chief fault of which was a monotony, and want of variety of Virgilian verses. Mr. Pope wished him to translate the Essay on Man; which he began to do, but relinquished on account of the impossibility of imitating its brevity in another language.—*Warton. Bowles's Pope.* v. 274.

Dobson spent some time at Pope's Villa while he was engaged on the Essay on Man, and when Dr. Johnson asked him what learning he found Pope to possess, he answered, *more than I expected.*—*Life of Pope*, 255.

ESSAY ON MAN,

EPISTLE I. v. 17, &c.

"Say first of God above, or Man below."

DIC age, sive hominem Ratio studiosa sequatur,
Sive Deum exploret; sua quo vestigia filo
Dux incerta animi, rerum extra cognita, ducet?
Hoc solùm angusto terrestris limite vitæ
Spectandum se præbet homo; nil panditur ultra.
Numine diffuso quanquam Deus omne quod usquam est
Impleat, at nobis nostro tantùm orbe sequendus.
Quicunque immensum Spatii penetraverit æquor,
Utque unum in corpus coeuntes Orbibus Orbes!
Miscentur, seriem ut series premit ordine certo,
Observans, Soles alios aliosque Planetas
Et varia in variis Animalia viderit astris;

Ille idem expediet, cur nos hoc corpore Numen
Inclusit. Tu verò hujusce ligamina molis,
Fœderaque inter se, certâ coeuntia lege.
Continuosque gradus penetrasti mente sagaci?
Tune hæc? Particulæne datur comprendere Totum?
Vinclum ingens, stabili quod fœdere cogit in unam
Omnia conglomerans molem, servatque coacta
Anne immensa Dei manus an tua dextera fulcit?
Vanæ mentis Homo! Quæris cur corpore clausus
Exiguo, cæcusque adeo fragilisque laboras?
Quin age, si potes, abstrusam magis inspice causam,
Cur neque debilior, neque cæcior, et magis arctis
Corporis inclusus spatiis; Terramque parentem
Consule, procero cur vertice Quercus in auras
Fortior assurgit, quàm quæ latet herbula opacis
Sub ramis: Cœli lucentes consule campos
Quæ stipant Jovis astra latus Jove cur minus ardent.
Si Series rerum sit perfectissima summi
Artificis quam magna Dei Sapientia fingit,
Quæ membris aptè coeuntibus arcta cohæret,
Omnia dum sensim certo descrimine surgunt;
Inde in continuâ Vitæ Sensûsque catenâ
Aut hic, aut illic, Hominem constare necesse est:
Et solum hoc restat, verborum ambage relictâ,
Quærendum Statione illi male congrua detur?

ESSAY ON MAN,

Epistle II. v. 53, *et seq.*

"Two principles in human nature reign."

Vis gemina humano regnat sub Pectore; Calcar
Cuique sui dat Amor; Ratioque adjungit habenas.
Neutra tamen per se spectanda est; utraque certum
Munus habet: ciet una, attemperat altera motus:

Utque suas pejus meliùsve obit utraque partes,
Hinc Bona proveniunt, fons ducitur inde Molorum.
Urget Amor nostri stimulus, movet intus agitque
Ingem animæ; Ratio stabili regit æqua bilance:
Ni ciat illa, Hominem Socordia lenta teneret;
Ni regat hæc, traheret necquicquam cæca Voluntas.
Aut Plantæ in morem terrâ gaudentis eâdem,
Tantùm aleretur iners, fœtum ederet, atque periret;
Aut rueret sine more, exlex ut in æthere flamma,
Seque aliosque vago disperderet inscius igne.
Vim motricem Animæ valido natura vigore
Aptavit, stimulare hominem atque accendere natam:
Pacis amans tacitè sedet Arbitra, Factaque secum
Perpendens, monitis regit, imperioque coercet.
Altera, ut objectum propius, violentior ardet;
Dum vigiles oculorum acies procul altera tendit:
Illa bono capitur præsenti; hæc provida seros
Prospicit eventus longèque futura tuetur.
Cingimur illecebris, paucis defendimur armis;
Consilioque valet quamquàm Arbitra; robore præstat
Vivida vis animæ: quæ ne exerat acriùs ignem
Ingenitum, cultu assiduo et Ratione Magistrâ
Utendum: longo Experientia crescet ab usu,
Quæ Rationem armet, Nostrâ compescat Amorem.
Hos rixæ studiosa paret discindere amicos
Turba Sophistarum: efficiatque ut Gratia pugnet
Virtuti, ut Sensû Ratio; temeraria lites
Dum serit insanas, artemque ostentat inanem:
Quos, ubi sæpe grave exercent de nomine bellum,
Aut nihil, aut omnes unà sentire videbis.
At Ratio, Nostrumque in nos amor insitus, unum
Affectant finem, impulsuque sequuntur eodem
Blanda voluptatis, fugiuntque Doloris amara:
Sed Flores hic dente avido vorat; altera cautis
Mella bibit labris, neque germina mollia lædit.

Summam animi pacem, verè intellecta, Voluptas
Parturit; infandos aliter fert ipsa Doloris.
Huic Nostrûm ingenito servire videntur amori
Pectoris affectus : aut verum, aut æmula veri
Umbra boni quemque urget : at omnia participare
Cum nequeunt, Ratioque monet nos quærere nostra ;
Affectus, qui se solùm et sua commoda curant,
Dummodo Fas servent, Rationis castra sequuntur ;
Qui sese diffundere amant generosius, auctum
Nobilitant genus, et Virtutum nomina ducunt.

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